

ROMANTIC
PALACES
AND
CASTLES
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Romantic Castles and Palaces

Romantic Castles and Palaces

As Seen and Described
by Famous Writers

EDITED AND TRANSLATED

BY ESTHER SINGLETON

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AND TRANSLATOR OF "THE MUSIC DRAMAS OF RICHARD WAGNER"

With Numerous Illustrations



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Preface

IN making a selection from the large number of castles and palaces that might be included, I have endeavoured to choose those that would appeal equally to the lovers of fine architecture and to the lovers of history and legend.

There is probably no class of buildings that engages the interest of so many different minds as the castle. To the architect, such strongholds as Conway, Warwick, Arundel, Lambeth, Blois, Caernavon, Kronborg, Windsor, Urbino, Berkeley, Amboise, Loches, etc., etc., are valuable studies. For example, Conway, half castle, half palace, contains Early Decorated architecture in Queen Eleanor's Oratory and fine lancet windows; the donjon of Arundel dates from the days of King Alfred; Warwick, one of the few mediæval fortresses that has lasted unchanged from the time of William the Conqueror to that of King Edward VII., shows us what Kenilworth and the other baronial castles of England were like; the feudal stronghold of Berkeley has also preserved its ancient appearance through seven centuries; Windsor retains its Norman Keep and affords a splendid example of the dwelling-place of royalty; the mediæval fortress of Amboise with its Flamboyant Gothic chapel displays a wonderful contrast of styles; and

at Blois four periods of architecture may be contemplated side by side. Turning to palaces, it is sufficient merely to name the Ducal Palace, the Alhambra, Hampton Court Palace, Fontainebleau, Chenonceaux, Futteh-pore-Sikri, and the Palace of Shah Jehan to recall the wealth that exists in such vast volumes of art and architecture. The Mikado's Palace, and the Summer Palace at Peking transport us into another and mysterious world, appealing strongly to our imagination.

The castle was built for defence as well as for a dwelling-place; the palace, generally speaking, is the abode of monarchs or nobles; and as both have been the scene of plots, imprisonments, murders, entertainments, love-making, marriages, births and deaths, their walls enclose innumerable memories of history and legend. As the most brilliant displays of human pleasure and the blackest manifestations of human conduct have occurred in their halls, towers and dungeons, the phantoms of the most striking characters in history hover amid their crumbling and ivy-clad stones.

In every castle there are one or two characters, events, or legends that dominate all the others. For instance, in the Vaults of Kronborg Holger Danske (Ogier le Danois, beloved of Morgan le Fay) sleeps; but the better-remembered legend is that of the pale ghost that walks the platform at Elsinore in the nipping and eager air of midnight. Glamis is the supposed scene of Macbeth's murder of Duncan; Warwick is associated with the legendary Guy, the Wars of the Roses and the great Earl, the "King-

Maker;" Linlithgow is rich in Stuart memories,—it was the birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots; Caernavon was the birthplace of the first Prince of Wales; Raby was the home of the famous Nevilles; Harry Hotspur dwelt at Alnwick; the shadow of Louis XI. darkens Plessis-les-Tours; Wyclif, Stephen Langton and the Lollards cling to Lambeth; Futteh-pore-Sikri recalls the splendours of the great Akbar; Wolsey dominates Hampton Court Palace; Catherine de'Medici presides over Chaumont; Charles VII., Joan of Arc and Agnes Sorel may be evoked at Chinon; Berkeley was the scene of the murder of Edward II.; Agnes Sorel is again at Loches; François I., Henri IV. and Diane de Poitiers haunt Fontainebleau; the Riccardi is filled with Medici crimes; the sombre Vecchio holds memories of the brilliant and wicked Cosmo I.; and as the entire history of Florence may be read in the walls of the latter palace, so all the events and phases of Venetian story are centred in the Ducal Palace. Chenonceaux, "the fairy palace of Armida," and Kensington are exceptional in containing no stains of blood. Leigh Hunt aptly remarks: "Windsor Castle is a place to receive monarchs in; Buckingham Palace, to see fashions in; Kensington Palace a place to drink tea in," exhibiting "the domestic side of royalty." Its gardens, however, call up all the fashion, beauty and wit of the Eighteenth Century.

We may suggest to the lovers of beautiful scenery that the pleasure they experience is often largely due to the presence of the castle in the landscape; and we may re-

mind him, what an important feature Turner made of the castle in his paintings. Sometimes, indeed, he went so far as to introduce one when his artistic feeling told him that a peak or crag was incomplete without its embattled towers. What would the rock of Edinburgh be without "Auld Reekie," or the parks of Arundel, Berkeley, or Alnwick without their grey towers seen through vistas framed in foliage? The Wartburg in the Thuringer Forest, and Stirling and Conway, surrounded by the mountains of Scotland and Wales, are also notable examples of the aid of the castle in completing the picturesque effect of the landscape.

The translations have been made especially for this book; and in order to give as much continuous history of each building as possible, I have sometimes been compelled to cut. Otherwise, the essays remain unchanged.

My thanks are extended to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for their kind permission to reprint the selections from Hawthorne.

E. S.

NEW YORK, *August, 1901.*

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Castles and Palaces

CONWAY CASTLE

GRANT ALLEN

TO call the town at the mouth of the Conway plain Conway is as absurd as if we were to call the town at the mouth of the Tyne plain Tyne instead of Tyne-mouth.

By whatever name we call it, however, Conway town itself is equally interesting and equally beautiful. It still presents perhaps the best specimen yet remaining in Britain of a mediæval borough, begirt to this day with its Thirteenth Century walls, and overlooked by the towers of its strong castle-fortress. Even Telford's graceful suspension-bridge, in admirable harmony of tone and plan with the surrounding buildings, hardly detracts at all from the old-world character of the familiar scene; nay, I am not sure that it does not even add somewhat to its picturesqueness. As much cannot be said for the huge iron boxes of Stephenson's tubular bridge which carries the London and North-Western line across the river on its way to Holyhead.

But taken as a whole, the mouth of the Conway, with its town and castle, has hardly an equal perhaps in Britain, save the mouth of the Dart in the equally Celtic Devonian uplands.

Yet to the Welshman, the towers of Conway, beautiful as they are from every point of view, must long have seemed a badge of servitude. We forget too often in looking at these picturesque relics of the lawless days how stern and business-like they must once have appeared, how suggestive of none but purely military and aggressive associations. Time has softened the murderous effect of keep and bastion, and left us nothing but the graceful tinge of poetic mediævalism. But when Edward I. impressed into his service the unpaid labour of the conquered Welsh to raise his great castles around the disaffected mountain land, he did it with the distinct and deliberate purpose of holding in check for the future all wild aspirations of the native race after Cymric independence. The great triangle formed by the three strong castles of Harlech, Caernavon, and Conway (like the famous Austrian quadrilateral in North Italy) was a standing menace to the national movement and an effectual curb upon the national desire to rise in revolt. The three proud strongholds occupy the keys to the three chief routes into the heart of Snowdonia. Harlech blocks the way by the Vale of Festiniog or the Pass of Aberglaslyn: Caernavon guards the bare ravine of Llanberis: Conway frowns down upon the Bettws road and stops the coast path by Penmaenmawr and Bangor. Dominated and daunted by these three imposing fortresses, so vastly supe-

rior in design and construction to the little tower keeps of her native princelings, the mountain heart of Gwynedd lay still for centuries, only galvanized for a moment once into spasmodic life, during the troublous times of civil commotion in England, by the adventurous spirit of that Deeside chief whose name Englishmen travesty into Owen Glendower.

Nowhere is the genius of Edward's great architect, Henry of Elreton, more conspicuous than in this noble pile at Conway. Half castle, half palace—for Edward meant to be king as well as conqueror—it combined the military solidity of Anglo-Norman work with the domestic magnificence of later Tudor mansions. Its great hall, in particular, must have formed, when perfect, one of the most regal and splendid reception rooms then existing in any part of England. The remaining lancet windows of the royal private apartments, and the beautiful early-decorated workmanship of Queen Eleanor's oratory, survive to show with what royal state Edward kept his court both here and at Caernavon. For it is quite a mistake to regard the greatest of Plantagenets as a mere savage conqueror—the "ruthless king" of Gray's immortal calumny. If Edward repressed sternly, he meant to reign peacefully. The "massacre of the bards" and all the other poetical rubbish with which Welsh legend has clouded the history of the national defeat, must be relegated to the limbo of exploded fable. The plain truth is that, when once Llewelyn and Dafydd were dead, Edward's whole policy in the Welsh question was a policy of conciliation. His object was to pacify and

Anglicize the disaffected uplands, to make communications safe through what had once been the stronghold of Taffy, that typical robber outlaw, and to reorganize the broken Celtic community on the familiar model of the English kingdom. It was not in mere play, therefore, that he presented to the Welsh his own eldest son, born by deliberate arrangement an indigenous Welshman in Caernavon Castle, as the first Prince of Wales of a new and more powerful line, or that he built and decorated those great royal reception rooms in his Cambrian palaces, where the chieftains of Gwynedd and the rude lords of Anglesey might for the first time see and be duly impressed by the splendour and the glitter of Anglo-Norman chivalry.

Viewed from this wider standpoint, the beautiful chain-bridge and the ugly boxes of Stephenson's iron monstrosity are themselves in a certain sort the direct heirs and truest modern representatives of Edward's wise and necessary policy. So seen, they cease to interfere with the unity of the view and merge into one with the great Plantagenet design of the palace-castle. For both these important works, with their still vaster and more wonderful sister-bridges over the Menai at Bangor, form to this day the outer and visible sign of that coalescence of the Celtic and Teutonic elements in Britain to which Edward devoted all his life and energy. The first great roads made by the first great road-makers in England were the roads that connected London, the centre of the empire, with the Irish packets at Holyhead; and both those roads, whether coastwise or internal, by Glan Ogwen or Penmaenmawr, led through

the wildest parts of Wild Wales. The greatest life task of the greatest engineer before the railway period—Telford—was the Holyhead road: the greatest life task of the inventor of the locomotive and his still abler sons—George and Robert Stephenson—was the iron line from London to Holyhead. In these gigantic undertakings, Celt and Saxon were united for all, and the better day of fraternal friendship was inaugurated in full sight of Edward's threatening castle towers. Dr. Arnold loved to look at the railway engine, snorting steam across the midland acres, and think that feudalism was dead forever. It is pleasant in like manner to look even at Stephenson's hideous tubular bridge, and think, that ill as it contrasts in beauty with the Plantagenet turrets, it is nevertheless the symbol of that complete fellowship between Saxon and Celt in this land of Britain which forms the final goal and ideal of our national unity.

The vale of Conway does not stop abruptly at Conway town; it prolongs itself seaward by gentle degrees far into the shallow waters of Beaumaris Bay. On either side lie the wide tidal sandbanks, formed of material which the river has washed down from the peaks of Snowdon, Glyder, and the Carneddys, the very source from which they are derived being often traceable in the mineralogical peculiarities of the individual grains. About these sands the weird and melancholy Celtic fancy has woven a variation on the common mournful Celtic legend of the submerged country—the legend which meets us again under a hundred disguises in the story of Sythenin Cardigan Bay,

the floods of Sarn Badrig, the lost land of Lyonesse, and the sunken city of Is on the coasts of Brittany.

Wherever the Cymric Celt remains, there these stories survive and accompany him. Perhaps they may inclose some true kernel of tradition about the terrific submergence which undoubtedly once took place round the coasts of the two Britains—the greater and the less—at the period when the forest-bed of post-glacial date was swallowed up by the devouring Atlantic. It seemed more probable, however, and it is certainly far more comforting to believe that the vast earth-movement took place so quietly, and was spread over so many peaceful centuries, that it was no more recognized by the men who lived during its gradual progress than the slow and gradual submergence of Scandinavia—an inch at a time—is noticed in our own day by the Norwegian peasant. Rather do these stories reflect and embody the gloomy fancy of a conquered people, whose traditions of glory all referred to a remote and unreal past, and who felt in their despair that the very elements themselves had wrested from them those fertile lands which their fathers had never really owned or cultivated.

Be this as it may, local legend declares that the Lavan sands—the very name in Welsh means Banks of Lamentation—represent the relics of a rich lowland hundred, engulfed by the sea at one wild swoop in the early part of the Middle Ages. About a fathom deep, off Y Foel Llus, lies a submarine bank still known as Llys Helig, or Helig's Palace. Here, according to tradition, stood the lofty

castle of the Cymric lord who owned for miles around the fertile plain; and Welsh imagination still sees at low tide through the clear water of the bay the boundary stones of the ancient road that passed from the British stronghold at Rhuddlan to the fortress of Treganwy, now equally overwhelmed beneath the sands of Beaumaris. It is a little unfortunate for the truth of the tale that similar evidences of historical verity are always produced in favour of *Caer Is* and all the other Celtic buried cities—and that no Saxon eye has ever clearly beheld them.

THE DUCAL PALACE

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

THE Ducal Palace as we see it to-day dates from Marino Faliero and is the successor of an older one begun in 809 under Angelo Participazio and carried on by the different Doges. It was Marino Faliero who caused the two façades on the Mole and the Piazzetta to be built in 1355 as they now are. This construction brought happiness neither to him who ordered nor to the architect: the former was decapitated and the latter hanged.

Into this strange edifice,—at once a palace, senate, tribunal and prison under the government of the Republic,—we enter by a charming door in St. Mark's corner, between the pillars of St. John of Acre and the great, thick column supporting the entire weight of the immense white and rose marble wall that gives such an original aspect to the ancient palace of the Doges.

This door, called *Della Carta*, is in charming architectural taste, adorned with little columns, trefoils and statues, without counting the inevitable, indispensable winged lion of St. Mark, and leads into the great interior court by a vaulted passage. This somewhat singular arrangement of an entrance so to speak placed without the edifice to which it leads has the advantage of not interfering in any



THE DUCAL PALACE, ITALY.

way with the unity of its façades, which are not broken by any projection except that of their monumental windows.

Before passing under the arcade, let us glance over the exterior of the palace to note a few of its interesting details. Above the thick and robust column of which we have just spoken, there is a bas-relief of savage aspect representing the *Judgment of Solomon*, with mediæval costume and a certain barbarity of execution that renders it hard to recognize the subject. This bas-relief opens into the long twisted little columns that cordon each angle of the building.

On the façade of the Piazzetta, up on the second gallery, two columns of red marble mark the place whence the death sentences were read,—a custom that still exists to-day. All the capitals are in exquisite taste and inexhaustible variety. Not one is a repetition. They contain chimærae, children, angels, fantastic animals, and sometimes Biblical or historical subjects, mingled with foliage, acanthus, fruits and flowers that forcibly show up the poverty of invention of our modern artists : several bear half effaced inscriptions in Gothic characters, which in order to be fluently read would require a skilful paleographer. There are twenty-seven arcades on the Mole and eighteen on the Piazzetta.

The Porta della Carta leads you to the Giant's Staircase, which is not itself gigantic, but takes its name from the two colossi of Neptune and Mars, a dozen feet in height, by Sansovino, standing on pedestals at the top of the flight. This staircase, leading from the courtyard to the second gallery that decks the interior as well as the exterior of the

palace, was raised during the dogedom of Agostino Barbarigo by Antonio Rizzio. It is of white marble, decorated by Domenico and Bernardo of Mantua with arabesques and trophies in very slight relief, but of such perfection as to be the despair of all the ornamenters, carvers and engravers in the world. It is no longer architecture, but goldsmith's work, such as Benvenuto Cellini and Vechte alone could produce. Every morsel of this open balustrade is a world of invention; the weapons and casques of every bas-relief, each one different, are of the rarest fancy and the purest style; even the slabs of the steps are ornamented with exquisite *niello*, and yet who knows anything of Domenico and Bernardo of Mantua? The memory of mankind, already wearied with a hundred illustrious names, refuses to retain any more, and consigns to oblivion names that are deserving of all glory.

If we turn around on reaching the head of this staircase, we see the inner side of the doorway of Bartolomeo, flowered over with volutes and plated with little columns and statues, with remnants of blue painting starred with gold in the tympanums of the arch. Among the statues, one in particular is very remarkable: it is an Eve by Antonio Rizzio of Verona, carved in 1471. The other side, facing the Wells, was built in 1607 in the style of the Renaissance, with columns and niches full of antique statues from Greece, representing warriors, orators, and divinities. A clock and a statue of the Duke Urbino, carved by Gio Bandini of Florence in 1625, complete this severe and classic front.

Letting your glance fall towards the middle of the court, you see what look like magnificent bronze altars. They are the mouths of the cisterns of Nicolo de' Conti and Francesco Alberghetti. The first dates from 1556, the second from 1559. Both are masterpieces. Besides the obligatory accompaniment of griffins, sirens, and chimærae, various aquatic subjects taken from the Scriptures are represented in them. One could not imagine such richness of invention, such exquisite taste, such perfection of carving, nor such finished work as is displayed by the kerbs of these wells enriched with the polish and verdigris of time. Even the inside of the mouth is plated with thin sheets of bronze branched with a damascene of arabesques. These two wells are said to contain the best water in Venice.

Near the Giant's Staircase is an inscription framed with ornaments and figures by Alessandro Vittoria recalling the passage of Henry III. through Venice; and farther on in the gallery at the approach to the golden staircase are two statues by Antonio Aspetti,—Hercules and Atlas bending beneath the starry firmament, the weight of which the mighty hero is about to transfer to his own bull-neck. This magnificent staircase, adorned with stuccos by Vittoria and paintings by Giambatista, is by Sansovino, and leads to the library which now occupies several rooms of the Palace of the Doges. To attempt to describe them one by one would be a work of patience and erudition that would require a whole volume.

The old hall of the Grand Council is one of the largest

you could find anywhere. The Court of Lions at the Alhambra would easily go inside it. On entering, you stand still, struck with astonishment. By an effect that is somewhat frequently found in architecture, this hall looks much larger than the building that contains it. A sombre and severe wainscoting, where bookcases have taken the place of the seats of the old senators, serves as a plinth for immense paintings that extend all around the walls, broken only by windows, below a line of portraits of the Doges and a colossal gilded ceiling of incredible exuberance of ornamentation, with great compartments, square, octagonal and oval, with foliage, volutes, and rock-work in a taste scarcely appropriate to the style of the palace, but so imposing and magnificent that you are quite dazzled by it. Unfortunately, the pictures by Paul Veronese, Tintoret, Palma the Younger, and other great masters, that filled these superb frames have now been removed on account of indispensable repairs.

That side of the hall by which you enter is entirely occupied by a gigantic *Paradise* by Tintoret, which contains a world of figures. It is a strong painting and it is a pity that time has so greatly darkened it. The smoky shadows that cover it belong to a Hell rather than to a Glory. Behind this canvas, a fact that we have not been in a position to verify, it is said that there is an ancient *Paradise* painted in green camaïeu upon the wall by Guariento of Padua in 1365. It would be curious to be able to compare this green *Paradise* with the black one. It is only Venice that has one depth of painting below another.

This hall is a kind of Versailles museum of Venetian history, with the difference that if the exploits are not so great, the painting is far better. It is impossible to imagine a more wonderful effect than is produced by this immense hall entirely covered by these pompous paintings that excel in the Venetian genius. Above these great historical scenes, is a row of portraits of the Doges by Tintoret, Bassano, and other painters; as a rule, they have a smoky and bearded appearance, although, contrary to the impression we form, they have no beards. In one corner the eye is arrested at an empty and black frame that makes a hole as dark as a tomb in this chronological gallery. It is the space that should be occupied by the portrait of Marino Faliero, as told by this inscription: *Locus Marini Phaletri, decapitati pro criminibus*. All the effigies of Marino Faliero were also destroyed, so that his portrait may be said to be undiscoverable. However, it is pretended that there is one in the possession of an amateur at Verona. The republic wanted to destroy the memory of this haughty old man who brought it within an inch of ruin in revenge for a youth's jest that was sufficiently punished by a few months' imprisonment. To finish with Marino Faliero, let us note that he was not beheaded at the head of the Giant's Staircase, as is represented in several prints, since that stairway was not built till a hundred and fifty years later, but in the opposite corner at the other end of the gallery, upon the top of a flight of steps since demolished.

We will now name the most celebrated chambers of the palace without pretending to describe them in detail. In

the chamber *dei Scarlatti*, the chimney-piece is covered with marble reliefs of the finest workmanship. On the impost also is seen a very curious bas-relief in marble representing the Doge Loredan on his knees before the Virgin and Child, accompanied by several saints,—an admirable piece of work by an unknown artist. The Hall of the Shield: here the arms of the living Doge were emblazoned. It is hung with geographical charts by the Abbé Grisellini that trace the discoveries of Marco Polo, so long treated as fabulous, and of other illustrious Venetian travellers, such as Zeni and Cabota. Here also is kept a globe, found on a Turkish galley, engraved upon wood and of strange configuration being in accordance with Oriental ideas and covered with Arabic characters cut with marvellous delicacy; also a great bird's-eye view of Venice by Albrecht Dürer, who made a long stay in the city of the Doges. The aspect of the city is generally the same as to-day, since for three centuries one stone has not been laid upon another in the Italian cities.

In the Hall of the Philosophers, a very beautiful chimney-piece by Pierre Lombard is to be noticed. The Hall of Stuccos, so called because of its ornamentation, contains paintings by Salviati, Pordenone, and Bassano: the *Virgin*, a *Descent from the Cross*, and the *Nativity of Jesus Christ*. The banquet-hall is where the Doge used to give certain feasts of etiquette,—diplomatic dinners, as we should say to-day. Here we see a portrait of Henry III. by Tintoret, very strong and very fine; and facing the door is the *Adoration of the Magi*, a warm painting by Bonifazio, that

great master of whose work we possess scarcely anything in Paris. The Hall of the Four Doors has a square anteroom, the ceiling of which, painted by Tintoret, represents Justice giving the sword and scales to the Doge Priuli. The four doors are adorned with statues of grand form by Guilio del Moro, Francesco Caselli, Girolamo Campagna, and Alessandro Vittoria; the paintings that enrich the room are masterpieces.

From this hall let us pass into the Anti-Collegio; it is the waiting-room of the ambassadors, the architecture being by Scamozzi. The envoys of the various powers who came to present their credentials to the Most Serene Republic could scarcely have been in a hurry to be introduced: the masterpieces crowded with such lavishness into this splendid anteroom would induce anyone to be patient. The four pictures near the door are by Tintoret, and among his best. These are the subjects: *Mercury and the Graces*; *Vulcan's Forge*; *Pallas, accompanied by Joy and Abundance, chasing Mars*; and *Ariadne consoled by Bacchus*. Apart from a few rather forced foreshortenings and a few violent attitudes in which this master took pleasure on account of their difficulty, we can do nothing but praise the virile energy of touch, the warmth of colour, the truth of the flesh, the lifelike power and that forceful and charming grace that distinguishes mighty talents when they have to render sweet and gentle subjects.

But the marvel of this sanctuary of art is the *Rape of Europa*, by Paul Veronese. What lovely white shoulders! what blonde curling tresses! what round and charming

arms! what smiles of eternal youth in this wonderful canvas in which Paul Veronese seems to have spoken his final word! Sky, clouds, trees, flowers, meadows, seas, tints, draperies, all seem bathed in the glow of an unknown Elysium. If we had to choose one single example of all Paul Veronese's work, this is the one we should prefer: it is the most beautiful pearl in this rich casket.

On the ceiling the great artist has seated his dear Venice on a golden throne with that amplitude of drapery and that abundant grace of which he possesses the secret. For this *Assumption*, in which Venice takes the place of the Virgin, he always knows how to find fresh blues and new radiance.

The magnificent chimney-piece by Aspetti, a stucco cornice by Vittoria and Bombarda, blue camaieu by Sebastian Rizzi and columns of *verde antique* and Cipolin marble framing the door complete this marvellous decoration in which shines the most beautiful of all luxuries,—that of genius.

The reception-hall, or the Collegio, comes next. Here we find Tintoret and Paul Veronese, the former red and violent, the other azure and calm; the first, suited to great expanses of wall, the second, for immense ceilings. We will not speak of the camaieu, the *grisailles*, the columns of *verde antique*, the little arches of flowered jasper and sculptures by G. Campagna: we should never finish; and those are the ordinary sumptuous details in the Palace of the Doges.

There are many other admirable rooms in the Ducal

Palace that we have not mentioned. The Hall of the Council of Ten, the Hall of the Supreme Council, the Hall of the State Inquisitors, and many others. Upon their walls and ceilings sit side by side the apotheosis of Venice and the Assumption of the Virgin; the Doges on their knees before some Madonna or other; and mythological heroes or fabulous gods; the Lion of St. Mark and Jupiter's Eagle; the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa and a Neptune; Pope Alexander III. and a short-kilted Allegory. Mix up stories from the Bible and holy Virgins beneath baldaquins, captures of Zara embroidered with more numerous episodes than one of Ariosto's songs, and surprises of Candia with jumbles of Turks; carve the door-cases; cover the cornices with mouldings and stucco; set up statues in every corner; lay gold upon everything that is not covered by the brush of a superior artist; say: "All those who have laboured here, even the obscure, had twenty times as much talent as our celebrities of the present day; and the greatest masters have employed their lives here;" and then you will have a feeble idea of all this magnificence that defies description. Painters, whose names are not uttered once a century, here hold their place in most terrible proximities. You would say that genius was in the air at that climacteric epoch of human progress and that nothing was easier than to produce masterpieces. The sculptors especially, of whom no one ever speaks, display an extraordinary talent and are not in the least inferior to the greatest painters.

Close to the door of one of these rooms we still see,

though robbed of all its prestige of terror, and reduced to the condition of an unused letter-box, the ancient Lion's Mouth to which the informers came to cast in their denunciations. Nothing remains now but a hole in the wall: the jaw has been removed. A sombre corridor leads you to the Hall of the State Inquisitors, to the Leads, and to the Wells that have served as a text for an infinity of sentimental declamation. Certainly there are no beautiful prisons; but the truth is that the Leads were large chambers covered with lead, a material with which the roofs of most of the edifices of Venice are covered and which has nothing particularly cruel about it; and that the Wells were not below the level of the lagoon. We visited two or three of these cells. Covered with wood on the inside, they had a low door and a little opening facing the lamp fixed to the roof of the passage. A wooden camp-bed occupied one of the corners.

It was black and stifling, but without any melodramatic accessories. Upon the walls are decipherable several of those inscriptions that prison weariness engraves with a nail upon the wall of the tomb: signatures, dates, short sentences from the Bible, philosophical reflections appropriate to the spot, a timid sigh for liberty, sometimes the cause of the imprisonment, such as the inscription in which a captive says that he has been incarcerated for sacrilege. At the entrance to a corridor they showed us a stone seat on which those who were secretly executed in the prison were made to sit. A slender cord cast around the neck and twisted like a garotte strangled them in the Turkish

manner. These clandestine executions were only for state prisoners convicted of political crimes. The deed being done, the corpse was bundled into a gondola through a door opening on to the Canal della Paglia and it was taken away to be sunk with a cannon-ball or stone at the feet in the Orfanello Canal which is very deep and where fishermen are forbidden to cast their nets.

Vulgar assassins are executed between the two columns at the entrance of the Piazzetta. The Bridge of Sighs, which seen from the Paille Bridge, looks like a cenotaph suspended over the water, has nothing remarkable inside: it is a double corridor divided by a wall which serves as a covered way from the Ducal Palace to the Prison, the severe and solid edifice built by Antonio da Ponte, and situated on the other side of the Canal facing the lateral façade of the Palace which is supposed to have been built from the plans of Antonio Riccio. The name of the Bridge of Sighs, given to that tomb that connects two prisons, probably comes from the lamentations of the unfortunates going from their cell to the tribunal and back again, broken by torture, or in despair after condemnation. In the evening this Canal, squeezed between the high walls of the two sombre edifices and illumined by some rare gleam, has a very sinister and mysterious aspect, and the gondolas that glide along there bearing some handsome pair of lovers going to get a little fresh air on the lagoon, look as if they have a burden for the Orfanello Canal.

We have also visited the ancient apartments of the Doge; nothing remains of their primitive magnificence

except a highly ornamental ceiling divided into gilded and painted hexagonal compartments. In these spaces, shielded by foliage and rosebushes, was an invisible hole through which the State Inquisitors and the members of the Council of Ten could spy upon what the Doge was doing at all hours of the day and of the night. The walls, not content with listening by an ear, like the prison of Denys the Tyrant, watched with an ever open eye, and the Doge who had conquered at Zara or at Candia heard, like Angelo, "steps in his walls" and felt a mysterious and jealous watch all about him.

PALACE OF LINLITHGOW

SIR WALTER SCOTT

LINLITHGOW, distinguished by the combined strength and beauty of its situation, must have been early selected as a royal residence. David, who bought the title of Saint by his liberality to the church, refers several of his characters to his town of Linlithgow, and in that of Holy Rood expressly bestows on the new monastery all the skins of the rams, ewes, and lambs belonging to his Castle of Linlithgow which shall die during the year.

The convenience afforded for the sport of falconry, which was so great a favourite during the feudal ages, was probably one cause of an attachment of the ancient Scottish monarchs to Linlithgow, and its fine lake. The sport of hunting was also followed with success in the neighbourhood, from which circumstance it probably arises that the ancient arms of the city represent a black greyhound-bitch tied to a tree. Tradition, however, ascribes other causes for this remarkable emblem, but is, as usual, rather inconsistent in accounting for it otherwise. One legend says simply, that such a hound was found so tied on the small island on the east side of the loch. Another tradition hints at a witch who used to assume this shape. A third more ungallantly adopts a metaphorical meaning, and

affirms that a mistress of one of the kings was designated under this hieroglyphic. A Celt, according to Chalmers, might plausibly derive the name of Linlithgow from *Lin-liath-cu*, the Lake of the Greyhound. Chalmers himself, seems to prefer the Gothic derivation of *Lin-lyth-gow*, or the Lake of the Great Vale. *Non nostrum est.*

The Castle of Linlithgow is only mentioned as being a peel (a pile, that is, an embattled tower surrounded by an outwork). In 1300 it was rebuilt or repaired by Edward I., and used as one of the citadels by which he hoped to maintain his usurped dominion in Scotland. It is described by Barbour as “meihle and stark and stuffed weel.” Piers Luband, a Gascoigne knight, was appointed the keeper, and appears to have remained there until the autumn of 1313, when the Scots recovered the Castle under the following interesting circumstances :—

There was, says our authority, Barbour, dwelling in the neighbourhood of Linlithgow, a stout-hearted husbandman, named William Binnock, who, observing that the Scots were on every hand recovering from the English the castles and fortresses which the invaders possessed within Scotland, could not brook that the peel in his vicinity, which was large, strong, and well supplied with arms and garrisons, should remain unassailed. He formed a stratagem, equally remarkable for ingenuity and audacity. The garrison was usually supplied by Binnock with hay, and they had lately required from him a fresh supply. He assured them of the excellence of the forage, and undertook to send it in early in the morning. But the hay was so arranged on the wain



PALACE OF LINLITHGOW, SCOTLAND.

as to conceal eight well-armed and determined men; the team was driven by a sturdy peasant, who bore a sharp axe under his gaberdion. Binnock himself walked beside the waggon, to superintend, as it seemed, the safe delivery of the forage. The porter, on approach of Binnock, with his well-known wain, lowered the drawbridge and raised the portcullis. Just at the very gateway, the driver, as he had been instructed, drew his axe suddenly and cut asunder the soam, or tackle, by which the oxen were attached to the waggon. Binnock at the same instant struck the warder dead, and shouted the signal word, which was "Call all, call all." The assailants jumped from amongst the hay, and attacked the astonished garrison. The wain was so placed that neither could the gate be shut nor the portcullis lowered, nor the bridge raised, and a party of Scots, who were in ambush for the purpose, rushed in to second their forlorn hope, and were soon masters of the place.

Bruce, faithful to his usual policy, caused the peel of Linlithgow to be dismantled, and worthily rewarded William Binnock, who had behaved with such gallantry on the occasion. From this bold yeoman the Binnies of West Lothian are proud to trace their descent; and most, if not all of them, bear in their arms something connected with the waggon, which was the instrument of his stratagem.

When times of comparative peace returned, Linlithgow again became the occasional residence of the sovereign. In 1411 the town was burned by accident, and in 1414 was again subjected to the same calamity, together with the

Church and Palace of the King, as is expressly mentioned by Bower.

The present Church, which is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, having a steeple surmounted by an imperial crown, was probably erected soon after that calamity.

The Palace arose from its ashes with greater splendour than before; for the family of Stuart, unhappy in so many respects, were all of them fortunate in their taste for the fine arts, and particularly for that of architecture. The Lordship of Linlithgow was settled as a dowry upon Mary of Gueldres in 1449, and again upon Margaret of Denmark in 1468.

James the Fourth, as splendid a gallant, seems to have founded the most magnificent part of Linlithgow Palace; together with the noble entrance betwixt two flanking towers bearing on rich entablatures the royal arms of Scotland, with the collar of the Order of the Thistle, Garter, and Saint Michael.

James IV., also erected in the Church a throne for himself, and twelve stalls for Knights Companions of the Thistle. It was sitting here, in the time of public worship, and musing, perhaps, on his approaching invasion of England, that he received a singular advice from a singular personage, which we cannot express better than in the words of Pitscottie:—

“At this time the King visited Linlithgow, where he was at the Council, very sad and dolorous, making his prayers to God to send him a good success in his voyage. And there came a man clad in a blue gown, belted about

him with a roll of lining, and a pair of *brottikines* on his feet, and all other things conform thereto. But he had nothing on his head but side hair to his shoulders, and bald before. He seemed to be a man of fifty years, and came fast forwards, crying among the lords, and specially for the King, saying, that he desired to speak with him ; while at the last he came to the desk where the King was at prayers. But when he saw the King, he gave him no due reverence nor salutation, but leaned him down gruffly upon the desk, and said, ‘ Sir King, my mother has sent me to thee, desiring thee not to go where thou art purposed, which if thou do, thou shalt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that is with thee. Farther, she forbade thee, not to mell nor use the counsel of women, which if thou do, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.’ By [*the time*] this man had spoken these words to the King, the even-song was near done, and the King paused on these words, studying to him an answer. But in the meantime, before the King’s eyes, and in presence of the whole lords that were about him for the time, this man evanished away, and could no more be seen. I heard Sir David Lindsay, Lyon-herald, and John Inglis, the Marishall, who were at that time young men and special servants to the King’s grace, thought to have taken this man, but they could not, that they might have speired [*asked*] further tidings at him, but they could not touch him.”

Buchanan confirms this strange story on the word of a spectator, Sir David Lindsay, whose testimony he describes as unimpeachable. Thus supported, we have only to

choose betwixt a deception and a supernatural appearance. The temper of James was one of those described by the poet as being "of imagination all compact." He was amorous, devotional, and chivalrous. This renders it highly probable that the simulated vision was contrived by some of the numerous party who advised a continuance of peace with England, and who might be of opinion that counsels conveyed in this mysterious manner might have some effect on the romantic spirit of the King. It is usually supposed that the vision was intended to represent Saint Andrew; but the use of the words, "my mother," seem rather to imply the Apostle John, who indicated by that term the Virgin Mary.

The death of James IV. and rout of his army clouded for many a day the glory of Scotland, and marred the mirth of her palaces.

James V. was much attached to Linlithgow, and added to the Palace both the Chapel and Parliament Hall, the last of which is peculiarly striking. So that when he brought his bride Mary of Guise there, amid the festivities which accompanied their wedding, she might have more reasons than mere complaisance for highly commending the edifice, and saying that she never saw a more princely palace. It was long her residence, and that of her royal husband, at Linlithgow. Mary was born there in an apartment still shown; and the ill-fated father dying within a few days of that event, left the ominous diadem which he wore to the still more unfortunate infant.

It is remarkable that during this reign there was acted at

Linlithgow, in presence of the King, Queen, and whole court, and, so far as appears, with great applause, a play, or theatrical presentation, by Sir David Lindsay, called the *Satire of the Three Estates*, in which much coarse and indelicate farce and buffoonery is intermixed with the most pointed censure upon the affairs both of church and state. The comic mummery was undoubtedly thrown in with the purpose of Rabelais, to mitigate the edge of the satire, by representing the whole as matter of idle and extravagant mirth. But when the serious and direct tenor of the piece is considered, no one can doubt that the Prince before whom it was acted, and by whom it seems to have been well received, meditated reforms both in church and state, however diverted from them by the arts of the churchmen.

In the subsequent reign of Queen Mary, Linlithgow was the scene of several remarkable events; the most interesting of which was the assassination of the Regent Murray by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. This James VI. loved the royal residence of Linlithgow, and completed the original plan of the Palace, closing the great square by a stately range of apartments of great architectural beauty. He also made a magnificent fountain in the Palace-yard, now ruinous, as are all the buildings around. Another grotesque Gothic fountain adorns the street of the town, which, with the number of fine springs, leads to the popular rhyme :

*Linlithgow for wells,
Stirling for bells.*

Among the attendants of James the Sixth was a distinguished personage of a class which may be found in most places of public resort. This was the celebrated Rob Gibb, the king's fool or jester. Fool as he was, Rob Gibb seems to have understood his own interest. Upon one occasion it pleased his sapient Majesty King Jamie to instal Rob in his own royal chair, the sport being to see how he would demean himself as sovereign. The courtiers entered into the king's humour, overwhelming Rob Gibb with petitions for places, pensions, and benefices, not sorry perhaps to have an opportunity of hinting, in the presence of the real sovereign, secret hopes and wishes, which they might have no other opportunity of expressing. But Rob Gibb sternly repelled the whole supplicants together, as a set of unmercifully greedy sycophants, who followed their worthy king only to see what they could make of him. "Get ye hence, ye covetous selfish loons," he exclaimed, "and bring to me my own dear and trusty servant, Rob Gibb, that I may honour the only one of my court who serves me for stark love and kindness." It would not have been unlike King Jamie to have answered, "that he was but a fool, and knew no better."

Rob's presence of mind did not go unrewarded; for either on this or some future occasion, he was in such "good foolery" as to get a grant of a small estate in the vicinity of the burgh.

When the sceptre passed from Scotland, oblivion sat down in the halls of Linlithgow; but her absolute desolation was reserved for the memorable era of 1745-6.

About the middle of January in that year, General Hawley marched at the head of a strong army to raise the siege of Stirling, then pressed by the Highland insurgents under the adventurous Charles Edward. The English general had expressed considerable contempt of his enemy, who, he affirmed, would not stand a charge of cavalry. On the night of the 17th he returned to Linlithgow, with all the marks of defeat, having burned his tents, and left his artillery and baggage. His disordered troops were quartered in the Palace, and began to make such great fires on the hearth as to endanger the safety of the edifice. A lady of the Livingston family who had apartments there, remonstrated with General Hawley, who treated her fears with contempt. "I can run away from fire as fast as you can, General," answered the high-spirited dame, and with this sarcasm took horse for Edinburgh. Very soon after her departure her apprehensions were realized; the Palace of Linlithgow caught fire, and was burned to the ground. The ruins alone remain to show its former splendour.

The situation of Linlithgow Palace is eminently beautiful. It stands on a promontory of some elevation, which advances almost into the midst of the lake. The form is that of a square court, composed of buildings of four stories high, with towers at the angles. The fronts within the square, and the windows, are highly ornamented, and the size of the rooms, as well as the width and character of the staircases, are upon a magnificent scale. One banquet-room is ninety-four feet long, thirty feet wide, and thirty-three feet high, with a gallery for music. The King's

wardrobe, or dressing-room, looking to the west, projects over the walls so as to have a delicious prospect on three sides, and is one of the most enviable boudoirs we have ever seen.

There were two main entrances to Linlithgow Palace. That from the south ascends rather steeply from the town, and passes through a striking Gothic archway, flanked by two round towers. The portal has been richly adorned by sculpture, in which can be traced the arms of Scotland with the collars of the Thistle, the Garter, and Saint Michael. This was the work of James V., and is in a most beautiful character.

The other entrance is from the eastward. The gateway is at some height from the foundation of the wall, and there are opposite to it the remains of a *perron*, or ramp of mason-work, which those who desired to enter must have ascended by steps. A drawbridge, which could be raised at pleasure, united, when it was lowered, the ramp with the threshold of the gateway, and when raised, left a gap between them, which answered the purpose of a moat. On the inside of the eastern gateway is a figure, much mutilated, said to have been that of Pope Julius II., the same Pontiff who sent to James IV. the beautiful sword which makes part of the Regalia.

“To what base offices we may return!” In the course of the last war, those beautiful remains, so full of ancient remembrances, very narrowly escaped being defaced and dishonoured, by an attempt to convert them into barracks for French prisoners of war. The late President Blair, as

zealous a patriot as he was an excellent lawyer, had the merit of averting this insult upon one of the most striking objects of antiquity which Scotland yet affords. I am happy to add, that of late years the Court of the Exchequer have, in this and similar cases, shown much zeal to preserve our national antiquities, and stop the dilapidations which were fast consuming them.

In coming to Linlithgow by the Edinburgh road, the first view of the town, with its beautiful steeple, surmounted with a royal crown, and the ruinous towers of the Palace arising out of a canopy of trees, forms a most impressive object. All that is wanting is something of more elevated dignity to the margin of the lake. But it is not easy to satisfy the inconsistent wishes of amateurs.

We may in taking leave of this subject, use once more the words of old Sir David of the Mount, in his Complaint of the Papingo :—

*Farewell Linlithgow, whose Palace of pleasaunce
Might be a pattern in Portugal or France.*

ARUNDEL CASTLE

ALICE MEYNELL

EVEN pastoral England, which has a character of its own so different from that of pastoral districts elsewhere—so much richer in its details is it, and so much blunter and rounder in its forms, than the pasture-lands and cornlands of Italy, or France, or Spain, or Greece—even this distinctive and separated country has variations within itself. The heart of England—the country of George Eliot and the tract which lies within near or distant sight of the Malvern Hills—has a drier, crisper beauty about its green fields and rich woods. The great peaceful plain is broken by undulations, which are lost from a distant view, and nowhere, not even by the brimming waters of the Severn, are there such perfectly flat fields, pasture, marsh, and cornfield lying together, even and low, as those into which the gently raised tablelands of England subside between the downs of the South Coast. Such lands lie about the feet of the Arundel hills, open to a boundless sky, invested in light night mists, full of cattle, watered by a little river and its streams which scarcely creep towards the sea where it lies level with the land, or in some places level with the hedgerows.

The aspect of things here is Tennysonian. Looking



ARUNDEL CASTLE, ENGLAND.

along the fields towards Arundel where it curves into the arm of its hill, and from a distance sufficient to lend enchantment to the mean details which mar any English town upon a close sight, the place looks like the "dim rich city" in Elaine. There might be a warder looking out from the castle keep, a knight might be riding up to the walls in the twilight. Not many years ago owls did hoot about that tower, but they died and were stuffed. The peacefulness of the flat lowlands too, the richness of the level pastures, in which the dark brown cattle stand knee-deep, the softening haze of lowland mist, and the general prosperity of things, all have something of the flavour of the same poetry. It is otherwise when the hills are climbed, and the free breezy uplands of the park, with the moory, dry, gay country towards Petworth, opens out. There we have a beauty which suggests a less mild and meditative muse.

Arundel dates back to the most respectable antiquity, for King Alfred bequeathed the Castle in his will, with the neighbouring lordships to his nephew Athelm. It afterwards passed into the hands of the great Earl Godwin and to his son, King Harold. And when William the Conqueror was minded to reward his Normans for their services in his wars, the Earldoms of Shrewsbury and of Arundel fell to the share of one Roger de Montgomery, who rebuilt and enlarged the fortalice of Arundel. The fair stronghold then went on changing hands, passing now to the kings of England, and now forming the marriage dower of a princess. Among its towers the Empress Maud

found refuge from her enemy Stephen, and was besieged; but as she was the guest of Adeliza, widow of Henry I., he courteously permitted her at last to depart in peace, for the love of hospitality. The place was now the permanent property of Adeliza's second husband and of his heirs, and so, roughly speaking, it has remained, the fifth in succession from him being the first who bore the name of Fitzalan. The only interruptions of their tenure were temporary ones, and consisted of two short forfeitures to the Crown, besides a seizure by the capacious and rapacious hands of good Queen Bess, who kept it until her death, when her successor restored it to its rightful lord.

One Earl of Arundel lost his head for high treason against Richard II. During the Civil Wars the Castle was besieged and besieged, being first seized by the Parliamentarians in the absence of the owner, then captured by the Royalists after three days' fighting, and subsequently retaken by the Parliamentarians under Waller, who laid siege on the 19th of December, 1643, and entered the Castle on the 6th of January, 1644. Upon this an order in Council commanded that the walls of the town of Arundel and those of Chichester should be destroyed. Since more peaceful times have reigned, within England at least, restoration has been at work somewhat busily, and several Royal visits have awakened "our loyal passion for our temperate Kings," in the steep high-street and in the public-houses of the borough. A borough, alas! it is no longer. Having enjoyed, in the good old times, the luxury of a couple of members, it was reduced to a pittance of one by

the first Reform Bill, and entirely disfranchised by the second.

The station lies in the valley at some little distance from the town; as you follow the road from the rail you have Arundel and the Castle before you, the principal object of the view being the great church of St. Philip Neri, built by the present Duke of Norfolk some years ago at a cost of £100,000. It is still new, inevitably new. That is a fault which time will cure; but in the meanwhile no little disharmony is created between the ancient ruddy colours of the old walls, of the Castle with its town and the somewhat harsh whiteness of the church. Its form, too, being upright, is not felicitous in its composition with the lower and longer lines of antique English masonry. It may not have been the Duke's express purpose, when he built the "house of God," to dwarf his own hereditary home and fortress, as we once heard a passenger in a railway-train passing the place declare; but if that symbolic and ascetic intention was ever entertained, it has been effectually fulfilled. The best consolation which we can offer to the lovers of the past for the intrusion of the modern Gothic church, is that the ruins which they admire were brand-new in the old times which they cherish—strong, sharp, neat, and finished, with no ivy anywhere, and no pleasing uncertainties of outline. As you draw near to the town you see the rich woods which clothe the hillside trending off to the right towards the Black Rabbit, where the winding lines of the lazy Arun pass inland. To the left stretch the fields towards a little place called Ford, and in front

climbs the High-street. At the top of the High-street is the Castle, and then the road turns to the left towards this great dominating church of St. Philip.

The donjon is manifestly the most ancient part of the Castle. It dates from Saxon times, and is traditionally believed to have been part of the stronghold as it was in the days of Alfred the Great. It stands on an artificial eminence, and from its ramparts the view is wide and fair; westwards over the rich country, over the delicate distant spire of Chichester, to the farther downs of the Isle of Wight; southwards to the mouth of the little river Arun, and the port of Littlehampton lying with sea-side pastures around it, level with the sea; eastwards to the South Downs; and northwards over the home garden and the thick woods of the lower park to Burpham, where British antiquities of no small importance were at once discovered, amongst them a canoe with its anchor—the relic of a probably half-civilized and Christian people, compared to whom the invading English were savages of furious wildness. At the top of the keep bide those stuffed owls which some years ago flew about its battlements. The rest of the Castle is merely an antique fortress dwelling-place, much restored in a jumble of styles, but with a general picturesque effect. The alterations which it is now undergoing will doubtless much modify its details, if not its mass.

A little higher, and at some distance from the fortalice of Arundel, is the parish church, a venerable fane, some parts of it dating five hundred years back. Old and new are

confused together in the place, a Fourteenth Century font, some frescoes of approximately the same date, and other precious antiquities being side by side with brilliant windows of modern glass and in modern taste, and a number of energetic "restorations." From the tower the Parliamentarians poured shot and bullet into the Royalist-guarded ramparts of the Castle. The "Fitzalan Chapel," properly the chancel of this church, has been the subject of a sufficiently celebrated law-suit. Built in the Fourteenth Century by an Earl of Arundel, it was turned to secular uses—to uses indeed of the *most* secular kind—at the time of the Reformation and thereafter, and is now, of course, a monument and no more. As, however, it contains the bones of their fathers, the Dukes of Norfolk have naturally maintained their proprietorship and their interest in the sometime sanctuary, and it was recently shut off from the body of the church by the bricking up of the connecting doorway. The Vicar thereupon committed the legal and formal trespass of removing a brick, in order that the proprietorship of the Fitzalan Chapel might come under the decision of the courts. That decision confirmed the Duke and his rights, therefore the division remains; but the church is complete and ample enough for all purposes as it now stands. The monuments in the Fitzalan Chapel are of great interest and beauty. The earliest of them are of the same period as the foundation; the most beautiful is the chantry of William Fitzalan, with its fine and elaborate tracery; and perhaps the most interesting is the tomb of John Fitzalan, which was for centuries believed to be a

cenotaph. The hero to whose memory it was erected lost a leg at the battle of Gerberoy and died in France thirteen months later, in 1435. He was buried in the Church of the Grey Friars, at Beauvais, Normandy. Not very long ago a discovery was made, in the Prerogative Court at Canterbury, of the will of one Fooke Eiton, Esquire, which had been proved in 1454, and which stated that the testator had ransomed the body of the Earl "oute of the frenchemennys handes." In 1857 search was made under the supposed cenotaph, and the bones of a human body which had lost one leg were discovered. How or when the pious and faithful "Fooke Eiton, Esquire," had effected the reburial by means of which the brave Fitzalan slept with his fathers, there is no record to tell.

Quite near the grey and mouldering parish church, with its cemetery and its yews, rises the great modern Roman Catholic church of which we have already spoken. Close by is the park, to which we hasten, as the glory of the country side. A narrow embowered road, entered by a little gate, leads to the fair space of sward and tree, with its deep valleys and sudden hills, one of the grandest parks in England; lacking, of course, the charm and pathos, the nobility and humility, which the most beautiful nature may gain from the signs of labour, agriculture, and the poor; and yet not oppressive with too heavy verdure or any blank, damp, over-green spaces of melancholy grass and sponge-like trees. The soil of Arundel Park is composed chiefly of that great flower-bearer chalk. It is so thin that it does not nourish gigantically heavy trees, but lighter and

gayer beeches. The ground is high and abruptly broken, and the whole aspect of things needs only some sign of the peasant's life to be eminently paintable. Hill beyond hill rises in distance behind distance. Under a fine sky the scene is so grand that, though fresh from contemplating that panorama of the junction of the great Rhine and the little Moselle among the hills at Coblenz—the landscape which the late Lord Lytton pronounced the most beautiful in Europe—we were constrained to think Arundel Park lovelier as we drove to Petworth over its open hills. The orthodox deer are here, in pretty and vivacious herds which number considerably over a thousand. A charming little solitary lake, haunt of that shrill bird, the dab-chick, lies in a hollow to the right; thence rises a thick beech wood, and the path that curves round the base of the beech-hill leads to one of the local lions, the dairy. The “tiled temple of cleanliness” is fascinating enough to the lover of cream and curds, but it is hard to forgive the demolition of a very ancient mill which stood on the same site. The air about the dairy is heavy with the luxurious scent of the magnolias which grow upon its walls.

The road is leading us round again out of the park towards the town; and here is a relic of the past in the shape of a ruined Dominican priory, which was built in 1396, and which gave a home to twenty poor men living under the protection of a friar, until an end was put to the charity at the dissolution of monasteries; and at the time of Waller's siege of the Castle, the priory was already in ruins. If instead of winding back into the lower town

of Arundel, whence we started, we take the road away to the left, we shall reach the "Black Rabbit," already mentioned, where the dark, rich woods crowd the hillside, the little Arun sauntering at its feet. The Castle looks well from this side, where trees and not houses surround it.

PALAZZO VECCHIO

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

GRAND as was the idea I had formed in advance of the Palazzo Vecchio, I must confess that the realization was still grander. When I saw that mass of stone so strongly rooted in the ground, surmounted by its tower that threatens the heavens like the arm of a Titan, the whole of old Florence, with her Guelphs, her Ghibelines, her balie, her priors, her lords, her guilds, her *condottieri*, her turbulent mobs and her haughty aristocracy appeared to me as though I were about to take part in the exiling of Cosmo the Elder, or in the execution of Salviati. In fact, four centuries of history and art are there on the right, on the left, in front and behind, surrounding you on all sides and speaking at once with their stone, marble and bronze of Nicholas d'Uzzano, Orcagna, Rinaldo d'Albizzi, Donatello, Pazzi, Raphael, Lorenzo de' Medici, Flaminio Vacca, Savonarola, John of Bologna, Cosmo I. and Michelangelo.

The whole world may be searched in vain for a spot that brings such names together, without counting those I have omitted! and some of the omissions include Baccio Bandinelli, Ammanato, and Benvenuto Cellini.

I should much like to reduce this magnificent chaos to

some sort of order and chronologically classify the great men, the great works and the great memories, but that is impossible. When you arrive at this wonderful square, you must go where the eye carries you, or where instinct guides you.

What first engrosses the attention of the artist, the poet, or the archæologist, is the sombre Palazzo Vecchio, still blazoned with the ancient arms of the republic, amid which glitter on the azure, like stars in the sky, those innumerable fleurs-de-lys sown along the road to Naples by Charles of Anjou.

Florence was hardly free before she wanted to have a town hall as an abode for a chief magistrate and a belfry for calling the people together. When a community is constituted in the North, or a republic established in the South, the desire for a town-hall and a belfry is always the first operation of its will, and the satisfaction of that desire the first proof of its existence.

Thus in 1298, that is to say only sixteen years after the Florentines had conquered their constitution, Arnolfo di Lapo received from the rulers the order to build a palace for them.

Arnolfo di Lapo had visited the site reserved for him and had prepared his plans accordingly. But at the moment of laying the foundations of his edifice, the people loudly forbade him to place a single stone upon the spot where the house of Farinata des Uberti had stood. Arnolfo di Lapo was forced to bow to this popular clamour; he pushed his edifice back into a corner and left the accursed



PALAZZO VECCHIO, ITALY.

spot unoccupied. Even to the present time neither stones nor trees have planted their roots there and nothing has intruded for more than six centuries where Guelph vengeance drove the plough and sowed with salt.

This palace was the residence of a standard-bearer and eight priors, two for each quarter of the city; their charge lasted for sixty days and during that time they lived together, eating at the same table and not being able to leave their residence: that is to say, they were almost prisoners. Each had two domestics to serve him and there was always a notary at their orders ready to write down their deliberations: he ate with them and was a prisoner like themselves. As a recompense for the sacrifice of his time and liberty that each prior made for the republic, he received ten pounds a day, or nearly seven francs of our money. At that day, private parsimony ruled in public economy, and the government thus found itself in a position to execute great things in art and in war. Thence resulted its surname of the Magnificent Republic.

You enter the Palazzo Vecchio by a door situated about a third of the way along the front and find yourself in a little square court, surrounded by a portico supported by nine columns of Lombard architecture embellished with applied ornaments. In the centre of this court is a fountain surmounted by a rococo Cupid holding a fish and reposing on a porphyry basin. At the time of Ferdinand's marriage this portico was adorned with fresco paintings representing bird's-eye views of the cities of Germany.

On the first floor is the great Council Hall, executed by

the orders of the Republic and at Savonarola's suggestion. A thousand citizens could deliberate there at their ease. Cronaca was the architect, and he pushed the work so rapidly that Savonarola used to say that the angels served as his masons.

Cronaca had need of haste, for three years later Savonarola was to die and thirty years afterwards the Republic was to fall.

Therefore this immense hall has retained nothing of that period but its original form: all of its ornamentation belongs to the time of the principality; its frescoes and ceiling are by Vasari; its pictures by Cigoli, Ligozzi and Passignano; and its statues by Michelangelo, Baccio Bandinelli and John of Bologna.

All is to the great glory of Cosmo I.

In fact, Cosmo I. is one of those gigantic statues that history raises like a pyramid to mark the limit where one era ends and another begins. Cosmo I. is at the same time the Augustus and the Tiberius of Tuscany, and this is so much the more true in that at the moment when Alexander fell beneath the poniard of Lorenzino, Florence found herself in the same situation as Rome was after Cæsar's death: "There was no longer a tyrant, but there was no longer any liberty."

At fifteen years of age his character was already outlined and those who approached him could form an idea of what he would be later. His appearance was grave and even severe; he was slow to form familiar relations and would seldom allow any familiarities; but when he granted

this double concession it was a proof of his friendship, and his friendship was sure; nevertheless, even with his friends he was discrete in all his actions and did not want any one to know what he intended to do until it was done. The result was that he always seemed to be seeking some end contrary to his real one, which always rendered his answers brief and sometimes obscure.

This was Cosmo when he learnt the news of the assassination of Alexander and the flight of Lorenzino; this flight left him without a competitor for the principedom and therefore his measures were quickly taken. He gathered together a few friends on whom he could depend, mounted his horse, and set out for Florence.

Cosmo was rewarded for his confidence by the welcome that he received: he entered the city amid the joyous acclamations of all the inhabitants. Two days after, he was named chief and governor of the republic on four conditions:

To dispense justice indifferently to the rich and to the poor.

Never to consent to restore the authority of Charles the Fifth.

To avenge the death of Duke Alexander.

To treat well Giulio and Giulia, the natural children of the latter.

Cosmo accepted this species of charter with humility and the people accepted Cosmo with enthusiasm.

But there happened to the new grand duke what happens to all men of genius who are raised to power by revolution.

On the lowest step of the throne they receive laws, from the top step they impose them.

The position was difficult, particularly for a youth of eighteen. It was necessary to fight external and internal foes at the same time; to substitute a firm government, a single power and a durable will for all those flabby or tyrannical governments, for all those powers that were opposed and consequently destructive to one another, and for all those wills which sometimes starting from above and sometimes from below caused a perpetual ebb and flow of aristocracy and democracy upon which it was impossible to establish anything solid and durable. And yet with all that it was necessary so to manage the liberties of this people that neither nobles, citizens, nor artisans might feel the master. In fact it was necessary to manage this horse, that was still rebellious under tyranny, with an iron hand beneath a silken glove.

Cosmo was in every respect the man needed to carry through such a work. As dissimulating as Louis the Eleventh, passionate as Henry the Eighth, brave as Francis the First, persevering as Charles the Fifth and magnificent as Leo the Tenth, he had all the vices that make private life sombre and all the virtues that make public life brilliant. Therefore his family was unhappy and his people happy.

Cosmo was one of the most learned men of his time. Among other things he knew a great number of plants and the places where they grew, where they lived the longest, where they had the strongest scent, where they produced the most beautiful flowers, or bore the finest fruits, and

what were their virtues for curing the diseases or wounds of men and animals ; then, as he was an excellent chemist, with the plants he made waters, essences, oils, medicaments, and balms, and gave his remedies to all who asked for them whether they were rich or poor, Tuscan subjects or foreigners, inhabitants of Florence or any other part of Europe. Cosmo loved and protected letters. In 1541 he founded the Florentine Academy which he called his "very dear and happy Academy" : Plutarch and Dante were read and commented on there. The sessions were first held in the Via Larga Palace and afterwards, so that it might have more ease and freedom, he gave it the great council-room in the Palazzo Vecchio. After the fall of the republic this great hall had become useless.

Cosmo was an artist and it was not his fault if he arrived at the moment when great men were departing. Of all that brilliant galaxy that had illuminated the reigns of Julius the Second and Leo the Tenth, Michelangelo alone remained. He did everything he could to get the latter : he sent a cardinal and an embassy offering him any sum of money he might name, the title of senator and any office he wished ; but Paul the Third kept him and would not give him up. Then, in default of the Florentine giant, he gathered together the best he could find. Ammanato, his engineer, built for him the fine bridge of the Trinity after the plans of Michelangelo, and carved for him the marble Neptune in the Palazzo Vecchio Square. He made Baccio Bandinelli produce the statues of Pope Clement the Seventh, Duke Alexander, Giovanni de' Medici, his father,

and his own statue; the Loggia of the Mercato Nuovo and the choir of the Cathedral. Benvenuto Cellini was recalled from France to cast his *Perseus* in bronze, to carve agate cups and to engrave gold medals for him. Then as there had been found in the environs of Arezzo a lot of little bronze figures, some of which lacked the head, others the hands, and others the feet, Cosmo cleaned them himself and carefully removed the rust so that they might not be damaged.

By means of his chemical researches, Cosmo, with Francesco Ferruci of Fiesole, recovered the art of cutting porphyry, which had been lost since Roman times.

Lastly, he brought together in the Via Larga and Pitti Palaces all the pictures, statues and medals, whether ancient or modern, that had been painted, carved, engraved or discovered in excavations by Cosmo the Elder, Lorenzino, and Duke Alexander, and that had twice been pillaged and dispersed:—first, when Charles VIII. passed through, and again at the assassination of Duke Alexander by Lorenzino.

Therefore the praise of his contemporaries outweighed the blame of posterity: the dark side of his life was lost in the brilliant side, and people forget that this protector of art, science and literature slew one son, poisoned one daughter and violated another.

We see then that there was something of both Augustus and Tibérius in Cosmo I.

Now let us return to the hall of the Palazzo Vecchio. The picture, not the most remarkable from an artistic point of view, but certainly the most extraordinary as a recorded

fact, is one by Ligozzi representing the reception given by Boniface VIII. to twelve ambassadors of twelve powers, who were all found to be Florentines; so incontestable throughout the world was the political genius of the Magnificent Republic during the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries.

These twelve ambassadors were :

Muciato Franzizi for the King of France.

Ugolino di Vicchio for the King of England.

Raniere Langru for the King of Bohemia.

Vermiglio Alfani for the King of the Germans.

Simone Rossi for Rasca.

Bernardo Ervai for the Lord of Verona.

Guicardo Bastai for the Khan of Tartary.

Manno Fronte for the King of Naples.

Guido Tabanca for the King of Sicily.

Lapo Farinata des Uberti for Pisa.

Gino di Dietaselvi for the lord of Camerino.

Bencivenni Folchi for the Grand Master of the Hospital of Jerusalem.

It was this strange gathering that made Boniface VIII. say that a fifth element had come into the world, and that the Florentines constituted this element.

The enormous frescoes that cover the walls, as well as all the pictures on the ceiling, are by Vasari. The frescoes represent the wars of the Florentines against Siena and Pisa. It was for the latter that Michelangelo prepared those beautiful cartoons that disappeared without any one knowing what had become of them.

In the other chambers of the palace, which are the living-rooms, there are also a considerable number of paintings of almost the same period. One exception is a charming little chapel by Rodolfo Guirlandaio, the restrained and religious execution of which forms a strange contrast to the facile and pagan painting of the beginning of the Decadence.

Entirely upset as it was by the arrangements of Cosmo I., the Palazzo Vecchio yet materially preserves one memory of the Republic: this is the Barberia Tower in which Cosmo the Elder was confined, and at the door of which, later during the Pazzi conspiracy, the brave standard-bearer, Cesare Petrucci, mounted guard with a spit. In this tower, Cosmo the Elder spent what were certainly the four worst days of his long life, the fear of being poisoned by his enemies preventing him from taking any nourishment.

KENSINGTON PALACE

LEIGH HUNT

IT is not improbable that Kensington Palace and Gardens originated in the royal nursery established in this district, for the benefit of his children, by King Henry the Eighth. If so, here Queen Elizabeth grew up awhile, as well as Queen Victoria, and here health was in vain attempted to be given to the sicklier temperaments of Edward the Sixth, who died young, and his sister, Queen Mary, who lived only to be an unhappy bigot.

As the circumstance, however, does not appear ascertainable, antiquaries must put up with the later and less illustrious origin which has been found for these distinguished premises, in the house and grounds belonging to the family of the Finches, Earls of Nottingham, whether the tenement which they occupied had once been royal or not, it seems to have been but a small mansion in their time; probably consisting of nothing more than the now least-visible portion of it north-west; and indeed, though it was subsequently enlarged under almost every one of the sovereigns by whom it was occupied, it was never, in one respect, anything but what it is still, namely, one of the plainest and least pretending of princely abodes.

In vain we are told, that Wren is supposed to have

built the south front, and Kent (a man famous in his time) the east front. We can no more get up any enthusiasm about it as a building, than if it were a box, or a piece of cheese. But it possesses a Dutch solidity; it can be imagined full of English comfort; it is quiet; it is a good air; and though it is a palace, no tragical history is connected with it; all which considerations give it a sort of homely, fireside character, which seems to represent the domestic side of royalty itself, and thus renders an interesting service to what is not always so well recommended by cost and splendour. Windsor Castle is a place to receive monarchs in; Buckingham Palace to see fashion in; Kensington Palace seems a place to drink tea in; and this is by no means a state of things, in which the idea of royalty comes least home to the good wishes of the subjects. The reigns that flourished here, appositely enough to this notion of the building, were all tea-drinking reigns—at least, on the part of the ladies; and if the present queen does not reign there, she was born and bred there, growing up quietly under the care of a domestic mother; during which time, the pedestrian, as he now goes quietly along the gardens, fancies no harsher sound to have been heard from the Palace windows, than the “tuning of the tea-things,” or the sound of a piano-forte.

We may thus, in imagination, see the house and the gardens growing larger with each successive proprietor. First, there is Heneage Finch, the Speaker of the House of Commons, at the accession of Charles the First; for he is the earliest occupant we can discover.



KENSINGTON PALACE, ENGLAND.

This gentleman possessed but fifteen acres of ground; which his son, Sir Heneage Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, increased by a grant that was made him out of Hyde Park. To the Earl's son and heir, Daniel, succeeded King William the Third, who bought the house and grounds of Daniel, and enlarged them both, the latter to the extent of twenty-six acres. Anne added thirty acres; Queen Caroline, wife of George the Second, added three hundred; and the house, which had been growing all this time, was finally brought to its present size or appearance by the late Duke of Sussex, who added or rebuilt the rooms, with their still fresh-looking brick-work, that form the angle on the south-west.

The house nominally possesses gardens that are miles in circumference; but these having become public every day in the week, which in the early times of the Georges was not the case, it has, in reality, to any sequestered purpose of enjoyment, no gardens at all, except at one corner.

The gardens in the time of the Finches consisted of little but the ground squaring with the north side of the Palace, laid out in the first formal and sombre style of our native gardening, and originating the still existing circle of yew trees, a disposition of things congenial with the owners. Heneage Finch, the Speaker, and his sons, the first and second Earls of Nottingham, were all lawyers and statesmen; and though a clever, and upon the whole, a worthy, appear to have been a melancholy race. The first Earl suffered under a long depression of spirits before he died; the second was a man of so atrabilarious a complex-

ion that he was nicknamed Dismal; and Dismal's son, from a like swarthy appearance, and the way in which he neglected his dress, was called the chimney-sweep. Hanbury Williams, the reigning lampooner of the days of George the Second, designated the whole race as the "black funereal Finches."

These unusual "Finches of the Grove," made way for a kind of Jupiter's bird in the eagle-nosed, hawk-eyed, gaunt little William the Third; a personage as formal and melancholy as themselves, though not so noisy (for Dismal, notwithstanding his formality, was a great talker); and under William, the Gardens though they grew larger, did but exchange English formality for Dutch. The walks became longer and straighter, like canals; the yews were restrained and clipped; there was, perhaps, a less number of flowers, comparatively; for the English had always been fond of flowers, and the Dutch had not yet grown mad (commercially) for tulips; in short, William the Third with a natural love for his Dutch home, made the palace and gardens look as much like it as he could.

And his Court, for the most part, was as gloomy as the gardens; for William was not fond of his new subjects; did not choose to converse with them; and was seldom visible but to his Dutch friends. Yet here were occasionally to be seen some of the liveliest wits and courtiers that have left a name in history, forsakers, indeed, of reserved and despotic King James, rather than enthusiasts for the equally reserved and hardly less power-loving King William, who had become, however, by the force of circumstances,

the instrument for securing freedom. Here came the Earl of Dorset, Prior's friend, who had been one of the wits of the Court of Charles the Second; Prior, himself, who had stirred William's Dutch phlegm so agreeably as to be made one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber; Congreve, whose plays Queen Mary admired; Halifax, a minor wit, but no mean statesman; Sir William Temple, who combined public with private life to so high a degree of wisdom and elegance; Swift (probably) then a young man, whom Sir William made use of in his communications with the king; Burnet, the gossiping historian, sometimes wrong-headed, but generally right-hearted, whose officious zeal for the Revolution had made him a bishop; the Earl of Devonshire, whose nobler zeal had made him a duke, one of a family remarkable for their constant and happy combination of popular politics with all the graces of their rank; Lord Monmouth, afterwards the famous, restless Earl of Peterborough, friend of Swift and Pope, conqueror of Spain, and lover, at the age of seventy, of Lady Suffolk; Sheffield, afterwards Duke of Buckinghamshire, a minor wit and poet, in love with (the rank of) the Princess Anne; and last, not least in anything, but good-breeding, and a decent command over his passions, Peter the Great, semi-barbarian, the premature freer of Russian pseudo-civilization, who came to England in order to import the art of ship-building into his dominions, in his own proper mechanical person, and out of the five months which he spent here, passed a good many days out of one of them in interchanging visits with King William at Kensington.

The only distinct personal anecdote recorded of William the Third in connection with Kensington will remind the reader of similar paternal stories of Agesilaus and others.

A tap was heard one day, at his closet door, while his secretary was in attendance.

“Who is there?” said the king.

“Lord Buck,” answered the little voice of a child of four years of age. It was Lord Buckhurst, the son of his Majesty’s lord high chamberlain, the Earl of Dorset.

“And what does Lord Buck want?” returned William, opening the door.

“You to be a horse to my coach,” rejoined the little magnate. “I’ve wanted you a long time.”

William smiled upon his little friend, with an amiableness which the secretary had never before thought his countenance capable of expressing, and taking the string of the toy in his hand, dragged it up and down the long gallery till his playfellow was satisfied.

The Court and Gardens of Kensington were not livelier in Queen Anne’s time than in that of King William. Anne, as we have seen at Campden House, was a dull woman with a dull husband. They had little to say for themselves; their greatest pleasures were in eating and drinking; the Queen was absurdly fond of etiquette; and as there was nothing to startle decorum in the court morals, the mistress in King William’s time had given something of a livelier stir to the gossip. Swift describes Anne in a circle of twenty visitors as sitting with her fan in her mouth, saying about three words once a minute to

some that were near her, and then upon hearing that dinner was ready, going out. In the evening she played at cards; which, long before, and afterwards, was the usual court pastime at that hour.

She does not appear to have been fond of music, or pictures, or books, or anything but what administered to the commonest animal satisfactions, or which delivered her mind at all other times from its tendency to irresolution and tedium.

Addison and Steele might have been occasionally seen at her Kensington levees among the Whigs; and Swift, Prior, and Bolingbroke among the Tories. Marlborough would be there also; ever courtly and smiling, whether he was victorious as general and as the favourite Duchess's husband, or only bowing the more obsequiously alas! for fear of losing his place and his perquisites.

Anne enlarged the Gardens, but she did not improve the style of gardening. Addison in a paper of the *Spectator*, written during the last year but one of her reign, catching the last glimpse of a variation, speaks with rapture of the conversation of a disused gravel-pit, which had been left remaining, into a cultivated dell; but it would seem as if this exploit on the part of the gardeners was rather in the hope of making the best of what they considered a bad thing, than intended as an advance towards something better; for they laid out the Queen's additional acres in the same formal style as King William's.

Long, straight gravel-walks, and clipped hedges, prevailed throughout, undiversified with the present mixture of

freer growing wood. An alcove or two, still existing, were added; and Anne exerted herself to build a long kind of out-house, which still remains; and which she intended, it is said, for the balls and suppers which certainly took place in it; though we suspect, from the narrowness of its construction, it never was designed for anything but what it is, a green-house.

These most probably constituted all those "elegancies of art," with which a writer of the time gives her credit for improving the Gardens. Such, at any rate, was the case in the more public portions of them; and if the private ones enjoyed any others, we may guess what they were, from Pope's banter of the horticultural fashions of the day, in a paper which he contributed to the *Guardian*, the year after the appearance of that of Addison's in the *Spectator*. The following is a taste of them. The poet is giving a catalogue of plants that were to be disposed of by auction:

"Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the Serpent very flourishing.

"St. George in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the Dragon by next April.

"An old Maid of Honour in wormwood.

"A topping Ben Jonson in laurel.

"A quick-set hog, shot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot a week in rainy weather."

The Kensington Gardens were popular throughout the whole of the three Georges' reign, but flourished most, as far as names and fashions are concerned, in those of the

first and second. The space of time includes half a century; and Walpole, Lady Suffolk, Beau Nash, and Colley Cibber, lived through it all; the two last from a much earlier period, and Walpole into a much later one, down to the French Revolution. At the beginning of it, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, with the wits of the Kit-Cat club about her, may be considered as having been the reigning belle of the promenaders; to her, succeeded the Bellendens and Lepells, with the same wits grown older; then came Lady Townshend, with the new wits, Horace Walpole, Selwyn, Hanbury Williams, and others; and then crowds were alternately drawn by the "Chudleigh" and the Miss Gunnings.

With the decease of George the Second, glory departed from Kensington as far as Courts were concerned. No reigning sovereign has resided there since George the Third, who inheriting, perhaps, a dislike of the place from his father, the Prince of Wales, appears to have taken no notice of it, except in appointing the clever, but impudent quack, Sir John Hill, its gardener, at the recommendation of Sir John's then omnipotent brother botanist, the Earl of Bute.

George the Fourth probably regarded the place as a homely concern, quite out of his line. It might suit well enough the book-collecting inclinations of his brother, the Duke of Sussex, with which he had no sympathy; was not amiss as a means of affording a lodging to his brother, the Duke of Kent, with whose habits of regularity, and pardonable amount of debt, his sympathies were as little; and

lastly he was well content to think, that the staid-looking house and formal gardens rendered the spot a good out-of-the-way sort of place enough, for obscuring the growth and breeding of his niece, and probable heiress, the Princess Victoria, whose life, under the guidance of a wise mother, promised to furnish so estimable a contrast to his own. As to his brother, King William the Fourth, though he too was a brother, in most respects, very different from himself, we never heard his name mentioned in any way whatever in connection with Kensington.

Adieu then, for the present, and for we know not how long a time hereafter, to Court-holdings in the Palace; to Court splendours, and Court scandals. Adieu Kings listening in closets, and Queens calumniated by ungrateful biographers. Adieu even Maids of Honour. They departed their life with George the Second, and went to live a terribly dull one with his grandson's Queen, Charlotte, who nearly tired Miss Burney into a consumption.

THE MIKADO'S PALACE

PIERRE LOTI

AN enclosure of large walls. My *djin* stop in front of a first gateway in the ancient severe and religious style: massive columns with bases of bronze; a narrow frieze sculptured with strange ornaments; and a heavy and enormous roof.

Then I walk into the vast deserted courtyards, planted with venerable trees, to the branches of which they have given props like crutches for old men. The immense buildings of the palace first appear to me in a kind of disorder wherein I can discern no plan of unity. Everywhere appear these high, monumental and heavy roofs, whose corners turn up in Chinese curves and bristle with black ornaments.

Not seeing anyone, I walk on at random.

Here is arrested absolutely the smile, inseparable from modern Japan. I have the impression of entering into the silence of an incomprehensible Past, into the dead splendour of a civilization, whose architecture, design, and æsthetic taste are to me strange and unknown.

A bonze guard who sees me, advances, and, making a bow, asks me for my name and passport.

It is satisfactory: he will take me himself to see the

entire palace on condition that I will take off my shoes and remove my hat. He brings me even velvet sandals which are offered to visitors. Thanks, I prefer to walk with bare feet like himself and we begin our silent walk through an interminable series of halls all lacquered in gold and decorated with a rare and exquisite strangeness.

On the floor there is always and everywhere that eternal spread of white matting, that one finds just as simple, as well kept, and as neat in the homes of the emperors, in the temples, and among the middle classes and the poor. No furniture anywhere, for this is something unknown in Japan, or slightly known at most; the palace is entirely empty. All the surprising magnificence is upon the walls and ceilings. The precious golden lacquer is displayed uniformly on all sides, and upon this background, Byzantine in effect, all the celebrated artists of the great Japanese century have painted inimitable objects. Each hall has been decorated by a different and illustrious painter, whose name the bonze cited to me with respect. In one there are all the known flowers; in another, all the birds of the air, and all the beasts of the earth; or perhaps hunting-scenes and combats, where you see warriors dressed in armour and terrifying helmets, on horseback pursuing monsters and chimæras. The most peculiar one, assuredly, is decorated entirely with fans,—fans of all forms and of all colours, open, shut, and half open, thrown with extreme grace upon the fine golden lacquer. The ceilings, also of golden lacquer are in compartments, painted with the same care and the same art. What is, perhaps, the most marvellous of



THE MIKADO'S PALACE, JAPAN.

all, is that series of high pierced friezes that extends around all the ceilings; you think of generations of patient workmen who have worn themselves out in chiselling such delicate, almost transparent, things, in such thicknesses of wood: sometimes there are rosebushes, sometimes entanglements of wistaria, or sheaves of rice; elsewhere flights of storks that seem to cleave the air with great velocity, forming with their thousands of claws, extended necks, and feathers, a crowd so beautifully combined that it is alive and scurrying away, nothing lags behind, nor falls into confusion.

In this palace, which is windowless, it is dusky,—a half-darkness favourable to enchantments. The greater number of these halls receive a shimmering light from the outside verandas composed only of lacquered columns, to which they are entirely open on one side; it is the subdued light of deep sheds, or of markets. The more mysterious interior apartments open on the first by other similar columns, and receive from it a still more attenuated light; they can be shut at will by bamboo curtains of an extreme delicacy, whose tissue in its transparency imitates that of a wave, and which are raised to the ceiling by enormous tassels of red silk. Communication is had by species of doorways the forms of which are unusual and unexpected: sometimes they are perfect circles and sometimes they are more complicated figures, such as hexagons or stars. And all these secondary openings have frameworks of black lacquer which stand out with an elegant distinction upon the general background of the gold, and

which bear upon the corners ornaments of bronze marvelously chiselled by the metal-workers of the past.

The centuries have embellished this palace, veiling a little the glitter of the objects by blending all these harmonies of gold in a kind of very gentle shadow; in its silence and solitude one might call it the enchanted dwelling of some *Sleeping Beauty*, of a princess of an unknown world, or of a planet that could not be our own.

We pass before some little interior gardens, which are, according to the Japanese custom, miniature reductions of very wild places,—unlooked-for contrasts in the centre of this golden palace. Here also time has passed, throwing its emerald upon the little rocks, the tiny lakes, and the small abysses; sterilizing the little mountains, and giving an appearance of reality to all that is minute and artificial. The trees, dwarfed by I know not what Japanese process, have not grown larger; but they have taken on an air of extreme old age. The *cycas* have acquired many branches, because of their hundreds of years; one would call the little palms of multiple trunks, antediluvian plants; or rather massive black candelabra, whose every arm carries at its extremity a fresh bouquet of green plumes.

What also surprises us is the special apartment chosen by this Taïko-Sama, who was both a great conqueror and a great emperor. It is very small and very simple, and looks upon the tiniest and the most artificial of the little gardens.

The Reception Hall, which they showed me last of all, is the largest and the most magnificent. It is about fifty metres long, and, naturally, all in golden lacquer, with a

high and marvellous frieze. Always no furniture; nothing but the stages of lacquer upon which the handsome lords on arriving placed their arms. At the back, behind a colonnade, is the platform, where Taiko-Sama held his audiences, at the period of our Henri IV. Then it is that one dreams of these receptions, of these entrances of brilliant noblemen, whose helmets are surmounted by horns, snouts and grotesque figures; and all the unheard-of ceremonial of this court. One may dream of all this, but he will not clearly see it revive. Not only is the period too remote, but it is too far away in grade among the races of the earth; it is too far outside of our conceptions and the notions that we have inherited regarding these things. It is the same in the old temples of this country; we look at them without understanding, the symbols escape us. Between Japan and ourselves the difference of origin has made a deep abyss.

"We shall cross another hall," the bonze said to me, "and then a series of passages that will lead us to the temple of the palace."

In this last hall there are some people, which is a surprise, as all the former ones were empty; but silence dwells there just the same. The men squatting all around the walls seem very busy writing; they are priests copying prayers with tiny pencils on rice-paper to sell to the people. Here, upon the golden background of the walls, all the paintings represent royal tigers, a little larger than their natural size, in all attitudes of fury; of watching, of the hunt, of prowling, or of sleep. Above these motionless

bonzes they lift their great heads, so expressive and wicked, showing their sharp teeth.

My guide bows on entering. As I am among the most polite people in the world, I feel obliged to bow also. Then the reverence that is accorded to me passes all along the hall, and we go through.

Passages obstructed with manuscripts and bales of prayers are passed, and we are in the temple. It is, as I expected, of great magnificence. Walls, ceilings, columns, all is in golden lacquer, the high frieze representing leaves and bunches of enormous peonies very full-blown and sculptured with so much skill that they seem ready to drop their leaves at the least breath to fall in a golden shower upon the floor. Behind a colonnade, in the darkest place, are the idols and emblems, in the midst of all the rich collection of sacred vases, incense-burners, and torch-bearers.

Just now it is the hour of Buddhist service. In one of the courts, a gong, with the deep tones of a double-bass, begins to strike with extreme deliberation. Some bonzes in robes of black gauze with green surplices make a ritualistic entrance, the passes of which are very complicated, and then they go and kneel in the centre of the sanctuary. There are very few of the faithful; scarcely two or three groups, which seem lost in this great temple. There are some women lying on the matting, having brought their little smoking-boxes and their little pipes; they are talking in very low voices and smothering the desire to laugh.

However, the gong begins to sound more rapidly and the

priests to make low bows to their gods. It sounds still faster, and the bows of the bonzes quicken, while the priests prostrate themselves upon their faces upon the earth.

Then, in the mystic regions something happens that reminds me very much of the elevation of the host in the Roman cult. Outside, the gong, as if exasperated, sounds with rapid strokes, uninterruptedly and frantically.

I believe that I have seen everything now in this palace; but I still do not understand the disposition of the halls, the plan of the whole. If alone, I should soon become lost in it, as if in a labyrinth.

Happily, my guide comes to take me out, after having put my shoes on me himself. Across new halls of silence, passing by an old and gigantic tree, which has miraculous properties, it seems, having for several centuries protected this palace from fire, he conducts me through the same gate by which I entered and where my *djin* are waiting for me.

WARWICK CASTLE

LADY WARWICK

THE character of ancient buildings, the various styles of architecture which they present to us, their beauties as well as their blemishes, enable any one whose darkness may be lightened by the diviner radiance of a happy power of imagination to recall the persons and the events with which these buildings have been associated. The gloomy feudal fortress carries the mind back to the Middle Ages; the abbey, with its cloisters and windows and all the surroundings of a dim religious light, reminds us of days when the Head of the Church was indeed Christ's Vicar here upon earth; while the palace suggests, side by side with its stories of games played at that great game in which men are but as pawns, pictures of gallant gentlemen and fair ladies who, though being dead, yet live before us. England is not so rich in these varied combinations of palace, abbey, and tower as is France, for instance, and particularly Touraine. Many of our most famous mediæval castles have been suffered to fall into decay, or, worse still, have been improved into modern shape by the rash hand of idle innovators.

There is one among our castles, however, which neither Time's defacing fingers nor man's innovating hand has despoiled—Warwick Castle.



WARWICK CASTLE, ENGLAND.

Possibly there is no place of this sort so well known to the whole English world over, situated as it is within that Shakespeare country from which proceeded those melodious sounds that yet fill the world. It has always been the Mecca of the best and noblest of literary pilgrims from America. Nearly half a century ago Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote for an American magazine a series of sketches, in one of which, entitled "About Warwick," he tells us how "through the vista of willows that droop on either side into the water we behold the grey magnificence of Warwick Castle uplifting itself among stately trees and rearing its turrets above their loftiest branches. We can scarcely think the scene real, so completely do the machicolated towers, the long line of battlements, the massive buttresses, the high-windowed walls, shape out our indistinct ideas of the antique time."

After all a castle, even so famous a one as Warwick, is not so interesting in itself as the scenes it has witnessed and the people who have lived in it or have visited it. The history of Warwick Castle, for the last three hundred and fifty years at least, has been no small part of the history of England. Personal and local history in England does not so much begin with the Reformation as it does in other countries; but this one thing is certain, that between the pre-Reformation world and ourselves there is a great gulf fixed which the historian has tried in vain to bridge. Not that the place before that could have been devoid of interest: no castle in the stormy times of the Wars of the Roses could have enjoyed the happiness of having no his-

tory ; and, surely, if any did, Warwick was not one of them. Its very position, situated in the heart of England, must, from the time when the Great Alfred's daughter built the keep ("the monument of the wisdom and energy of the mighty Ethelfleda"), have been such that, in all the numerous brawls and butcheries dignified by the name of civil war, the possession of it must have been a matter of supreme importance. And so it was nearly four centuries before the outbreak of the Wars of the Roses that William the Conqueror had made Warwick the base of his operations for his campaign in the North. The fortress he built there has gone—not one stone left upon another, and so utterly perished that the very site of it is pure guess-work. The legendary Guy and all his feats may be dismissed from any account which makes any pretence to be historical. There is a curious account of the garrison of Warwick Castle in the time of Henry II., when all his legitimate sons were in arms against him, and the two illegitimate sons of Fair Rosamond alone remained faithful. It was occupied for the King ; and the sheriff's account rendered for the victualling of the place was this : "xi. *li.* xiii. *d.* for 20 quarters of Bread Corn ; xx. *s.* for 20 quarters of Malt ; c. *s.* for 50 Biefs salted up ; xxx. *s.* for 90 cheeses ; and xx. *s.* for salt then laid in for the victualling thereof."

Of the importance of Warwick Castle in the Middle Ages we can well form an idea from Dugdale's statement :—

"Of what regard it was in those times may be discerned

by the King's precept to the Archbishop of York, for requiring good security of Margery, sister and heir to Thomas, then Earl of Warwick, that she should not take to husband any person whatsoever in whom the said King could not repose trust as in his own self: the chief reason being given in these words, 'Because she has a Castle of immense strength, and situated towards the Marshes.'"

No mention of Warwick Castle would be complete if it left out the famous Earl—"the King-Maker," and the "Last of the Barons." Never was the "Bear and Ragged Staff" held in such high esteem as between 1455 and 1470. And when, a few years after the King-Maker's death, the avaricious Henry VII. annexed his various manors to the Crown, he got possession of over a hundred of them, to say nothing of the whole of the Channel Islands. A contemporary tells us that "at the Earl's house in London six oxen were usually eaten at breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat, for he that had any acquaintance in his family should have as much sodden—*i. e.*, boiled—as he could carry on a long dagger."

The Castle had remained for a very considerable period in the possession of the successive earls. It next passed to the ill-starred George, Duke of Clarence, and upon his death, "being seized into the King's hands, it continued in the Crown a great while."

When the famous John Dudley became Earl of Warwick, the Castle was granted to him, as well as divers lands which had belonged to former earls. Of his fate in con-

nection with the unhappy Lady Jane Grey there is no need to speak here. The Castle and all his estates, upon his attainder, escheated to the Crown. Thanks to the favour with which Robert Dudley, better known as the Earl of Leicester, was regarded by Queen Elizabeth, his brother Ambrose received from that queen a grant of Warwick Castle, together with the dignities of Earl of Warwick and Baron de l'Isle, in 1561. Three years later his brother Robert became Earl of Leicester.

There were other subjects beside Lord Burghley who groaned inwardly under "the extraordinary chardg in Enterテインment of the Queen." Elizabeth had more than the ordinary passion of the time for "rich shews, pleasant devices and all manner of sports that could be devised." Notwithstanding the extent of her various progresses east and west and north and south, there seemed to be always something freshly arranged for her entertainment. In 1572 on her way to Kenilworth, she stayed at Warwick, and visited the Earl of Warwick at the Castle she had granted him eleven years before. She came to Warwick "on the 12th day of August, after dinner, about three of the clock, with the Countess in the same coach."

Evelyn, as the author of *Silva* well might do, did not think much of the gardens in 1654. To bring them to perfection was reserved for that luckless of the heads of the Grevilles, George, the second Baron, who "planned the park by his taste and planted the trees with his hand." The second son, Robert, who became the fourth Lord Brooke, was one of the six lords sent by the House of

Peers, together with twelve of the members of the House of Commons, to present to Charles II. at the Hague, "the humble invitation and supplication of the Parliament: That His Majesty would be pleased to return and take the government of the Kingdom into his own hands." He was made Recorder of Warwick, and being a great traveller added much to the embellishment of the Castle. It was to him that the fitting up of the state apartments is due, and he worthily continued to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors in the title. His successors from one generation to another took pride above everything else in the adornment and beautification of their castle. In 1746 the eighth Baron was created Earl Brooke, and in the last year of the reign of George II. the Earldom of Warwick, which had been conferred in 1618 on the family of Rich, becoming extinct, devolved upon Lord Brooke. The son of this first Earl of Warwick was one of the most reckless of all connoisseurs, and Warwick Castle is indebted to him for many valuable gems which his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, collected. Many of the finest specimens of artistic work at Warwick bear testimony to his taste, but the enlargement and improvement of the grounds about the Castle are his special work, and he expended over £100,000 in beautifying the interior of his home.

The entrance to the Castle consists of a plain embattled gateway, leading to a picturesque winding roadway, cut, for upwards of a hundred yards, through the solid rock, and overhung with shrubs, creepers, and trees. This roadway conducts to the outer court, where a grand view of the

outer walls suddenly bursts upon the visitor, the main features of which are Guy's Tower on the right, the Gateway in the middle, and Cæsar's Tower on the left.

Guy's Tower, so named in honour of the legendary warrior, was built by the second Thomas de Beauchamp in the reign of Richard II., being completed in 1394. It is twelve-sided, thirty feet in diameter at the base, with walls ten feet thick, and rises to a height of a hundred and twenty-eight feet. This tower contains five floors, each floor having a groined roof and being subdivided into one large and two small rooms, the sides of which are pierced with numerous loopholes, commanding in various directions the curtains which the tower was intended to protect. A staircase of a hundred and thirty-three steps leads to the summit, which is crowned by a machicolated parapet. The vault beneath has been constructed of great strength, apparently for the purpose of supporting on the roof some ponderous and powerful engine, calculated to annihilate anything which could be brought against it. The details of the Castle can be best observed from this tower, and it commands a fine view of the surrounding country, extending for many miles. The second-floor chamber, now used as a muniment room, was the place of confinement of the Earl of Lindsey, who, with his father, was taken prisoner at the battle of Edge Hill.

Cæsar's Tower was erected between 1350 and 1370 by the first Thomas de Beauchamp, and it is a marvel of constructive skill. It is an irregular polygon, a hundred and forty-seven feet in height, containing four stories, each with

a groined roof, and is crowned by a boldly projecting machicolation. The part facing outward forms three segments of a circle, the general construction being such as to constitute it a fortress of the most formidable character. It is built on the solid rock, and was therefore impervious to the miner. The loopholes throughout are most scientifically contrived, not being cut in the centre of the merlons in each instance, but being pierced in positions commanding the most advantageous situations, and being made available for the long or crossbow. The lower edges of the loopholes are also sloped at the exact angle requisite to clear the gallery below. The archers were securely protected by wooden screens, termed mantlets, and by leather curtains, as well as by the roofs above them. The sloping base of the tower constituted another formidable medium for launching missiles against the enemy, being so constructed that a stone or metal projectile, launched from the machicolation above, would rebound with a point blank aim into the breasts of the attacking force beneath.

The Gateway was constructed in the Fourteenth Century, and was in ancient times approached by a drawbridge, which formerly spanned the moat, but is now replaced by a stone arch. On the inner side of this is the Barbican, projecting some fifty feet from the wall, and rising two stories in height above the archway. It is flanked by two octagonal turrets, loopholed for the purpose of defending the bridge and its approaches. Within the drawbridge is a portcullis, and behind the portcullis are four holes overhead, through which blazing pitch, hot lead, or other scarifying

compounds could be poured on the heads of the assailants. . . .

The spacious Inner Court is nearly two acres in extent. In front stands the Mound or Keep, studded with trees and shrubs, and crossed by the fortifications, in which the Northern Tower forms a prominent object. On the right, connected by walls of enormous strength, are two incomplete towers, termed the Bear and Clarence Towers, the former begun by Richard III., and the latter probably by his brother, George, Duke of Clarence. On the left, extending to the Hill Tower at the base of the Mound, is the inhabited part of the Castle, altered and enlarged at various times since it was first built, but with so much skill as to be in perfect keeping with the general aspect of the whole.

A fortress is said to have existed here in Roman times ; and Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great, is stated to have erected a keep or dungeon on the Mound in the year 915, and this again is stated to have been enlarged in the time of the Conqueror.

Warwick Castle still stands by itself amongst English castles. It not only brings before us the people whom it had witnessed itself, from William the Conqueror down to Queen Victoria, but it enables us to represent what the baronial castles—Kenilworth and a host of others, which have fallen into decay—once were : by it we can reconstruct their halls and their bowers, their chapels and their dungeons, and can reproduce them to ourselves as they were when great kings and dukes and lords, who have long since

crumbled into dust, filled them with their sound and fury, which now signifies nothing: we can see the Beauchamps and the Nevills and the Plantagenets, and those that went before them and those that came after them, pass through its galleries in knightly procession: we can be present there with Queen Elizabeth and Lord Leicester when all was revelry and mirth; or with the stout old Sir Edmund Peto, in that dark hour when he hung out a cross with a flag upon it in defiance of the Papists. As we walk from gallery to gallery, and from apartment to apartment, we can see, as in some splendid and stately museum, everything which has beautified and adorned the lives of seven centuries of English nobles. Over and above all this, we can see in Warwick Castle the continuity of English life, ever changing but yet ever the same; and as we view objects which illustrate the arts and fashions and tastes and fancies of a bygone world, we can feel conscious of the debt we owe to those who, mindful of the responsibility bequeathed to them, have not been backward in amassing treasures to be an "everlasting possession, not a sight to be seen and then forgotten."

THE ALHAMBRA

EDMONDO DE AMICIS

WE arrived before a great gateway that shut in the street; Gongora said to me, "Here we are!" I entered.

I found myself in a great grove of trees of immeasurable height inclining towards each other on both sides of a wide avenue that ascends the hill and is lost in the shade; they are so close together that a man can pass between them with difficulty and wherever you look, you can see nothing but trunks so thickly set that they seem to shut in the road like a continuous wall. The trees interlace their branches above the avenue; not a ray of sunlight can penetrate the wood; the shade is dense, and from every side the rivulets murmur and the nightingales sing. You breathe here the freshness of spring.

"We are already in the Alhambra," Gongora said to me, "turn around and you will see the towers and the embattled walls of the enclosure."

"But where is the palace?" I asked.

"That is a secret," he answered, "let us walk on at random."

We advanced by an avenue parallel to the great central road, and one that wound towards the summit of the hill. The trees above our heads formed a roof of verdure that



THE ALHAMBRA, SPAIN.

hid the sky ; and the grass, the brushwood and the flowers made on both sides two charming espaliers of brightness.

“ Here is the gateway ! ” cried Gongora.

I turned around as if I had been pushed, and I saw a few steps before me a large square tower, of a sombre red, crowned with embattlements, and its door surmounted by a horseshoe arch upon which you saw sculptured a key and a hand.

My guide told me that it was the principal entrance to the Alhambra, and that it was called the Gate of Justice, because the Arab Kings were accustomed to pronounce their sentences beneath that arch. The key means that this door is the key to the fortress, and the hand is the symbol of the five principal precepts of Islam : Prayer, Fasting, Benevolence, Holy War, and Pilgrimage to Mecca.

We passed under the gate, and continued to ascend by an embanked road : finally we came to the top of the hill, in the middle of an esplanade surrounded by a parapet and set with bushes and flowers. I was standing before a great palace in the style of the Renaissance, half in ruins and flanked by some small and miserable-looking houses.

We entered through a little doorway, crossed a corridor, and found ourselves in a court.

We were in the *patio de los Arraynes* (Court of the Myrtles), which is the largest in the building, and which presents at once the appearance of a court, a hall, and a garden. A large rectangular basin, full of water, surrounded by a hedge of myrtle, extends from one side to the

other of the *patio*, and mirrors the arches, the arabesques, and inscriptions of the walls. To the right of the entrance are two rows of Moorish arches, placed one upon the other, and upheld by light columns; and on the opposite side of the court rises a tower with a door, through which may be seen the half-dark interior halls and the tiny twin-windows, and beyond the windows the blue sky and the peaks of the distant mountains. The walls are ornamented up to a certain height with splendid mosaics, and from the mosaics upward to the ceiling with arabesques of the most delicate design, which seem to scintillate and change at every step; and here and there between the arabesques and along the arches, Arabic inscriptions comprising salutations, sentences, and proverbs wind about and interlace like garlands.

Near the entrance one reads in Kufic characters: "Salvation eternal! — Benediction! — Prosperity! — Felicity! — Praise be to God for the welfare of Islam!"

In another place you see written: "I seek my refuge in the God of the Dawn." Elsewhere: "O God, to Thee we owe eternal thanks and undying praise!"

In other places there are verses from the Koran, and entire poems in praise of the caliphs.

We entered the tower called the Tower of Comares, or vulgarly, of the Ambassadors.

The interior of the tower forms two halls; the first is called the Hall of the Boat: some persons say because it is shaped like a boat; others, because it was called by the Arabs Hall of the Baraka, or benediction, a word which the

ignorant have corrupted into that of boat (*barca*). This hall does not seem of human workmanship; it is nothing but a stupendous interlacing of embroideries in the form of garlands, rose-work, branches, and leaves that cover the ceiling, the arches, the walls, on all sides, and in every way, crowded together, twisted, in net-work, one upon another, and combined in such a manner that they are all seen in a single glance and present an astonishing magnificence and an enchanting grace. I went up to one of the walls, I fastened my gaze at the beginning of an arabesque and tried to follow its twistings and windings: impossible! the eye loses itself, the mind becomes confused, and all the arabesques from the pavement to the ceiling seem to move and commingle to make you lose the thread of their inextricable net-work. You may make an effort not to look around you, concentrate your attention upon one little place of the wall, put your very nose in it, and trace the design with your finger: it is useless; in one minute the patterns become involved, a veil spreads between the wall and yourself, and your arm falls. The wall seems to you to be woven like a textile, crinkled like brocade, of open-work like lace, and veined like a leaf; you cannot look at it closely, you cannot fix the design in your mind,—that would be like counting the ants in an ant-hill.

After having looked around me a little, Gongora pushed me into the great Hall of the Ambassadors, which occupies the entire interior of the tower, for the Hall of the Barca in reality belongs to a little building, which al-

though joined to the tower, is not a part of it. The Hall is square, very spacious, and lighted by nine large arched windows, in the form of doors, which present almost the aspect of alcoves, so thick are the walls; and each one of them is divided in two by a little column of marble that supports two elegant little arches, surmounted in their turn by two little arched windows. The walls are covered with mosaics and arabesques of an indescribable delicacy and variety of form, and innumerable inscriptions that are spread out like broad, embroidered ribbons over the arches of the windows, in the corners, upon the friezes, and around the niches where they placed vases filled with flowers and perfumed waters. The ceiling, which is very high, is composed of pieces of cedar wood, white, gilt, and blue, united in the form of circles, stars, and crowns; it forms a number of little domes, cells, and tiny arched windows from which a soft light falls; and from the cornice that joins the ceiling to the walls hang bits of stucco cut in facets and worked like stalactites and bunches of flowers. The throne stood in the centre before the window and opposite the door of entrance. From the windows on this side, you enjoy a magnificent view of the valley of the Darro; so deep and silent that it seems as if it must be fascinated by the majestic Alhambra; from the windows of the two other sides you see the walls of the enclosure and the towers of the fortress; and from the side of the entrance, in the distance, the light arches of the Court of Myrtles, and the waters of the basin reflecting the azure of the sky.

We left the tower with rapid steps, crossed the Court of Myrtles, and came in front of a little door opposite the entrance. We went about fifteen steps and stopped. We were in the Court of the Lions. If at this moment I had been forced to leave just as I had entered, I do not know if I could have described what I had seen. A forest of columns, a labyrinth of arches and embroideries, an indefinable elegance, an unimaginable delicacy, a prodigious richness, and I don't know what that was ærial, transparent, and undulating, it was like a great pavilion of lace; the appearance of a building that would fall by a breath, a variety of lights, perspectives, mysterious shadows, confusion, a capricious disorder of little things, the majesty of a little palace, the gaiety of a kiosk, an amorous grace, an extravagance, a delight, a phantasy of a young and passionate maiden, an angel's dream, a madness, a thing without a name; such is the first effect of the Court of Lions.

This is a court larger than a great ball-room, rectangular in form, with walls as high as one of the little Andalusian houses of one story. A light portico runs around it supported by graceful little columns of white marble, grouped in symmetrical disorder, by twos and threes almost without a base so that they seem to be starting from the earth like the trunks of trees, and adorned with varied capitals, tall and delicate, in the form of little pillars upon which curve tiny arches of the most graceful form. These arches seem not leaning upon, but suspended over the columns: one might call them curtains arranged upon the columns like ribbons or floating garlands. From the centre of the

shortest sides, there advance two groups of columns that form two kinds of little square temples, each of nine arches, surmounted by a little cupola of many colours. The walls of these little temples and the outside wall of the portico are a veritable lace-work in stucco ; they are ornamented, embroidered, bordered, cut and perforated from one side to the other, transparent as a web, and changing in design at your approach ; here, flowers are nestling in the arabesques ; there, stars ; and farther away, bucklers, squares, and polygonal figures covered with ornaments of an infinite delicacy. All this ends in jagged points, in festoons, in ribbons fluttering around the arches, in species of stalactites, fringes, pear-shaped drops and acorns, that seem to undulate with the least breath of air. Long Arabic inscriptions run the entire length of the four walls, above the arches, upon the capitals, and upon the walls of the little temples. In the centre of the court there rises a great marble basin, upheld by twelve lions, and surrounded by a paved canal, from which gush four other small canals, that, describing a cross between the four sides of the court, cross the portico, dart into the neighbouring halls and unite with the other conduits cutting through the entire edifice. Behind the two little temples, and in the middle of the two other sides, there open suites of halls with immense open doorways, that allow you to see the dark background upon which the little white columns gleam as if they stood before the mouth of a grotto. At every step one takes into the court, this forest of columns seems to move and disarrange itself to arrange itself in a

new way ; behind a column that seems to stand alone, two, three, or sometimes a file of them, will show themselves ; others will disappear, others will approach each other, and others will separate ; in looking into the depths of one of these halls, you see everything change : the arches on the opposite side seem to be far away ; the columns seem out of place, the little temples assume another form ; you see through the very walls, you discover new arches and new columns, here in the bright sunlight, there in the shadow, elsewhere half illuminated by the soft light that passes through the perforations of the carving, and farther away they are lost in the darkness. Here is a continual changing of perspectives, distances, deceptions, mysteries, and optical illusions made by the architecture and the sunlight and your own over-excited and burning imagination.

“What must this *patio* have been,” said Gongora, “when the interior walls of the portico were glistening with mosaics, the capitals of the columns gleaming with gold, the ceilings and vaults painted in a thousand colours, the doorways closed by hangings of silk, and the niches filled with flowers ; and when beneath the temples and in the halls perfumed waters flowed, and when from the nostrils of the lions dashed forth twelve jets of water that fell back into the basin, and when the air was impregnated with the most delicious perfumes of Arabia ! You should come here at sunrise ; you should also come here at sunset and at moonlight to see the marvels of colour, light and shade ! It would turn your head !”

We went to see the halls. On the eastern side there is

one called the Hall of Justice, which you reach by passing under three large arches, each one taking the place of a door opening into the court. It is a long and narrow hall, of rich and bold architecture, the walls of which are covered with very intricate arabesques and precious mosaics, with points, bunches, and protuberances of stucco hanging from the arches, which crowd together, drop, spring from, press upon, and are superimposed upon each other, as if they disputed the very space, and showing even now traces of ancient colours which must have given to this ceiling the semblance of suspended fruits and flowers.

On the northern side of the court there is another hall called *de las Hermanas* (the Two Sisters) from two large slabs of marble that are found in the pavement. It is the most gracious hall of the Alhambra. It is small, square, and domed with one of those vaults in the form of a cupola which the Spaniards call half-oranges, sustained by little columns and arches arranged in a circle, all cut to resemble a grotto of stalactites with an infinity of points and holes, coloured and gilded and so light that they seem to the eye as if hanging in the air: you would think that they would tremble like a curtain, at a touch, or evaporate like a cloud, or vanish like a lot of soap-bubbles. The walls of stucco, like those of the other halls, and covered with arabesques, of an incredible delicacy, are among the most astonishing productions of human fancy and patience.

We returned to the Court of the Myrtles, and visited the halls on the other side of the Tower of Comares, most of them half ruined, others transformed, some of them half

bare, without either pavement or roof, but all worthy of being seen because of the memories they awaken, and also in order to understand the construction of the building. The old mosque was converted into a chapel by Charles V. and a large Arabian hall into an oratory; here and there you noticed the *débris* of arabesques and ceilings of carved cedar; the galleries, the courts, and the vestibules seemed the remains of a palace devoured by fire.

At this point I truly thought that there was nothing more to be seen, and I committed the fresh imprudence of saying so to Gongora. At this blow he could no longer contain himself, and, leading me into the vestibule of the Court of Myrtles, before a plan of the building that hung upon the wall, he said :

“ Look around you, and you will see that all the halls, all the courts, and all the towers that we have visited up to now, only occupy the twentieth part of the space enclosed by the walls of the Alhambra; you see that we have not yet visited the remains of three other mosques, the ruins of the Hall of the Cadi, the Water-Tower, the Tower of the Infantas, the Tower of the Prisoner, the Tower of Candil, the Tower of the Pico, the Tower of the Poignards, the Tower of the *Siete Melos*, the Tower of the Captain, the Tower of the Sorcerer, the Tower of the Heads, the Tower of the Weapons, the Tower of the Hidalgos, the Tower of the Chickens, the Tower of the Dice, the Tower of Homage, the Tower of the Vela, the Tower of the Powder, the ruins of the house of Mondejar, the military quarters, the Iron Gate, the in-

terior walls, the cisterns, and the promenades ; for you must know that the Alhambra is not solely a palace, but a town, and that it would take a lifetime to search for arabesques, to read inscriptions and to discover each day some new view of the hills and mountains, falling into an ecstasy once at least during the twenty-four hours !”

And I thought I had seen the Alhambra.

LAMBETH PALACE

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

A LITTLE higher up the river, but almost opposite to the huge mass of the Houses of Parliament, lies a broken, irregular pile of buildings, at whose angle, looking out over the Thames, is one grey weather-beaten tower. The broken pile is the archiepiscopal Palace of Lambeth; the grey, weather-beaten building is its Lollards' Tower. From this tower the mansion itself stretches in a varied line; chapel and guard-room, and gallery, and the stately buildings of the new house looking out on the terrace and garden; while the Great Hall, in which the library has now found a home, is the low picturesque building which reaches southward along the river to the gate.

The story of each of these spots will interweave itself with the thread of our narrative as we proceed; but I would warn my readers at the outset that I do not propose to trace the history of Lambeth in itself, or to attempt any architectural or picturesque description of the place. What I attempt is simply to mark, in incident after incident which has occurred within its walls, the relation of the house to the primates whom it has sheltered for seven hundred years, and through them to the literary, ecclesiastical, the political history of the realm.

Nothing illustrates the last of these relations better than

the site of the house itself. It is doubtful whether we can date the residence of the archbishops of Canterbury at Lambeth, which was then a manor-house of the see of Rochester, earlier than the reign of Eadward the Confessor. But there was a significance in the choice of the spot, as there was a significance in the date at which the choice was made. So long as the political head of the English people ruled, like Ælfred, or Æthelstan, or Eadgar, from Winchester, the spiritual head of the English people was content to rule from Canterbury. It was when the piety of the Confessor and the political prescience of his successors brought the kings finally to Westminster that the archbishops were permanently drawn to their suffragan's manor-house at Lambeth. The Norman rule gave a fresh meaning to their position. In the new course of national history which opened with the Conquest, the Church was called to play a part greater than she had ever known before. Hitherto the archbishop had been simply the head of the ecclesiastical order—a representative of the moral and spiritual forces on which the government was based. The Conquest, the cessation of the great Witenagemotes in which the nation, however imperfectly, had till then found a voice, turned him into a tribune of the people.

Foreigner though he might be, it was the primate's part to speak for the conquered race the words it could no longer utter. He was, in fact, the permanent leader (to borrow a modern phrase) of a constitutional opposition; and, in addition to the older religious forces which he wielded, he wielded a popular and democratic force which



LAMBETH PALACE, ENGLAND.

held the new king and the new baronage in check. It was he who received from the sovereign whom he crowned the solemn oath that he would rule not by his own will, but according to the customs, or, as we should say now, the traditional constitution, of the realm. It was his to call on the people to declare whether they chose him for their king; to receive the thundered "Ay, ay," of the crowd; to place the priestly unction on shoulder and breast, the royal crown on brow. To watch over the observance and order into religious duties; to uphold the custom and law of the realm against personal tyranny; to guard, amidst the darkness and brutality of the age, those interests of religion, of morality, of intellectual life, which as yet lay peacefully together beneath the wing of the Church—this was the political office of the primate in the new order which the Conquest created; and it was this office which expressed itself in the site of the house that fronted the king's house over Thames.

From the days of Archbishop Anselm, therefore, to the days of Stephen Langton, Lambeth only fronted Westminster as the archbishop fronted the king. Synod met over against council; the clerical court of the one ruler rivaled in splendour, in actual influence, the baronial court of the other. For more than a century of our history the great powers which together were to make up the England of the future lay marshalled over against each other on either side the water.

With the union of the English people, and the sudden arising of English freedom, which followed the Great

Charter, this peculiar attitude of the archbishops passed necessarily away. When the people itself spoke again, its voice was heard, not in the hall of Lambeth, but in the Chapter-house which gave a home to the House of Commons in its earlier sessions at Westminster. From the day of Stephen Langton the nation has towered higher and higher above its mere ecclesiastical organization, till the one stands dwarfed beside the other as Lambeth now stands dwarfed before the mass of the Houses of Parliament. Nor was the religious change less than the political. In the Church as in the State, the archbishops suddenly fell into the rear. From the days of the first English Parliament to the days of the Reformation, they not only ceased to be representatives of the moral and religious forces of the nation, but stand actually opposed to them. Nowhere is this better brought out than in their house beside the Thames. The political history of Lambeth lies spread over the whole of its site, from the gate-way of Morton to the garden where we shall see Cranmer musing on the fate of Anne Boleyn. Its ecclesiastical interest, on the other hand, is concentrated in a single spot. We must ask our readers, therefore, to follow us beneath the groining of the Gate-house into the quiet little court that lies on the river-side of the hall. Passing over its trim grass-plot to a doorway at the angle of Lollards' Tower, and mounting a few steps, they will find themselves in a square antechamber, paved roughly with tiles, and with a single small window looking out towards the Thames. The chamber is at the base of

Lollards' Tower; in the centre stands a huge oaken pillar, to which the room owes its name of the "Post-room," and to which somewhat mythical tradition asserts Lollards to have been tied when they were "examined" by the whip. On its western side a doorway of the purest early English work leads us directly into the palace chapel.

It is strange to stand at a single step in the very heart of the ecclesiastical life of so many ages, within walls beneath which the men in whose hands the fortunes of English religion have been placed from the age of the Great Charter till to-day have come and gone; to see the light falling through the tall windows with their marble shafts on the spot where Wyclif fronted Sudbury, on the lowly tomb of Parker, on the stately screen-work of Laud, on the altar where the last sad communion of Sancroft originated the Non-jurors. It is strange to note the very characteristics of the building itself, marred as it is by modern restoration, and to feel how simply its stern, unadorned beauty, the beauty of Salisbury and of Lincoln, expressed the very tone of the Church that finds its centre there.

And hardly less strange it is to recall the odd, roistering figure of the primate, to whom, if tradition be true, it owes this beauty. Boniface of Savoy was the youngest of three brothers out of whom their niece, Eleanor, the queen of Henry the Third, was striving to build up a foreign party in the realm. Her uncle Amadeus was richly enfeoffed with English lands; the Savoy Palace in the Strand still recalls the sentiment and the magnificence of her uncle

Peter. For this third and younger uncle she grasped at the highest post in the state save the crown itself. "The handsome archbishop," as his knights loved to call him, was not merely a foreigner as Lanfranc and Anselm had been foreigners—strange in manner or in speech to the flock whom they ruled—he was foreign in the worst sense: strange to their freedom, their sense of law, their reverence for piety. His first visit set everything on fire. He retreated to Lyons to hold a commission in the Pope's body-guard, but even Innocent was soon weary of his tyranny. When the threat of sequestration recalled him after four years of absence to his see, his hatred of England, his purpose soon to withdraw again to his own sunny South, were seen in his refusal to furnish Lambeth. Certainly he went the wrong way to stay here. The young primate brought with him Savoyard fashions, strange enough to English folk. His armed retainers, foreigners to a man, plundered the City markets. His own archiepiscopal fist felled to the ground a prior who opposed his visitation. It was the prior of St. Bartholomew's by Smithfield; and London, on the king's refusal to grant redress, took the matter into her own hands. The City bells swung out, and a noisy crowd of citizens were soon swarming beneath the walls of the palace, shouting threats of vengeance.

For shouts Boniface cared little. In the midst of the tumult he caused the sentences of excommunication which he had fulminated to be legally executed in the chapel of his house. But, bravado-like, this soon died before the universal resentment, and "the handsome archbishop" fled

again to Lyons. How helpless the successor of Augustine really was, was shown by a daring outrage perpetrated in his absence. Master Eustace, his official, had thrown into prison the prior of St. Thomas's Hospital for some contempt of court; and the prior's diocesan, the Bishop of Winchester, a prelate as foreign and lawless as Boniface himself, took up the injury as his own. A party of his knights appeared before the house at Lambeth, tore the gates from their hinges, set Master Eustace on horseback, and carried him off to the episcopal prison at Farnham. At last Boniface bowed to submission, surrendered the points at issue, recalled his excommunication, and was suffered to return. He had learned his lesson well enough to remain from that time a quiet, inactive man, with a dash of Continental frugality and wit about him. Whether he built the chapel or not, he would probably have said of it as he said of the Great Hall at Canterbury, "My predecessors built, and I discharge the debt for their building. It seems to me that the true builder is the man that pays the bill."

From the moment when Wyclif stood in Lambeth Chapel the Church sunk, ecclesiastically as well as politically, into non-existence. It survived merely as a vast landowner; while its primates, after a short effort to resume their older position as real heads of their order, dwindled into ministers and tools of the crown. The gate-tower of the house, the grand mass of brick-work, whose dark-red tones are (or, alas! were, till a year or two since) so exquisitely brought out by the grey stone of its angles and

the mullions of its broad arch-window, recalls an age—that of its builder, Archbishop Morton—when Lambeth, though the residence of the first minister of the crown, had really lost all hold on the nobler elements of political life. It was raised from this degradation by the efforts of a primate to whose merits justice has hardly as yet been done. First in date among the genuine portraits of the Archbishops of Canterbury which hang round the walls of the Guard-room at Lambeth is the portrait of Archbishop Warham. The plain, homely old man's face still looks down on us, line for line, as the "seeing eye" of Holbein gazed on it three centuries ago. "I instance this picture," says Mr. Wornum, in his life of the painter, "as an illustration that Holbein had the power of seeing what he looked on, and of perfectly transferring to his picture what he saw." Memorable in the annals of art as the first of that historic series which brings home to us, as no age has ever been brought home to eyes of after-time, the age of the English Reformation, it is even more memorable as marking the close of the great intellectual movement which the Reformation swept away.

With the Reformation, in its nobler and purer aspects, Lambeth, as we have said, had little to do. Bucer, Peter Martyr, and Alasco gathered there for a moment round Cranmer; but it was simply as a resting-place, on their way to Cambridge, to Oxford, and to Austin Friars. Only one of the symbols of the new Protestantism has any connection with it; the Prayer-book was drawn up in the peaceful seclusion of Oxford. The party conferences,

the rival martyrdoms of the jarring creeds, took place elsewhere. The memories of Cranmer which linger round Lambeth are simply memories of degradation ; and that the deepest degradation of all, the degradation of those solemn influences which the primacy embodies to the sanction of political infamy. It is fair, indeed, to remember the bitterness of Cranmer's suffering. Impassive as he seemed, with a face that never changed, and sleep seldom known to be broken, men saw little of the inner anguish with which the tool of Henry's injustice bent before that overmastering will.

None of the great theological impulses of this age or the last, it is sometimes urged, came out of Lambeth. Little of the theological bitterness, of the controversial narrowness of this age or the last, it may fairly be answered, has ever entered its gates. Of Lambeth we may say what Matthew Arnold says of Oxford, that many as are its faults, it has never surrendered itself to ecclesiastical Philistines. In the calm, genial silence of its courts, its library, its galleries, in the presence of its venerable past, the virulence, the petty strife, the tumult of religious fanaticism finds itself hushed. Among the storms of the Wesleyan revival, of the Evangelical revival, of the Puseyite revival, the voice of Lambeth has ever pleaded for a truth, simpler, larger, more human than theirs. Amidst the deafening clamour of Tractarian and Anti-Tractarian disputants, both sides united in condemning the silence of Lambeth. Yet the one word that came from Lambeth will still speak to men's hearts when all their noisy disputations are

forgotten. "How," a prelate, whose nearest relative had joined the Church of Rome, asked Archbishop Howley, "how shall I treat my brother?" "As a brother," was the archbishop's reply.

CHÂTEAU DE BLOIS

JULES LOISELEUR

THE castle of Blois would be without a rival in France if Fontainebleau did not exist. The first time we enter that interior court, the four sides of which each tell the history of a great period of architecture, we are dazzled by the throng of memories and ideas that start from these four great pages. The obedient stone, in accordance with the epoch, has recorded the suspicious precautions, the paternal confidence, the chivalric enthusiasm and the majestic isolation of the masters of this royal dwelling. Pure feudalism is written in the mighty walls of the fortress of the Counts of Blois. The transitional style, one of the most important examples of which is offered by this castle of Louis XII., marks the change from the feudal system to the unitary monarchy prepared by Louis XI. This youthful monarchy, already absolute though tempered by the great aristocratic individualities, already glitters and triumphs in this brilliant façade built by the young victor of Marignan. By the side of this splendid façade, like a severe master beside a turbulent pupil, the severe profile of the castle, built by Mansart, suggests the absolute and uncounterpoised monarchy of Louis XVI. ;—unity without diversity, force without grace.

Thus the unknown architect who cut the walls of the

mighty fortress out of the rock for Thibault le Tricheur; and the artists, native in all probability and therefore unknown, who drew the arabesques of Francis the First's stairway; and Joconde, the architect of Louis XII.; and Mansart, the architect of Gaston of Orleans; and all those bold stone-workers, unknown to themselves, doubtless, in those four façades have shown the four chief phases of royal authority. "Monuments are the true writings of the nations."

Above the city of Blois, upon a triangular plateau, whence the view embraces the vast panorama of the left bank of the Loire, formerly stood a fortress, the origin of which is lost in the obscurity of ages. It was one of those redoubtable holds in which the great feudal barons watched for their prey and kept what they captured. It was one of the most formidable of all, and it is stated that it was never reduced, nor even besieged. Three narrow ascents, shadowed on either side by high walls, gave access to it. A double ring of fortifications was in front of the donjon, which, in case of siege, was the last resort of the master of this formidable abode. The first enclosure, called the lower court, or fore-court, to-day forms a courtyard of considerable size, at the end of which rises the front built by Louis XII. Ruined towers with thick walls still testify of the precautions taken to defend this first circuit.

Immense offices, a church the foundation of which dates back from the Eleventh Century, and which must not be confounded with the chapel that is to be seen in the present castle-yard, and lodgings for the canons and servants of



CHATEAU DE BLOIS, FRANCE.

this church formed a vast circle of buildings around this first courtyard where also were to be seen the habitations of the count's principal officers. There, in succession, afterwards arose the house from the window of which Georges d'Amboise, counsellor to Louis XII., conversed with his master; the house of the Duc d'Epemon, who favoured the flight of Marie de'Medicis; and that other mansion where, on June 13th, 1626, Louis XIII. caused the arrest of the Prince de Vendôme, accused of being concerned in the Chalais conspiracy.

The castle built by Louis XII. now stands on the spot where the second enclosure began. Access to the latter was gained by a drawbridge thrown across a moat between two strong towers. Close to this bridge was a narrow passage communicating with the covered way called the Vault of the Castle, which has lately disappeared and which led to the *Place des Jésuites*. It would be rash to pretend exactly to reconstruct the physiognomy which this second enclosure presented in the Twelfth or Thirteenth Century. The buildings of the background, vast edifices raised by the Counts of Blois, of the house of Châtillon, have completely disappeared and are only visible to-day in the drawings of de Cerceau. It is on the site of these buildings that Gaston d'Orléans raised, about 1635, the cold and regular building that bears his name.

It was between the thick walls of this hall and the no less thick walls of the *Tour des Moulins* that Francis the First wedged his *château* in. If we leave the Hall of the Estates, deferring till a little later a visit to the elegant edi-

fice of that prince, and go immediately to the tower that terminates it and connects the *château* of Francis the First with that of Gaston of Orleans, we shall have traversed all that now remains standing of the ancient strong castle of the Counts of Blois.

The *château* built by Francis the First, by the abundance and variety of its ornamentation, crushes the simple abode of Louis XII. Beside this strong and severe building it produces the effect of a young bride covered with laces beside the rich but serious and durable robe of her grandmother.

It was Louis XII., however, who laid the foundations of Francis the First's wing. But these foundations had scarcely risen above the ground when he died. The plan adopted at that time only required one façade,—that of the courtyard. Francis the First had another building joined to the original one. When the addition was made, the strong partition-wall that terminated the first building and to-day separates the two sides of the edifice was already far advanced, so that it was necessary to pierce it with doorways that now allow us to appreciate its thickness. We are told that three years sufficed for the young victor of Marignan to carry this enterprise to the point at which we see it to-day. The king's plan was to add two other wings to the castle that would thus have formed a perfect square. But Francis the First lacked the money necessary for the execution of this colossal plan, as Louis XIV. did afterwards for Versailles. The Field of the Cloth of Gold and the Italian war had exhausted his resources. During the

years that followed, the many catastrophes that overwhelmed France—the loss of Milan, the death of Bayard, the battle of Pavia, and finally the captivity in Madrid,—destroyed Francis's passion for building,—that love of the square and trowel that was common to him and all the great sovereigns of our country. When he returned from captivity, in 1526, with his head full of fairy-like Arab and Moorish constructions, he was already dreaming of Chambord, and neglected Blois, in which, however, had been gathered the money for his ransom. The grand project, conceived in 1516, was therefore abandoned, and the unfinished castle of Blois remained as we see it to-day,—a curious and incoherent assemblage of monuments of divers styles and periods.

We have heard nothing about the *château* built by Gaston of Orleans, not that that edifice is without merit, but its cold regularity disagreeably contrasts with the Renaissance architecture, so sparkling and prodigal of caprice. It was for the purpose of completing that correct and wearisome monument that Gaston wanted to destroy what remains of Francis the First's wing. He would gladly have said, like Louis XIV.: "Remove those grotesque piles." For it is a singular fact that at that time good taste joined in the same condemnation the Middle Ages, whose wonders were considered barbarous, and the Renaissance which had led the arts back to the purer forms of antiquity. With bare stones and straight lines throughout, yet there was something of the majestic gravity of Louis XIV. in the work of his uncle Gaston.

In order that the straight line may produce great effects it must be developed over the immense surface of a Louvre or a Versailles. At Blois it is only insignificant. This château would serve for anything,—a museum, a library, or a tribunal, just as well as the abode of a prince. In 1823, it had a narrow escape of becoming a prefecture. They were going to pull down what they called the shanties of Louis XII. and substitute a fine iron grille for them. Francis the First's wing found grace in the eyes of the destroyers on condition of sheltering the household: the kitchens had to be placed somewhere! It is true that this happened in 1823, only a few years after the Empire.

The work of a period of transition, when tranquillity was succeeding agitation, this palace of the chief of the Fronde does not possess the serene power and self-confidence that came afterwards, but we already feel something in it of the imposing unity and the majestic ennui of the great reign.

FUTTEHPORE-SIKRI

LOUIS ROUSSELET

THE ruins of Futtehpore, the Versailles of the great Akbar, cover the summit of a hill twelve miles from Bhurtpore. On leaving that town, we travelled across a succession of monotonous plains alternately composed of marshes and rocky deserts. The horizon was unbounded, except on the east, where lay the hill of Futtehpore, the fantastic outline of which caught the rays of the rising sun. Even from afar, the eye is struck by the number and size of the buildings, which a royal caprice has erected in the midst of this desert : one would take it for a large and populous city. Those long lines of palaces with their gilded domes and pinnacles could never have been built to be so soon abandoned to solitude. The scene becomes grander the nearer you approach. On arriving at the foot of the hill, the road passes under a majestic gateway, beyond which are the long, silent streets ; the palaces still standing perfect and entire amidst the ruined dwellings of the people ; with the fountains and the magnificent gardens, wherein the pomegranates and the jessamine have grown for centuries. The whole scene is of imposing grandeur ; and the hand of time has fallen so lightly upon it that one might take it for a town very recently deserted by its inhabitants, or one of the enchanted cities of Sinbad the Sailor.

The *bigarri*,¹ whom we had taken with us from the village of Sikri, conducted us to a bungalow which is maintained by the English Government for the accommodation of travellers. This bungalow, which was once the ancient *kutchery*² of Akbar, is built of red sandstone, and surrounded by a beautiful verandah supported by columns. It is situated on the northern extremity of the plateau, and overlooks the town on one side and the front of the zenanah on the other. An old Sepoy is placed in charge of the edifice, which contains two comfortably furnished apartments.

The foundations of Futtehpore, "the Town of Victory," were laid by Akbar in 1571, and the ramparts, city, and palace were all completed with extraordinary rapidity. Akbar was attracted to this desert by the sanctity of a Mussulman Anchorite, Selim Shisti, who inhabited one of the caverns on the hill. Attracted by the situation, he built himself a palace, and finally, being unwilling to give up the society of the holy man, he resolved to establish there the capital of his empire. In a few years this desert spot was transformed into a large and populous city; but the death of Selim soon put an end to this prosperity. Akbar then saw the folly of trying to place his capital in the midst of these sterile plains, unapproached by any of the great rivers, more especially as he possessed the unusually favourable situation of Agra. His resolution was promptly taken. In 1584, he abandoned Futtehpore with all its

¹ A guide for travellers, furnished by the villages.

² Court of the magistrate attached to the palace.



FATTEHPORE-SIKRI, INDIA.

grandeur, and carried off the whole population to people his new capital of Agra. The evacuation was complete; none of the successors of Akbar cared to carry out his foolish project, and very soon the only inhabitants of Futtehpore were wild animals and a few anchorites. One is almost tempted to think that Akbar built Futtehpore for the sole purpose of giving posterity some idea of his greatness in leaving this monument of his capricious fancy.

The fame of Selim still attracts thousands of pilgrims to his tomb, where they assemble at certain seasons of the year; and, to supply the wants of these devotees, two villages have sprung up on the site of the deserted town, one called Futtehpore, and the other Sikri; and it is by this double appellation of Futtehpore-Sikri that the ruins are generally known. Apart from their beauty, which all must admire, they are of special interest to the archæologist as being the work of a single individual, and therefore a perfect specimen of the style of architecture of his epoch. From their marvellous state of preservation, you can trace, step by step, the mode of life of the great Akbar, and can form a just idea of Indian manners and customs in the Sixteenth Century. Everything still breathes of the magnificence of that Eastern Court the fame of which was carried to Europe by contemporary travellers, whose tales were looked upon as fables, and the wealth and splendour of which excited later the avarice and cupidity of the Western nations.

The tomb of Selim, the imperial palace, and some of the dwellings of the Mogul grandees are almost entire.

They form a compact group, one mile in length, which occupies the summit of a hill 180 feet high. This hill furnished the whole of the material of which they are built, which is a fine sandstone, varying from purple to rose colour. The stone has been left unornamented throughout; but the architects have avoided the monotony of the colour by artistically arranging its various tints. The mass is now softened by time; and one of its chief beauties is this mellow colouring, which blends ground and building in one, making the latter appear as though carved out of the peaks of the mountain.

The imperial palace lies to the east of the tomb. It is a vast collection of separate buildings connected by galleries and courtyards, and covering an area at least equal to that occupied by the Louve and the Tuileries.

The first building you come to on leaving the tomb used to contain the private apartments of the emperor. It now goes by the name of *tapili*, or guard-house, from the fact of its being inhabited by the handful of soldiers who are employed to keep off marauders from the ruins. The palace is built with great simplicity, its exterior being nothing but a blank wall, with a small court in its centre, into which the galleries on the different stories open. On one side is a colonnade, profusely ornamented in the Hindoo style; this was the verandah of the apartment of Akbar's favourite wife, and the mother of Jehanghir: and at the end of an open space which extends in front of the palace is the *kutchery*, now converted into a bungalow for travellers.

A ruined gallery leads from the *tapili* to the Imperial

zenanah, which is surrounded by a high wall. Each princess was allotted a separate palace in this enclosure, with its own gardens, etc., constructed according to her own taste and wishes. The first of these was the palace of the Queen Mary, a Portuguese lady whom Akbar had espoused; in the apartments of which are numerous frescoes, amongst others one representing the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary. It is a matter of surprise to find a Mussulman prince, in the Sixteenth Century, with such tolerant views as to allow in his palace a thing so opposed to the principles of his religion; but it does not astonish one in such an enlightened man as the great Akbar. Wishing to put an end forever to the subjects of discord which divided the nations of his empire, he devised the plan of creating a new religion which should unite the sympathies of all. For this purpose he assembled a general council which was attended by the priests of all the religious denominations of India, and even by some of the Christian missionaries from Goa; and to them he submitted his project: but nothing resulted from the discussion. In spite of this the emperor compiled a voluminous work on the different religions of the world, viz., Christianity, Judaism, Islamism, and the various Hindoo sects, in which he displayed very liberal and enlightened views.

From the palace of Queen Mary you enter a court, surrounded by apartments, and almost entirely occupied by a basin of vast dimensions, in the centre of which is an island built on a terrace, and reached by four stone foot-bridges. At the extremity of this court, there is a

pavilion, the walls and pillars of which are enriched with fine sculptures; its rooms overlooking on one side the ornamental tank, and on the other a garden still ornamented with shrubberies and fine trees. This was the abode of one of Akbar's wives, the Roumi Sultani, daughter of one of the Sultans of Constantinople.

On a high terrace, to the right of this palace, is the emperor's sleeping-apartment; the ground-floor containing a spacious hall with sculptured columns, which is half filled up with rubbish.

On the west of the zenanah, rises a fanciful construction, called *Pâñch Mahal*—"the Five Palaces,"—which consists of four terraces, supported by galleries rising one above another, and gradually diminishing in size towards the top, where they terminate in a dome sustained by four columns. It resembles the half of a pyramid, and has a very curious effect. The thirty-five pillars which support the second terrace are all different, comprising almost every style and some very remarkable specimens of original architecture. It is a valuable architectural collection. There has been much discussion as to the design of the building, since the open galleries could not possibly have been intended for habitation. Its position against the walls of the zenanah, the interior of which it overlooks and communicates with, leads to the supposition that it was assigned to the eunuchs; but in any case it was a fanciful idea of the architect. In the little court which surrounds the *Pâñch Mahal* are some very curious detached buildings for the accommodation of the servants of the harem. The archi-

tect evidently wished to give them an appearance most befitting their use ; and, as there was no wood at his disposal, he minutely copied in stone those light constructions which serve in the palaces of India as a shelter for the lower servants. The roof, formed of slabs of stone, is carved to imitate thatch, and is supported by the same network of beams which would be used for a lighter material than sandstone. In a word, they are sheds built of sculptured stone.

After passing through the galleries of the *Pânch Mahal*, you come out upon the principal court of the palace, called the Court of the Pucheesee ; on one side of which are the walls of the zenanah, and on the other the apartments of the ministers and the audience-chambers.

Pucheesee is a game of great antiquity, which the Indians have always been passionately fond of ; and it is played with pawns on chess-boards greatly resembling those used in Europe. There are four players, with four pawns apiece ; and the moves are regulated by throwing the dice, the object being to get your four pawns into the centre of the board. The game of pucheesee was played by Akbar in a truly regal manner ; the court itself, divided into red and white squares, being the board, and an enormous stone, raised on four feet, representing the central point. It was here that Akbar and his courtiers played this game ; sixteen young slaves from the harem, wearing the players' colours, themselves represented the pieces, and moved to the squares according to the throw of the dice. It is said that the emperor took such a fancy to playing the game on this grand scale that he had a court for pucheesee constructed in all

his palaces; and traces of such are still visible at Agra¹ and Allahabad.

To the north of this court and on the same side as the *Pânch Mahal* is a palace, built with great simplicity, and in such a good state of preservation that you might mistake it for a modern building. One wing is a perfect labyrinth of corridors and passages, in which the ladies of the Court amused themselves with their favourite games of "aukh-matchorli," or blind-man's-buff, and hide-and-seek; and before it rises a kiosk of Hindoo architecture, called the *Gooroo-ka-Mundil*, "Temple of the Mendicant." The emperor, in order to show his regard for the religion of the majority of his subjects, entertained at his Court a Gooroo, or religious mendicant of the Saïva sect, and even had this temple built for him and his co-religionists.

A little farther on and facing the zenanah is one of the most beautiful buildings of Futtehpore, consisting of a

¹ "The following account of Akbar's Pachisi-board is from an old Agra periodical:—The game is usually played by four persons, each of whom is supplied with four wooden or ivory cones, which are called 'gots,' and are of different colours for distinction. Victory consists in getting these four pieces safely through all the squares of each rectangle into the vacant place in the centre,—the difficulty being that the adversaries take up in the same way as pieces are taken at backgammon. Moving is regulated by throwing 'cowries,' whose apertures falling uppermost or not, affect the amount of the throw by certain fixed rules. But on this 'Titanic board of Akbar's, wooden or ivory 'gots' would be lost altogether. Sixteen girls, therefore, dressed distinctively—say four in red, four in blue, four in white, four in yellow—were trotted up and down the squares, taken up by an adversary, and put back at the beginning again; and at last, after many difficulties, four of the same colour would find themselves gliding into their *dopattas* together in the middle space, and the game was won." —*Bholanauth Chunder*.

graceful pavilion of one story, surmounted by four light cupolas. This is the *Dewani-Khas*, or Palace of the Council of State. The simplicity of its outline, its square windows and handsome balcony, remind one of our modern buildings. It is, however, quite in accordance with the character of Akbar, who, as well in architecture as in religion and government, never copied his predecessors. The interior of the *Dewani-Khas* is a large hall the whole height of the edifice, in the centre of which is an enormous column of red sandstone, which terminates at some distance from the ceiling in a large capital magnificently sculptured. This capital forms a platform, encircled by a light balustrade, from which diverge four stone bridges, leading to four niches in the corners of the building; and a staircase hidden in the wall leads to a secret corridor, which communicates with the niche. It is one of the strangest fancies of the architect of Futtehpore.

On the occasion of a council being assembled, the emperor took his place on the platform, his ministers occupying the niches; while the ambassadors and other personages who were called into their presence remained in the hall at the foot of the column, and were unable to judge of the impression which their communication produced on the council.

A long gallery, partly in ruins, leads from the *Dewani-Khas* to the *Dewani-Am*, or Palace of the Public Audiences. It is a small building, one side of which overlooks the Court of the Pucheessee, and the other a large court surrounded by colonnades.

The chronicler Aboul Fazel says that at certain hours the people were admitted into this court. After the council the emperor repaired to the *Dewani-Am*, where, after having put on his robes of state, he seated himself on a tribune overlooking the court. Here he remained for some time, inquiring into and redressing the grievances of the people, and receiving the strangers who flocked to his court. According to tradition, it was here that he received the Jesuits of Goa, who brought him the leaves and seeds of tobacco ; and it was at Futtehpore that Hakim Aboul Futteh Ghilani, one of Akbar's physicians, is supposed to have invented the hookah, the pipe of India.

It would take too long to describe every part of this vast palace in detail, for, besides what I have already noticed, there are the baths, the mint, the barracks, and numerous other buildings, all in ruins.

CAERNAVON CASTLE

WILLIAM HOWITT

THE castles of Caernavon, Beaumaris, and Conway, all on this north-west coast of Wales, are monuments of the subjection of the Principality by Edward I. Other castles on this coast he took and strengthened, for instance those of Flint and Rhuddlan, as yokes on the necks of the North Welsh; these three he built expressly for that purpose, and, though all now more or less in ruin, they remain splendid evidences of his power, and of the architectural taste of the age. We have no finer specimens of castellated buildings than in the fortresses of Caernavon and Conway, and what remains of the extensive castle of Beaumaris shows what it once was. Even the Welsh, who do not forget the object of their erection, yet regard them with pride. Edward I., a warrior and statesman of the first rank, cherished, as the great purpose of his life, the reduction of the whole of the magnificent island of Great Britain into one compact and noble kingdom. This could not be done without invading the country and constitutions of Wales and Scotland, which had as much right to maintain their own independence, their own laws and customs as England had. But warriors by nature and possession think little of such rights, and readily persuade themselves that the project which aggran-

dizes their own country sanctifies the most flagrant usurpations, and renders innocent all the bloodshed and the crimes which irresistibly attend such enterprises. At the present day, the general sense of both England and Scotland, if not of Wales, would refuse to pronounce on Edward I. any other verdict than that of a great benefactor to his nation for what he did, and even for what he attempted yet failed in, towards the consolidation of Great Britain under one crown.

Whilst, however, he endeavored to mollify the spirit of the Welsh by the extension to them of civil, social, and commercial advantages, he did not trust by any means to these, but planned the erection of a chain of strong fortresses which should command the north as completely as the south was commanded by the same means. And thus arose, with others, the three princely strongholds of Conway, Beaumaris, and Caernavon.

The Castle of Conway seems to have been commenced a couple of years later than Caernavon Castle,—Caernavon being begun immediately on the defeat and death of Llewellyn, that is, in 1282, or in the spring of 1283. Conway was not commenced till the following year, 1284, when, finding that these two castles were not sufficient to keep the Welsh in check, Edward erected the Castle of Beaumaris in 1295. There is a great resemblance in the style of the two castles of Conway and Beaumaris—they have round towers; whilst Caernavon has octagonal, hexagonal, and pentagonal ones.

The Castle of Caernavon, which is the one now engag-



CAERNAVON CASTLE, WALES.

ing our attention, differs greatly from these other two; and if not more striking in appearance than that of Conway,—than which Pennant says “one more beautiful never arose,”—it is equal in grandeur, and has, in truth, a royal and more stately air. Its situation is very fine; for, though it stands in the not very splendid town of Caernavon, it is placed on the shore of the Menai Straits; and, looked down upon from a rocky eminence called Fort Hill, a good view is obtained of it and the town, of Menai Straits, the opposite shore of Anglesea, with the distant summits of the Holyhead and Parys hills, the blue peaks of the Eiflridge, in the promontory of Lleyn, the group of mountains surrounding Snowdon, and on a clear day the far off heights of Wicklow in Ireland. The architect employed by Edward I., in its erection, was Henry Ellerton, or de Elreton; and, according to tradition, many of the materials were brought from Segontium, or the old Caernavon, and much of the limestone of which it is built came from Twr-Celyn, in Anglesea; and of the gritstone from Vaenol, in the county of Caernavon; the Menai facilitating the carriage from both places.

The foundations of this castle are surrounded on three sides by water. It is bounded on one side by the Menai Straits, on another by the estuary of the Seoint, the river which runs hither from the Lake of Llanberis. As you approach the castle, its walls and towers have an air of lightness, which deceives you completely as to its strength, for these walls are immensely thick and strong. The doorways in the gateway towers and the windows are more

lofty and graceful than the doors and windows generally in castles of that age. The walls enclose an area of about three acres, and are themselves from seven to nine feet thick. They have within them each a gallery, with slips for the discharge of arrows, and are flanked by thirteen towers, all angular, but differing in the number of their angles. The very massive pentagonal tower, called the Eagle Tower, guards the south of the Seoint, and is so called from a now shapeless figure of that bird, said to have been brought from the ruins of the neighbouring Roman station of Segontium, but probably placed there simply as being one of Edward I.'s crests. This majestic tower has three turrets, and its battlements display a mutilated series of armour heads of the time of Edward II. This tower is the only one of which the stair-case remains perfect, and by 158 stone steps you may ascend to the summit, and obtain a splendid view thence over the straits, the town, and the surrounding country. In the lower part of this tower is shown a small, dark room, measuring twelve feet by eight feet, in which Edward II. was born. That unfortunate prince was most probably born in the castle; but it has been endeavoured to be shown that it could not possibly be in this tower, as it would appear not to have been built for some years afterwards, and, indeed, only to have been finished by Edward II. after he became king of England. The Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, of Cogenhoe, in Northamptonshire, asserted at the annual meeting of the Cambrian Archæological Society, held in Caernavon in September, 1848, that this castle, instead of being built, as

Pennant and others represent, in about two years, was not completed in less than thirty-eight years—that it was begun in 1284, and only completed in 1322.

As Edward first entered the town of Caernavon on the 1st of April, 1284, and his son was born on the 25th of the same month, twenty-four days only are left for the building of the Eagle Tower, which would be work, not for English or Welsh builders, but for the Afrits of the *Arabian Nights*, and would seem to put an end to the whole tradition of Edward of Caernavon having been born in the room assigned him by popular affection. And yet tradition so often maintains itself against statistics, and against theories started long afterwards, that we should not be surprised if, after all, the first Prince of Wales was actually born in that little, dismal room. In the then disturbed condition of North Wales; amid the intense indignation of the Welsh at the murder of their beloved prince, and the barbarous execution of his brother David; under the well-known spirit of revolt and revenge which was fiercely fermenting in the minds of the natives, it is not likely that Edward would risk the safety of his wife and his infant in the open town. No doubt he had ordered the erection of a stronghold here immediately on the fall of Llewellyn. This was in the autumn of 1282, and Edward was born, it is said, in the Castle of Caernavon, on the 25th of April, 1284. Here was a good part of two years in which a strong building might have been raised sufficient for a stout defence: and this is probably what is meant when it is said by the historians that Edward commenced this castle in A. D. 1282-3,

and completed it in two or three years. It is most probable that he did commence and complete such a castle as answered his immediate purpose, and that in this Castle his son Edward was born; that Edward I., however, contemplated and erected a much larger and more imposing castle on the spot—the present structure; and that he caused the part in which his son's birth took place to be incased in the larger building, and that it forms an internal part of the present Eagle Tower, just as the poet Thomson's cottage at Richmond now forms a portion of the larger villa of the Earl of Shaftesbury. It may be remarked that there is no appearance of any different masonry on the exterior of this part of the Eagle Tower. Of course not. The architect would new-front that part in uniformity with the rest; but that need not in the least disturb the existence of this room.

That is our opinion of the real fact; and it is the one which at once reconciles the tradition and the proofs that the present splendid fabric was not completed in two years, but in two reigns. All Mr. Hartshorne's statistical facts may be fully admitted, and the tradition of the place remain untouched. We ourselves have just as much, or rather more, faith in tradition, than in statistics; for, in scores of cases, tradition has asserted itself successfully against apparent facts, and, in scores of cases, statistics have proved very delusive. That Edward I. would be very sure to preserve the *locale* of his son's birth, and that the Welsh would vividly retain a knowledge of it, may be inferred from the part which Edward meant to play with his son, and the delusive hope which his plan excited in the minds of the

Welsh. He presented this infant son to them, and told them that they should have a native Welshman for their prince. As Alphonso, Edward's eldest son, was still living, the Welsh, in their ardent patriotism, fondly jumped to the idea that they would have their own principality under a prince of their own. Alphonso died, Edward of Caernavon became King of England, and that hope was at once sternly quenched. Under such circumstances, the Welsh were not likely to forget the spot where the prince on whom such hopes were hinged first saw the light. We may, therefore, without much chance of mistake, accept at once the facts that Edward II. was born in this very tower, and yet that the Eagle Tower was not completed till the tenth year of the second Edward's reign.

The main gateway of the Castle is flanked by lofty towers of vast strength. Over the grand entrance arch stands, in a niche, a mutilated statue of Edward I., with his hand upon a half-drawn sword, as if to intimate that he was equally prepared to pluck it forth on any menace of resistance, or to sheathe it at the desire for peace. In the archway beneath are grooves for four portcullises. The entrance on the east side is called the Queen's Gate, because Eleanor is said by tradition to have entered the Castle by it. On passing into the interior you observe the traces, on the two opposite buildings, of a partition wall having formerly divided it into two courts. Much of the interior is cleared away, leaving exposed one of the fine corridors, which led from one part of the castle to another. On the south-east side is some modern building, which has been raised within

the old walls. Several of the dungeons are yet visible ; and in one of these was confined, in the reign of Charles I., the celebrated William Prynne.

No more zealous, fiery, and yet honest spirit, certainly was ever confined here than Prynne. He was at once a lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, and a determined Puritan. His famous *Histriomastix, or a Scourge for Stage Players*, being supposed to reflect on Henrietta, the Queen of Charles I., who had herself acted in a pastoral at Somerset House, Prynne was prosecuted in the Star Chamber ; and his sentence and its rigid execution are a striking proof of the savage spirit of the age, though it was already in the middle of the Seventeenth Century, namely, in 1634. He was fined £3,000, expelled from the University of Oxford, and the Society of Lincoln's Inn, degraded from the bar, set in the pillory, both his ears cut off, his book burnt publicly by the hangman, and himself condemned to perpetual imprisonment. But no amount of cruelty could tame that daring soul. Whilst still imprisoned in the Tower, and after three years' durance, he launched forth another book, reflecting severely on the hierarchy generally, and particularly on the popish follies and political despotism of Archbishop Laud. For this he was further sentenced by the infamous Star Chamber to be fined £5,000, to be again set in the pillory, to be branded on both cheeks with the letters S and L, for Seditious Libeller, to have the very roots of his ears dug out by the hangman, and to be imprisoned in this Castle of Caernavon.

But the event showed that there was a spirit afloat which

these fierce barbarities of regal tyranny were only rousing into a degree of fury which would sweep both church and throne from the land. The Puritan friends of Prynne flocked to Caernavon Castle in such numbers, that the poor mutilated prisoner sate more like a monarch holding a perpetual levee than a convict who had endured the vilest insults and the savagest brutalities of the law. Only ten weeks had elapsed since Prynne was brought to this royal stronghold when he was illegally removed by a warrant from the Lords of the Council, and removed to the Castle of Mount Orgueil, in the island of Jersey.

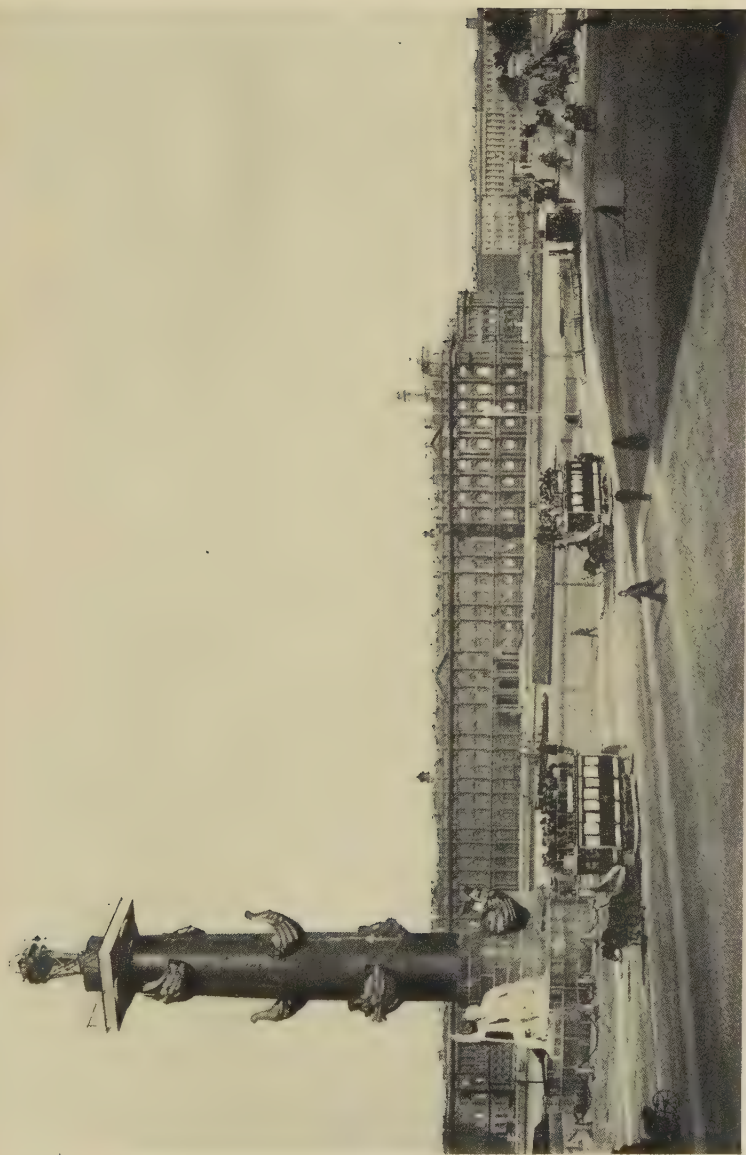
There is no reminiscence more lively than that of the short incarceration of Prynne in this castle. One of its earliest historical events was the surprise of it by Madoc, a natural son of Llewellyn, in 1295, and his retention of it till Edward I. expelled him from it. In 1402, Owen Glendower made a successful attempt to seize several of the Welsh castles, but was repulsed from the gates of this stronghold. In the Wars of the Roses it repeatedly changed masters, and, in 1644, Cromwell's forces obtained possession of it, made 400 of the garrison prisoners, and enriched themselves with much spoil. Lord Byron soon after retook it for the king; but in 1646 the Parliament regained it. In 1660, the first year of Charles II., an order was issued for the demolition of the Castle; but, fortunately, it was not completely carried out. The property still continues in the possession of the Crown; and the Marquis of Anglesea holds the office of constable of it, as well as that of Mayor of the town and ranger of Snowdon Forest.

A BALL AT THE WINTER PALACE

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

I AM going to tell you about a *fête* at which I was present without being there, from which my body was absent but to which my eye was invited—a court ball! Invisible, I saw everything, and, moreover, I did not have upon my finger the Ring of Gyges, nor upon my head the green felt cap of a Kobold, nor any other talisman.

Upon the Alexander Square, covered with its carpet of snow, numerous carriages were stationed although the cold would freeze Parisian coachmen and horses, but which did not seem sufficiently rigorous for the Russians to have the braziers lighted under the iron kiosks with Chinese roofs in the vicinity of the Winter Palace. The trees of the Admiralty, diamonded with hoar-frost, looked like great white plumes planted in the earth, and the Triumphal Column had candied its rose granite with a layer of ice resembling sugar; the moon, that rose pure and bright, poured its dead light upon all this nocturnal whiteness, turned the shadows to blue, and gave a fantastic appearance to the motionless silhouettes of the equipages whose frosted lanterns punctuated the immense expanse with yellowish points like polar stars. In the background, the colossal Winter Palace flamed at all its windows, like a mountain pierced with holes and lighted by an internal fire.



THE WINTER PALACE, RUSSIA.

Absolute silence reigned over the square ; the rigour of the temperature kept away the curious, who in Paris would not have neglected flocking together for the spectacle of such a *fête*, although watched from a distance and from the outside ; and if there had been a crowd, the approaches to the palace are so vast that it would have been scattered and lost in that enormous space which only an army could fill.

A sleigh crossed diagonally the great white cloth upon which was extended the shadow of the Alexandrine Column and lost itself in the dark street that separates the Winter Palace from the Hermitage, and that gains from its aërial bridge some resemblance to the Canal della Paglia at Venice.

A few minutes later, an eye, which you may consider as separated from the body, sped along a cornice supported by the portico of a gallery of the palace ; rows of wax-candles planted in the mouldings of the entablature hid it behind a hedge of fire and allowed no one from below to perceive its feeble gleam. The light hid it better than shadow could have done ; it was lost in the dazzling brilliancy.

The gallery seen from there extended long and deep with its polished columns, its mirror-like inlaid floor full of gliding reflections of gold candlelight, its pictures filling the spaces between the columns, the foreshortening of which prevented the subjects from being discerned. Already brilliant uniforms were promenading and ample court robes were trailing their waves of material there. Little by little, the crowd increased and, like a river, variegated and shining, filled the bed of the gallery which, notwithstanding its great width, had already become too narrow.

Every eye of this crowd was turned towards the door through which the emperor must enter. The folding doors opened: the emperor, the empress, and the grand-dukes traversed the gallery between two suddenly-formed hedges of the invited guests, addressing a few words with gracious and noble familiarity to personages of distinction stationed along their way. Then the imperial group disappeared through the door directly opposite, followed at a respectful distance by the grand dignitaries of State, the diplomatic body, the generals, and the courtiers.

The procession had scarcely entered the ball-room before the eye was installed there, equipped this time with a good opera-glass. It was like a furnace of light and heat, a blaze so intense as to seem almost like a conflagration. Cordons of fire ran along the cornices; in the spaces between the windows high stands, with a thousand arms each, blazed like burning bushes; hundreds of chandeliers hung from the ceilings, like fiery constellations in the midst of a phosphorescent fog. And all these lights, interlacing their rays, made a most dazzling illumination.

The first impression, especially at this height on leaning over this gulf of light, is a sort of vertigo; at first, across the waves of light from the mirrors, the glitter of the gold, the sparkle of the diamonds, the flash of the jewels, and the sheen of rich material, nothing can be distinguished. A swarmlike scintillation prevents you from seizing any forms; then soon the pupil grows accustomed to the

dazzle and chases the black butterflies that flutter before it as after looking at the sun; from one end to the other, it embraces this gigantic hall all in marble and white stucco, the polished walls of which shine like the jaspers and porphyries in the Babylonian architecture of Martin's engravings, vaguely reflecting lights and objects.

The kaleidoscope, with its falling apart of coloured particles that ceaselessly re-form in new figures; or the chromatrope, with its expansions and contractions, where a painting becomes a flower, then changes its petals for the points of a crown, and ends by whirling into a sun, passing from a ruby to an emerald, from a topaz to an amethyst around a diamond centre, can alone, thousands of times enlarged, give an idea of this moving parterre of gold, precious stones, and flowers, changing its glittering arabesques by means of its perpetual agitation.

At the entrance of the imperial family, this moving effulgence came to rest, and you could distinguish faces and persons across the subdued scintillation.

In Russia, the court balls open with what is called a polonaise: this is not a dance, but a sort of a parade, a procession, a *torch-march*. Those who take part in it divide in such a way as to leave in the centre of the ball-room a sort of avenue of which they form the hedges. When everybody is in place, the orchestra plays an air in a majestic and slow rhythm, and the promenade begins; it is led by the Emperor, who gives his hand to a princess, or a lady whom he wishes to honour.

Behind the imperial family, come the high officers of the

army and palace, the grand dignitaries each giving a hand to a lady.

The procession continues to march and is recruited on the way : a gentleman leaves the hedge and offers his hand to a lady placed opposite to him, and this new couple joins the others and takes its place in the line, with rhythmic steps slowing up or accelerating according to the movement of the head. It cannot be an easy thing to march thus, holding merely by the finger-tips under the fire of a thousand readily ironical glances : the least *gaucherie* of countenance, the slightest awkwardness with the feet, an almost imperceptible fault in the time would be noticed. Military habits help many of the men, but how difficult for the women ! The majority of them acquit themselves admirably, and of more than one of them you could say : *Et vera incessu patuit dea !* They pass along lightly beneath their plumes, their flowers, and their diamonds, modestly lowering their eyes or letting them wander with an air of perfect innocence, manœuvring their waves of silk and lace with a movement of the body or a little stroke of the heel, refreshing themselves with a flutter of the fan, as much at ease as if they were walking in the solitary avenue of a park.

More than one great actress has never learnt how to move in so noble, graceful and simple a manner while the world is gazing at her.

When the polonaise has traversed the salon and the gallery, the ball begins. The dances have nothing characteristic in them ; they are quadrilles, waltzes, and redowas

as in Paris, London, Madrid, Vienna, and everywhere else in the fashionable world; except, however, the mazourka which is danced at St. Petersburg with a perfection and elegance unknown elsewhere. Local customs are everywhere disappearing and first of all they desert the upper ranks of society. To find them anew, one must withdraw from the centres of civilization and descend to the depths of the people!

The general effect, however, was charming: the dance formed amid the splendid crowd which arranged itself symmetrically to make room for it; the whirl of the waltz distended the robes like the skirts of whirling dervishes, and the rapid motion lengthened out the strings of diamonds and the swords of gold and silver in serpentine gleams like flashes of lightning; and the little gloved hands resting on the epaulettes of the waltzers looked like white camellias in vases of massive gold.

After an hour or two of bird's eye observation, the eye transported itself beneath the arches of another hall through mysterious and labyrinth-like passages, where the distant sounds of the orchestra and the *fête* died away in indistinct murmurings. A comparative darkness reigned in this enormous hall: it was here that the supper was to take place. Many cathedrals are less vast. In the background, through the shadows, the white lines of the tables were outlined; in the corners vaguely glimmered gigantic blocks of indistinct *orfèvrerie* sharply spangled flashing back a ray coming I know not whence: these were the sideboards. A velvet platform revealed steps leading to a table formed like

a horseshoe. In silent activity came and went lackeys in full livery, major-domos, and gastronomic officials, putting the last touch to the viands. A few stray lights spotted this dark background, like sparks upon burning paper.

However, innumerable candles filled the chandeliers and followed the cordons of the friezes and the outlines of the arcades. They sprang up white from their bunched candelabra like pistils in the calixes of flowers, but not the slightest luminous star trembled at their tips. One might have called them frozen stalactites; and already was heard, like the rush of overflowing waters, the heavy sound of the approaching throng.—The Emperor appeared at the threshold: it was like a *fiat lux*. A subtle flame ran from one candle to another, as quick as lightning: everything became illuminated at a single stroke and a flood of light suddenly filled the immense hall, aglow as if by magic. This sudden transition from penumbra to the most brilliant light was truly fairy-like. In our prosaic century every wonder must be explained: threads of gun-cotton connected all the wicks soaked with an inflammable essence, and a light applied in seven or eight places, propagated itself instantly. With gas-lights lowered and raised one could produce an analogous effect; but gas, as we know, is not used at the Winter Palace. They burn nothing but candles of the purest wax. It is in Russia only that the bees now contribute to illumination. The Empress took her place with several personages of high distinction upon the platform where stood the horseshoe table. Behind her gilt arm-chair unfolded, like a gigantic floral firework, an

immense sheaf of white and pink camellias piled against the marble wall. Twelve negroes of large size chosen from among the best specimens of the African race, dressed *à la mameluk*,—a white turban twisted and rolled, a green round jacket with golden coins, full trousers of red held by a belt of cashmire, the whole braided and embroidered on all the seams, descended and mounted the steps of the platform, handing the plates to the lackeys or taking them from their hands with movements full of the grace and dignity peculiar to Eastern races, although their employment was servile. These Orientals having forgotten Desdemona, did their duties with a majestic air and gave to this European *fête* an Asiatic *cachet* in the best taste.

Without being shown to their places, the invited guests placed themselves at the tables intended for them. Rich *épergnes*, silvered and gilt, representing groups of figures, or flowers, or mythological or fantastical ornaments, garnished the centres; and candelabra alternated with pyramids of fruits and set pieces. Regarded from a height, the brilliant symmetry of the crystals and porcelains, the silver and the flowers, was understood better than from below. A double row of women's necks glittering with diamonds, and framed in lace, ranged the whole length of the table-cloths, disclosing their beauties to the invisible eye, whose glance could also wander among the flowers, the leaves, the feathers, and the jewels.

The Emperor visited the tables, addressing a few words to those he wished to distinguish, sitting down sometimes and moistening his lips with a glass of champagne, then

withdrawing to do the same elsewhere. These stops of a few moments are considered a great mark of favour.

After supper, the dances were resumed; but the night was drawing on. It was time to leave; the *fête* could only repeat itself, and for a purely ocular enjoyment it no longer offered the same interest. The sleigh that had crossed the square to stop at a little door in the alley separating the Winter Palace from the Hermitage, reappeared, making its way to the side of St. Isaac's Church, and bringing a *pelisse* and a fur cap which completely covered the face. As if the sky wished to rival the splendours of the earth, an aurora borealis threw into the night its polar fireworks with rockets of silver, gold, purple, and mother-of-pearl, extinguishing the stars with its phosphorescent irradiations.

FONTAINEBLEAU

GRANT ALLEN

WHAT Versailles is to the Augustan age of Louis Quatorze, that and more is Fontainebleau to the French Renaissance. As the Palace in the Marsh reflects and preserves for us the glories of the Grand Monarch, so the Palace in the Forest reflects and preserves for us the glories of the gay and splendour-loving kings from François Premier to Henri Quatre. It embodies in itself at a single glance what may fairly be called the age of the Medici in France, and shows us at one *coup d'œil* the entire history and development of Renaissance architecture among the French people. Its great halls and long galleries are replete to this day with memories of the giddy butterfly throng which crowded the court of "the kings who amused themselves."

From a very early period, a Château of the French kings occupied the site of the existing palace. But of this building not a single relic now shows externally in any part of the façade, with the solitary exception of one mediæval turret, assigned to Saint Louis, and still adjoining the Cour Ovale of the modern palace. The origin of the first Château was simple and natural enough. It existed as a hunting tower in the midst of a royal forest. In our own day, that wild woodland region with its strange sandstone rocks and deep parallel valleys envisages itself to most of

us as a mere appanage of the great mansion which skirts its fringe. But, in reality, it is the forest, of course, which created the palace, and not the palace which created the forest. Some thirty and five miles south-east of Paris, the Seine bends round and partly traverses a remarkable district of long sandy ridges, tilted up at an angle as the last subsiding ripple of that great secular earth-wave which produced through slow ages the elevation of the central European axis in the Alpine region. From time immemorial, this light and somewhat sterile soil has been covered by a thick growth of native oaks and beeches. The maritime pines and Riga spruces, indeed, which add so greatly to the picturesque effect of the woodland at the present day, are but recent introductions from the Mediterranean and Baltic shore; and the whole forest as we now know it, has been trimmed and dressed by the obtrusive art of the modern planter, out of all similitude to its antique self. But the deciduous trees are for the most part indigenous; and the few stags and wild boars still carefully preserved by the game-keepers of the Republic represent the descendants of a far wilder fauna which Merwing and Carling may well have hunted a dozen centuries since under the spreading boughs of those ancient oaks that bear to-day the quaint names of Pharamond and of Charlemagne.

The original Château, of which St. Louis's bed-chamber forms the chief remaining portion, was probably founded under Louis VII. in the Twelfth Century. The Chapel of Saint Saturnin, the first predecessor of the existing church, has for Englishmen indeed a special interest from



FONTAINEBLEAU, FRANCE.

the fact that it was consecrated by Thomas à Becket during his period of exile from the anger of Henry at the French Court. The Château was a favourite residence of the saintly Louis IX. whose name still clings to the arcade of the Cour Ovale, though scarcely a trace of his buildings has survived the complete reconstruction of the exterior front under François Premier. The Fontainebleau of those days, in fact, was a feudal castle of the frowning type with which we are all so familiar along the banks of the Loire or among the dales of Normandy. Nothing could be more different than its gloomy turrets, its narrow windows, its airless halls, and its mediæval tortuousness, from the light, the space, the air, the brightness of its Renaissance successor.

At last, however, François I. came. By his time, the character of the French monarchy — the character of the French nation — had undergone a complete and lasting change. Louis Onze had done his cruel work both wisely and well. The feudal spirit was half broken; the task of Richelieu was more than half begun. Unification and absolutism were the order of the day all over Europe. Artillery had destroyed the power of the great nobles in their massive castles. The introduction of gunpowder, it has been well said, ruined feudalism. Fortresses which had been impregnable against the attacks of the Middle Ages, crumbled to pieces before one volley of the royal cannon. Throughout Europe, the crown became everywhere irresistible. As a natural result of this great social revolution, a Renaissance in architecture became inevi-

table in the west, the kings and rulers of France and England exchanged the gloomy darkness of the mediæval stronghold for the light and air and spaciousness of the Italian mansion. The merchant republics of Italy were already familiar with great princely palaces like the Pitti, and the Strozzi, or the magnificent mansions which line the long curve of the Grand Canal. Peace under the strong hand of the royal despot, were he Valois or Tudor, made the imitation of these great houses possible in the north and west. Threatening walls and serried battlements gave way as if by magic to the pomp and grace of the Italianate mansion. Knowle and Longleet, Burleigh and Hatfield, Hardwick and Audley End, are familiar instances in England of the newer style. The high roofed gables, the long lines of wide windows, the jutting oriels that look down on the terraced Italian gardens, the vases and fountains, the formal walks and parterres, all mark the arrival of a new epoch. The mediæval castle was in essence a fortress adapted mainly for defence; the Italian mansion is in essence a residence, adapted mainly for the display of magnificence and wealth.

In France, this great revolution goes directly back to the influence of the Medici. François Premier began the Louvre and began Fontainebleau. With Louis XIII., the son of a Medici mother, both were practically complete. The long succession of high Mansard roofs and connecting galleries marks the very spirit and ideal of the French Renaissance—its splendour, its grandeur, its vastness of aim, its want of picturesque feeling, its love of the

magnificent, its contempt of the simple, the natural, the merely beautiful. Imposing Fontainebleau extorts one's admiration, it never attracts one's love.

The nucleus of the existing building thus dates back practically to the gay days of François Premier. It was he who rebuilt the chapel of Saint Saturnin, and erected that magnificent pile of the Porte Dorée, whose lavish display of glass in its broad-bayed windows looks like a modern protest against the loopholes and embrasures of the Middle Ages. It was he, too, who began the great Galerie des Fêtes, afterwards completed by Henri II., whose name it now bears, as well as the Galerie d'Ulysse, pulled down at a later date by Louis XV., to make room for the too numerous ladies of his Sybaritic court. It is to François equally that we owe the Cour Ovale, and the splendid Porte Dauphine or Baptistery, which serves as its gateway. The initial *F*, so familiar to all of us on the exquisite façade of the oldest portion of the Louvre, reappears in many places on the gallery of the Cour de la Fontaine. The only part of the gardens, recalling the Boboli or the villas of Florence, which can with certainty be ascribed to this earliest date, is that known as the Orangerie and the Parterre du Tibre. But the grotto of what is now the Jardin Anglais was built by François as a Salle de Bain for his favourite, the Duchesse d'Étampes. Nothing now remains of that voluptuous retreat except the satyrs of the doorway and some torsos of rough sandstone worn out of all semblance of human limbs and muscles, and relegated to a place in the existing stables.

As yet, however, the artistic impulse came entirely from Italy. Serlio, the architect, superintended the design; painters and sculptors from beyond the Alps contributed the decorations. French art in those days was still feeble and nascent. Florence sent Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto to the new palace at Fontainebleau; the rising school of Primaticcio and Niccolo dell' Abbate, whose artistic existence almost sums itself up in the work they performed here. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the pupils of Giulio Romano produced the profoundest effects upon the French Renaissance, and influenced every work of art of the entire period from the gallery of François Premier to the Rubens's in the Louvre.

The F. and the Salamander of the founder of the palace are to be found abundantly on many portions of his magnificent erection. But the finest hall of all, the Salle des Fêtes, bears now the name of Galerie de Henri II., though built by François, because Henri decorated it in the garish taste of the time to meet the wishes of his mistress, Diane de Poitiers. This hall still remains the glory of Fontainebleau. Ninety feet long by thirty broad, and profusely decorated, it speaks in every part the taste of that gay and fantastic epoch. Ten colossal round arches form the bays of the windows; five give upon the parterre, and five on the Cour Ovale. The ornate ceiling is divided into octagonal panels, richly wrought in architrave, frieze, and cornice, and bearing in relief the intertwined initials of Henri himself and of the frail Diane. Primaticcio and Niccolo supplied the frescoes; nameless Italian artists moulded the

stucco fretwork. The parquetry of the floor vies with the roof in magnificence. This gorgeous apartment may well recall the rooms of the gods in the Pitti Palace, and is only surpassed in elaborate over-ornamentation and profuseness of handicraft by the gaudy Galerie d'Apollon in the Louvre.

When Henri II. died, mortally wounded in a tournament in the Palace Courts, many things fell with him—tournaments themselves amongst others, and mediævalism in France, and Diane de Poitiers. Catherine de' Medici sent the favourite packing to her Château d'Anet, and bore rule herself in her stead in the half completed palace. The new king, François II., was a true son of Fontainebleau. Here he was born in 1543, and here, a boy of seventeen, he married Mary Stuart, whom he left a girl-widow so shortly after, to exchange the luxurious joys of Fontainebleau for the cramped closets of Holyrood and the austerities of John Knox and his brother Calvinists. Under Charles IX., the work still went forward as before, and Primaticcio in his old age painted the frescoes of the Galerie d'Ulysse, afterwards ruthlessly destroyed under Louis XV.

Beyond being born in the palace, Henri III. contributed as little to the history of Fontainebleau as to that of his dominions generally. But Henri IV. left no small mark of his masterful hand on the great growing pile whose overgrown area he well-nigh doubled. The Cour des Offices, the Cour des Princes, the Galerie de Diane, the balustrades in the Fountain Court, the decorations in the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, the park with its grand canal and its or-

namental waters, all date from the days of the greatest of the Bourbons. But the French Renaissance was not at its zenith. Married though he was to an Italian princess, Henri entrusted his work for the most part to native workmen. Paul Bril and Ambroise Dubois painted and decorated the greater part of the new halls ; the heads of Mercury, in the courtyard which still bears the name of Henri Quatre are from the chisel of a later French sculptor, Gilles Guérin ; while the simple but noble doorway which opens upon the Place d'Armes is the work of a local architect, François Jamin of Avon.

It was at Fontainebleau that Marie de'Medici gave birth to Louis XIII., who was baptized with his sisters under the quaint and ornate cupola of the Porte Dauphine, known ever since from that cause by the name of the Baptistery. To this one of its sons the palace owes its latest main additions. He it was who built the handsome horse-shoe staircase in the Cour des Adieux, the masterpiece of Lemercier. With that addition, the history of Fontainebleau practically ends. Events of importance in the annals of France took place there later ; but they are not events in the annals of Fontainebleau. The great pile as we know it was then really complete ; it remains to us a vast museum of Renaissance art and Renaissance feeling. Subsequent ages have destroyed, or restored, or renovated, or tampered with it, but they have not added to it, and the reason is clear. Louis Quatorze created Versailles ; and the rise of Versailles was the downfall of Fontainebleau.

Some few landmarks of its subsequent vicissitudes, how-

ever, are well known to most of us. Louis Quatorze gilded it up, of course—what did not Louis gild? Le Notre laid out the gardens—where did not Le Notre spread his devastating gravel? Henrietta Maria of England took refuge here among her own people when Charles had lost his head; Christina of Sweden had made use of its hospitality as a capital opportunity to murder Monaldeschi. Few buildings, indeed, have seen so many historic events; for here Louis Quatorze signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes which deprived France at one blow of a million of citizens; here Condé died; here James II. consoled himself with the consolations of a heavenly crown for the loss of an earthly one; and here Peter of Muscovy got royally drunk after his wont with all his suite, and indulged in Russian horse-play in the ponds and gardens. Under Louis Quinze, of funest memory, the decadence began; but still, as of old, princes feasted and drank, married and were given in marriage, under the high roofs of the palace. The king himself was united here to Maria Leczinska. But the earthquake was at hand, for Voltaire came to stay, and Jean Jacques Rousseau heard the court applaud his *Devin du Village*. Louis Seize, good honest man, came often to hunt, but the Revolution came too and gutted the Palace. During Napoleon's wars, it served as a barrack for prisoners. When Monarchy revived, Napoleon spent ten millions of francs in restoring and refurnishing it. Later on he used it as a prison for his spiritual father, Pius the Seventh; here he divorced Josephine, and here he lived with Marie Louise of Austria. Here too he signed his

famous abdication, and reviewed a year later, in the self-same court, the grenadiers of the Hundred Days who bore him back to the Tuileries. There its memories end. What need to speak of lesser things that have happened since, and obscure the recollection of those great days in its history ?

THE RICCARDI PALACE

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THE Riccardi Palace was built by Cosmo the Elder, whom his country turned out twice as a beginning and ended by calling him its father.

Cosmo arrived at one of those happy epochs at which everything in a nation tends to expand at once, and a man of genius has every facility for being great. In fact, the brilliant era of the republic had arrived with him: the arts were making their appearance on every side. Brunelleschi was building his churches, Donatello was carving his statues and Orcagna his porticos, Masaccio was covering the walls with his frescoes, and finally public prosperity, keeping pace with the progress of the arts, rendered Tuscany, situated between Lombardy, the States of the Church and the Venetian Republic, not only the most powerful but also the happiest in Italy.

Cosmo was born to immense wealth which he had almost doubled, and without being anything more than a citizen he had acquired a strange influence. Being outside the government, he made no attacks upon it, but neither did he flatter it. If the government followed the right path it was sure of his praise, if it departed from the right way it did not escape his blame; and the praise or blame of Cosmo the Elder was of supreme importance, for his weight, his wealth and his clients gave to Cosmo the rank of a public

man. He was not yet the head of the government, but he was already more than that;—he was its censor.

Thus we can understand what a tempest must be secretly brewing for such a man. Cosmo heard it muttering and saw it coming; but, entirely occupied with the vast works that concealed his great projects, he did not even turn his head towards the rising storm, but finished the chapel of St. Lorenzo, built the church of the Dominican convent of St. Mark, erected the monastery of S. Frediano, and, finally, laid the foundations of the beautiful Palace of the Via Larga, now called the Riccardi Palace. Only, when his enemies threatened him too openly, since the time for struggle had not yet arrived for him, he left Florence and went to Bugallo, the cradle of his race, to build the convents of Bosco and St. Francis; returned under the pretext of having a look at his novitiate chapel of the Fathers of the Holy Cross and of the Camandule Convent of the Angels; then again departed to press forward the work on his villas of Careggi, Caffaggio, Fiesole and Tribbio; and founded a hospital for poor pilgrims at Jerusalem. This being done, he returned to see in what condition the affairs of the republic were, and to look after his palace of the Via Larga.

And all these immense buildings arose from the ground at once, occupying a whole world of labourers, workmen and architects; and five million crowns were spent upon them without the luxurious citizen's appearing in the slightest degree impoverished by this constant and royal expenditure.



THE RICCARDI PALACE, ITALY.

This was because Cosmo was, in fact, wealthier than many of the kings of the day, his father Giovanni had possessed nearly four millions in cash and eight or ten in paper, and by banking operations he had more than quintupled that sum. In various parts of Europe, he had sixteen active banking-houses either in his own name or in those of his agents. In Florence, everybody was in his debt, for his purse was open to all, and this generosity was in some people's eyes so clearly the result of calculation that it was asserted that it was his custom to advise war so as to force the ruined citizens to have recourse to him.

But it was a protracted struggle: Cosmo, driven from Florence, left as a proscribed man and returned a triumpher. Thenceforward Cosmo adopted that policy that his grandson Lorenzo followed afterwards: he devoted himself to his commerce, his exchanges and his monuments, leaving his vengeance to the care of his partisans who were then in power. The proscriptions were so long and the executions so numerous that one of his most intimate and faithful friends thought he ought to go and tell him that he was depopulating the city. Cosmo raised his eyes from an exchange calculation on which he was engaged, laid his hand on the shoulder of the messenger of mercy, gazed at him fixedly and said with an imperceptible smile: "I would rather depopulate than lose it." And then the inflexible arithmetician returned to his work.

Thus he grew old; rich and honoured, but struck by the hand of God within his own family. By his wife he had had several children, only one of whom survived him.

Therefore, broken down and impotent, when he had himself carried through the vast halls of his immense palace to inspect the sculptures, gilding, and frescoes, he sadly shook his head and said : " Alas ! alas ! this is a very large house for such a small family ! "

In fact, he left, as sole heir to his name, his possessions, and his power, Pietro de'Medici, who, coming between Cosmo the Father of his Country and Lorenzo the Magnificent, obtained as his only surname that of Pietro the Gouty.

The refuge of the Greek savants driven from Constantinople, the cradle of the renaissance of the arts during the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth Century, and now the seat of the meetings of the Della Crusca Academy, the Riccardi Palace was successively occupied by Pietro the Gouty and by Lorenzo the Magnificent who retired thither after the Pazzi conspiracy as his grandfather had done after his exile. Lorenzo bequeathed the palace with his immense collection of precious stones, antique cameos, splendid armour and original manuscripts to his son Pietro who deserved the title not of Pietro the Gouty, but Pietro the Mad.

It was the latter who opened the gates of Florence to Charles VIII. and delivered to him the keys of Sarzane, Pietra-Santa, Pisa, Libbra-Fatta, and Livorno, and who undertook to make the Republic pay him as a subsidy the sum of two hundred thousand florins.

Besides this, in his palace of Via Larga he offered a hospitality that the King of France was quite disposed to take even if it had not been offered. In fact, as everybody knows, Charles VIII. entered Florence as a conqueror and

not as an ally, mounted on his battle-horse, with lance in rest and visor lowered: thus he traversed the whole city from the San Friano gate to Pietro's palace, the latter and his followers having been driven from the city by the Florentine lords the day before.

The Riccardi Palace was the scene of the discussion of the treaty concluded by Charles VIII. and Pietro in the name of the republic,—a treaty that the republic was unwilling to recognize. Matters went to extremes and the parties were on the verge of taking up arms, for the deputies having been introduced into this great hall in the presence of Charles VIII. who received them seated and without removing his hat, the royal secretary, standing beside the throne, began to read the conditions of this treaty article by article, and as each new article created fresh discussion, Charles VIII. impatiently exclaimed: "It shall be so, however, or I will have my trumpets sounded!" "Very well," replied Pietro Capponi, the Secretary of the Republic, snatching the parchment from the hands of the reader and tearing it to pieces, "very well, Sire, have your trumpets sounded and we will have our bells rung!"

That rejoinder saved Florence. The King of France believed that the Republic was as powerful as she was proud. Pietro Capponi had already dashed out of the room: Charles had him called back and then presented other conditions that were accepted.

Eleven days later, the King left Florence for Naples, letting his soldiers devastate treasures, galleries, collections and libraries.

The Riccardi Palace remained empty for eighteen years, while the exile of the Medicis lasted; at length, at the end of that period, they returned, brought back by the Spaniards, and notwithstanding this powerful aid, they re-entered, said the capitulation, not as princes, but as simple citizens.

But at length the gigantic trunk had put forth such mighty branches that its sap began to dry up and the tree gradually to wither. In fact, when Lorenzo II. was dead and laid in his tomb that was sculptured by Michelangelo, only three bastards remained of all the race of Cosmo the Elder: Hippolyte, bastard of Julian II., a cardinal; Julio, bastard of Julio the Elder who had been assassinated by the Pazzi, who became Pope under the name of Clement VII.; and finally Alexander, Duke of Tuscany, bastard of Julian II., or Clement VII., it is not clear which. As they stayed all once for an instant in Florence, lodging on the same square, it received the mocking name of the Square of the Three Mules.

To the same degree that the Medicis of the elder branch had at first been held in honour, so it had become execrated and fallen into contempt at this period. Therefore the Florentines only awaited an opportunity to drive Alexander and Hippolyte out of Florence; but their uncle Clement VII. on the pontifical throne afforded them too potent a support for the last remnants of the republican party to dare to undertake anything against them.

The sack of Rome by the soldiers of the Constable of Bourbon, and the imprisonment of the Pope in the Castle

of St. Angelo afforded the Florentines the opportunity they awaited. They immediately seized it, and the Medicis went into exile for the third time. Clement VII. who was a man of much resource, extricated himself from the affair by selling seven cardinals' hats, with the proceeds of which he paid part of his ransom, and by pledging five more as guarantee for the remainder. Then, as on account of this guarantee he was allowed a little more liberty, he took advantage of it to escape from Rome disguised as a valet, and gained Orvieto. The Florentines were therefore quite tranquil as to the future on seeing Charles the Fifth a conqueror and the Pope a fugitive.

Unfortunately, Charles the Fifth had been elected Emperor in 1519, and he needed to be crowned. Interest thus brought together those whom it had separated. Clement VII. undertook to crown Charles the Fifth; and the latter promised to capture Florence and to make it the dowry of his natural daughter, Margaret of Austria, who was affianced to Alexander.

The two promises were religiously kept. Charles the Fifth was crowned at Bologna, for in his new tenderness for the Pope he did not want to see the ravage done by his troops in the holy city; and after a terrible siege in which Florence was defended by Michelangelo and capitulated by Malatesta, July 30, 1531, Alexander made his solemn entry into the future capital of his duchy.

Alexander had almost all the vices of his epoch and very few of the virtues of his race. The son of a Moorish woman, he had inherited ardent passions. Constant in

hatred and inconstant in love, he tried to have Pietro Strozzi assassinated and caused his cousin, Cardinal Hippolyte to be poisoned.

Therefore, there were numerous conspiracies against him during his reign of six years.

Pietro Strozzi placed an immense sum in the hands of a Dominican friar of Naples, who was said to have great influence with Charles the Fifth, to induce him to get Charles the Fifth to restore liberty to Florence. Jean Baptiste Cibo, Archbishop of Marseilles, tried to profit from Alexander's amour with his brother's wife, who was separated from her husband and lived in the Pazzi palace, by having him slain one day when he should come to see her in that palace; and since he knew that Alexander usually wore beneath his clothes a coat of mail so marvellously made that it was proof against sword and dagger, he had a chest, upon which the duke was accustomed to sit when he came to visit the marquise, filled with powder, and this was to be exploded. But this conspiracy was discovered, as well as all others that followed with one exception. In the latter case, success was due to the fact that there was only one conspirator who accomplished everything for himself. That conspirator was Lorenzo de' Medici, the eldest scion of that younger branch that sprang from the paternal trunk with Lorenzo, the next brother of Cosmo the Father of his country.

Lorenzo was born in Florence, March 25, 1514, of Pietro Francisco de' Medici, a double nephew of Lorenzo, Cosmo's brother, and Maria Soderini, a woman of exemplary goodness and recognized prudence.

Lorenzo lost his father early, and, as he was scarcely nine years of age, his first instruction was given under his mother's supervision. But as the child learned with great facility, this education was very soon ended, and he left this female tutelage for that of Philippe Strozzi, where his strange character developed. He was a strange medley of mockery, restlessness, desire, suspicion, impiety, humility and pride; whence it resulted that, unless he had motives to conceal, his most intimate friends never saw him twice in the same mood. He was one of those hermaphrodite beings that capricious Nature produces in her periods of dissolution.

It was in a house adjoining the Riccardi Palace that Lorenzo, aided by the Spadassin Scoronconcolo, poniarded Duke Alexander, the natural brother of Catherine de' Medici, first Duke of Florence and last descendant of Cosmo the Father of the Country, for Pope Clement VII. had died in 1534 and Cardinal Hippolyte in 1535; and on his assassination a singular thing was noticed, namely the six-fold combination of the number six. Alexander was assassinated in the year 1536, at the age of twenty-six, on the 6th day of January, at six o'clock at night, with six wounds, after having reigned six years.

The house in which he was assassinated was situated on the spot where the stables now stand.

The proverb of the evangelist: "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword" was applied to Lorenzo in its rigorous exactitude. Lorenzo, who had slain with the poignard, died by the poignard in Venice about

the year 1557 without any one knowing for certain what hand struck the blow; it was only remembered that when Cosmo the First mounted the throne he swore not to leave the murder of Duke Alexander unpunished.

The murderer of Alexander was the last important event that happened in this beautiful palace. Abandoned by Cosmo I. in 1540, when he resolved to live in the Palazzo Vecchio, it was sold to the Riccardi family, whose name it has kept, although I believe it came again into the possession of the Medicis under the reign of Ferdinand II.

To-day the famous Della Crusca Academy holds its sessions there: there they sift adverbs and shell participles, as our good and witty Charles Nodier says.

It is not so poetic, but it is more moral.

RABY CASTLE

WILLIAM HOWITT

AS we proceed towards Barnard Castle, we suddenly come into view of the Castle of Raby. The road brings us within a few hundred yards of it. Its grey extent of towers rises before us, with its park, well peopled with herds of deer, stretching around it. Comparatively flat again as is the situation, and which would seem to have been better liked by the Nevilles than more hilly and romantic ones, there is nothing that we recollect to have seen anywhere which impresses us at the first view with a stronger feeling of the old feudal grandeur. It stands in its antiquity and vastness, the fitting abode of the mighty Nevilles. We can almost imagine that we shall find them still inhabiting it. The royal Joan, walking with her maidens on the green terrace that surrounds it, or the first great Earl of Westmoreland setting out with all his train, to scour its wide chases and dales for the deer, or to proceed to the Marches to chastise the boldness of the Scots. The exterior of the whole place has been well preserved in its true ancient character; it is the great, grey, and stately feudal castle,

“ With all its lands and towers.”

Pennant, when he visited it, had a proper feeling of its exterior. “It is a noble massy building of its kind, unin-

jured by any modern strokes inconsistent with the general taste of the edifice ; but, simply magnificent, it strikes by its magnitude, and that idea of strength and command naturally annexed to the view of vast walls, lofty towers, battlements, and the surrounding outworks of an old baron's residence. The building itself, besides the courts, covers an acre of land ; the size may from this be concluded. The south front is very beautiful ; the centre is from a design of Inigo Jones ; nothing in the Gothic taste can be more elegant than the style and proportion of the windows. The rooms are very numerous, and more modern in their proportion and distribution than one would easily conceive to be possible within the walls of so ancient a building ; but by means of numerous passages and closets, many of which have been scooped out of the walls, and back-stairs, the apartments are extremely convenient, well connected, and at the same time perfectly distinct. Several improvements have been lately made, which add greatly to the spaciousness and convenience of the apartments in general. The bed-chambers and dressing-rooms are of a good size and proportion, and some of the lower apartments large, and elegantly fitted up. One of the drawing-rooms is thirty feet by twenty, and the adjoining dining-room is fifty-one by twenty-one ; the windows of both of plate glass, and in the smallest and lightest of brass frames," etc.

It is, in fact, this complete adaptation to modern uses and splendour, which disappoints one in the interior of Raby. The exterior is so fine, so feudal, so antiquely great, that when we step in and find ourselves at once in modern



RABY CASTLE, ENGLAND.

drawing-rooms, with silken couches and gilt cornices, the Nevilles and their times vanish. We forget again that we are at Raby, the Castle of the victims of Neville's Cross, and of Joan, the daughter of John of Gaunt, and feel that we are only in the saloons of the modern Duke of Cleveland. We revert to the quaint description of Leland, and wish that we could see it as he did. "Raby is the largest castel of logginges in all the north countrey, and is of a strong building; but not set either on hill, or very strong ground. As I enterid by a causey into it, there was a litle stayre on the right honde; and in the first area, were but two towers on a ech ende as entres, and no other buildid. In the 2 area, as in entring was a great gate of iren, with a tour, and 2 or 3 mo on the right hond. These were all the three toures of the 3 court, as in the hart of the castel. The haul and al the houses of office be large and stately, and in the haul I saw an incredible great leame of an hart. The great chambre was exceeding large, but now it is fals rofid, and divided into 2 or 3 partes. I saw ther a litle chambre wherein was in windowes of colorid glasse al the petigre of the Nevilles; but it is now taken down and glased with clere glasse. Ther is a tour in the castel having the mark of 2 capital Bs for Bertram Bulmer. Ther is another towr bering the name of Jane, bastard sister to Henry IV., and wife to Rafe Neville, the first Erl of Westmerland. Ther 'long 3 parkes to Raby, whereof 2 be plenished with dere. The midle park hath a lodge in it; and thereby is a chace, bering the name of Langeley, and hath fallowe dere. It is a 3 miles in length."

It is, in fact, these old towers; these old courts; this

great baronial hall, and the kitchen, that are objects of real interest in Raby; remnants of its antiquity, the contemporaries of those who stamped them with the feeling of belonging to them and their fortunes. The Cliffords' tower, and the tower of Bertram Bulmer, let us ascend to them, and gaze over the parks and glades of Raby, to the far distant scenes that once formed the princely possessions of the Nevilles. Near the top of this tower, which stands separated from the rest of the building, and to which you ascend by eighty-nine steps, are raised those old letters, the initials of Bertram Bulmer, mentioned by Leland, and a splendid prospect south eastward lies before you. Conscliff, Darlington, Sadberge, Long-Newton, Stockton, with the Cleveland Hills and "Black" Hamilton. From other points of the castle you catch equally noble and far views—the distant mountains of Hope and Arkendale, and westward the vale filled with the woods of Streatlam and Lady Close.

Carriages can pass through the large Gothic saloon, or entrance hall into the interior court. Above the saloon is the old baronial hall, which forms one side of the square of the inner area. It is of the most magnificent proportions—ninety feet in length, thirty-six in breadth, and thirty-four in height. The roof is flat and made of wood; the joints ornamented with shields of arms of the family of the Nevilles. Here, it is said, assembled in their time, 700 knights who held of that family. A gallery of stone crosses the west end of this room used in ancient times for music, and that mimicry with which our ancestors were so

much pleased. Unfortunately, here again our notions of the old times are completely disturbed. This roof, which no doubt is of real oak, is now smartly painted oak ; and this hall, which should only display massy furniture, suits of armour, and arms and banners properly disposed, is converted into a museum of stuffed birds, Indian dresses, and a heap of things which may be better and more numerous seen elsewhere. In fact, any ordinary room of this many-roomed castle might have served this need. The kitchen, however, remains in all its huge and unalloyed antiquity. "It is," says Pennant, "a magnificent and lofty square ; has three chimneys—one for the grate, a second for stoves, the third for the great cauldrons. The top is arched, and a small cupola lights it in the centre ; but on the sides are five windows, with a gallery passing all round before them, and four steps from each pointing down into the kitchen, but ending a great height above the floor. There have been many conjectures respecting their use, but they certainly must have been in some manner for the conveying away of viands. From the floor is another staircase, that conducts to the great hall, but the passage is now stopped. What hecatombs must have been carried that way !" To this account must be added, that the kitchen is a square of thirty feet ; the side where no chimney is, opens into the larders ; opposite to the grate, the steps descend to the floor, and are wide enough for three persons abreast. On each of the other sides, to the right and left of the grate, are two windows, with five steps descending, but not low enough to enable the persons who should stand thereon to receive

anything from those in the kitchen. There are narrow passages channeled in the walls, but not capacious enough, we conceive, to allow a person to bear a dish of provisions for the 700 knights and retainers of the Nevilles. Yet we may very well imagine, that in the hurry and confusion of such a dining, those windows and descending steps might be very serviceable for the delivery of orders, and the passages in the walls for enabling one bustling person to avoid another. Besides, they might have some contrivance by a pulley or so, to raise the dishes to the person on the steps. Be that as it may, the kitchen is a right ancient and singular relic of the genuine baronial time.

The park has many fine woods, glades, and lawns, and gives prospects of far beauty, but its aspect partakes of the character of the interior of the castle—newness. We are surprised to see so little timber bearing a relative antiquity to the castle. The trees are comparatively young. You see groups and plantations of a very modern date. The whole has the air rather of a place new made, than of one old as the days of Canute, who is said to have built some part of the original house. You do not see those old, grey, and gnarled oaks around you that you see in the forests of Sherwood, Needwood—Chartley and other parks. It seems as if some great revolution, as is the fact, has passed over it; and that in its days of change, the axe of the spoiler has laid low its ancient forests. The castle looks like a grey patriarch left amid a more juvenile race. Let us rejoice that the strong wall of the stout old Nevilles have defied the ravages of politics as well as of time, and that

future generations may see in them a fine example of what the habitation of the great old English noble was. For my part, I looked on the old house with eyes of affection. It had, through the beautiful ballad of the *Hermit of Warkworth*, been to me a dream of youthful poetry. I was carried back into the days when at school we chanted that lovely poem over, day by day, under sunny walls and in our walks, and even at night when we should have been asleep. There was in it a spirit so pure, so refined, so delicate, so full of beauty, of love, and of heroic magnanimity, that it mingled itself entirely with the pulses of our hearts, because our hearts were then like it in soul, in temperament, and in imaginative freedom. What dales of Northumberland—what mountains, and glens, and chieftains' towers of Scotland, did it not bring to our spirits' vision! With what eagerness did we follow the forlorn Sir Bertram and his brother, in their northern quest for the lost fair Isabel of Widrington. How did we weep over the catastrophe!—and when the young Earl Percy and his lovely bride, of the house of Neville, appeared for our comfort, how earnestly did we follow the venerable prior who, to propitiate the princely parents of Eleanor,

“Then straight to Raby's distant walls
Did kindly wend his way.”

And how many times did we clap our hands as we learnt that

“Meantime their suit such favour found
At Raby's stately hall;
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.

She, suppliant at her nephew's throne,
 The royal grace implored ;
 To all the honours of his race
 The Percy was restored ! ”

Mr. Surtees has written a ballad full of the true spirit of that composition, suggested by a scene in Raby Park—Langley Dale ; a beautiful dale and ancient chase, belonging to Raby Castle. An old tower, close by the park, is said to have been the residence of a mistress of the last Earl of Westmoreland. Mr. Surtees's ballad, however, rather connects itself with the general circumstances of “ The Rising of the North ” than with this particular incident, and, like “ The Flowers of the Forest,” perpetuates a natural and beautiful sentiment, which must have been deeply and long felt, on beholding Raby after that fatal event. With this poem we will close our visit to Raby.

LANGLEY DALE.

As I down Raby Park did pass,
 I heard a fair maid weep and wail,
 The chiefest of her song it was,
 Farewell the sweets of Langley Dale.

The bonny mavis cheers his love,
 The throstlecock sings in the glen;
 But I must never hope to rove
 Within the sweet Langley Dale again.

The wild-rose blushes in the brae,
 The primrose shows its blossom pale ;
 But I must bid adieu for aye,
 To all the joys of Langley Dale.

The days of mirth and peace are fled,
Youth's golden locks to silver turn ;
Each northern flowret droops its head
By Marwood Chase and Langley Burn.

False Southrons crop each lovely flower,
And throw their blossoms to the gale ;
Our foes have spoilt the sweetest bower —
Alas ! for bonny Langley Dale.

CASTEL DEL MONTE

EDWARD LEAR

TO the south, on a spur of the hills overlooking the maritime part of the province of Basilicata and Capitanata, stands Minervino, and thither we directed our course, over undulating green meadows which descend to the plain, and we arrived about an hour before sunset at the foot of the height on which the town is situated. Minervino enjoys a noble prospect northward, over the level of Cannæ to the bay and mountain of Gargano, at which distance the outspread breadth of plain is so beautifully delicate in its infinity of clear lines, as to resemble sea more than earth. The town is a large clean and thriving place, with several streets flanked by loggie, and altogether different in its appearance and in its population from Abruzzese or Calabrese towns. The repose, or to speak more plainly, the stagnation of the latter, contrasts very decidedly with these communities of Apulia—all bustle and animation—where well-paved streets, good houses, and strings of laden mules, proclaim an advance in commercial civilization.

We encountered in the street Don Vincenzino Todeschi, who on reading a letter of introduction, given to us for him by Signor Manassei, seemed to consider our dwelling with him as a matter of course, and shaking hands with us heartily, begged us to go to his house and use it as our own; he was busy then, but would join us at supper. . . .



CASTLE DEL MONTE, SICILY.

P—— and I are not a little perplexed as to what we shall do to-morrow, for, owing to time running short, we have but one day left ere we return towards Naples. Canosa (ancient Cannæ) and Castel del Monte, are the two points, either of which we could be content to reach, but as each demands a hard day's work, we finally resolve to divide them, P—— choosing Canosa, and I the old castle of Frederick Barbarossa, of which I had heard so much as one of the wonders of Apulia.

September 23.—Before daylight each of us set off on his separate journey on horseback,—P—— with the bulky Don Sebastiano to Canosa, I to the Castel del Monte, with a guardiano of Don Vincenzino's family. Oh me! what a day of fatigue and tiresome labour! Almost immediately on leaving Minervino we came to the dullest possible country,—elevated stony plains—weariest of barren undulations stretching in unbroken ugliness towards Altamura and Gravina. Much of this hideous tract is ploughed earth, and here and there we encountered a farm house with its fountain: no distant prospect ever relieves these dismal shrubless Murgie (for so is this part of the province of Bari called), and flights of “calendroni,” with a few skylarks above, and scattered crocuses below, alone vary the sameness of the journey. At length, after nearly five hours of slow riding, we came in sight of the castle, which was the object of my journey; it is built at the edge of these plains on one of the highest, but gradually rising eminences, and looks over a prospect perfectly amazing as to its immense extent and singular character. One vast pale

pink map, stretching to Monte Gargano, and the plains of Foggia, northward is at your feet; southward, Terra di Bari, and Terra di Otranto, fade into the horizon; and eastward, the boundary of this extensive level is always the blue Adriatic, along which, or near its shore, you see, as in a chart, all the maritime towns of Puglia in succession, from Barletta southward towards Brindisi.

The barren stony hill from which you behold all this extraordinary outspread of plain, has upon it one solitary and remarkable building, the great hunting palace, called Castel del Monte, erected in the Twelfth Century by the Emperor Barbarossa, or Frederick II. Its attractions at first sight are those of position and singularity of form, which is that of an octagon, with a tower on each of the eight corners. But to an architect, the beautiful masonry and exquisite detail of the edifice (although it was never completed, and has been robbed of its fine carved-work for the purpose of ornamenting churches on the plain), render it an object of the highest curiosity and interest.

The interior of this ancient building is also extremely striking; the inner court-yard and great Gothic Hall, invested with the sombre mystery of partial decay, the eight rooms above, the numerous windows, all would repay a long visit from any one to whom the details of such architecture are desiderata.

Confining myself to making drawings of the general appearance of this celebrated castle, I had hardly time to complete two careful sketches of it, when the day was so far advanced that my guardiano recommended a speedy re-

turn, and by the time I had overcome the five hours of stony "murgie" I confess to having thought that any thing less interesting than Castel del Monte would hardly have compensated for the day's labour. I reached Minervino at one hour of the night, and found P—— just arrived from his giro to Canosa.

While riding over the Murgie, slowly pacing over those stony hills, my guide indulged me with a legend of the old castle, which is worth recording, be it authentic or imaginary. The Emperor Frederick II., having resolved to build the magnificent residence on the site it now occupies, employed one of the first architects of the day to erect it; and during its progress despatched one of his courtiers to inspect the work, and to bring him a report of its character and appearance. The courtier set out; but on passing through Melfi, halted to rest at the house of a friend, where he became enamoured of a beautiful damsel, whose eyes caused him to forget Castel del Monte and his sovereign, and induced him to linger in the Norman city until a messenger arrived there charged by the Emperor to bring him immediately to the Court, then at Naples. At that period it was by no means probable that Barbarossa, engaged in different warlike schemes, would ever have leisure to visit his new castle, and the courtier, fearful of delay, resolved to hurry into the presence and risk a description of the building which he had not seen, rather than confess his neglect of duty. Accordingly he denounced the commencement of the Castel del Monte as a total failure, both as to beauty and utility, and the architect as an impostor; on hearing

which the Emperor sent immediately to the unfortunate builder, the messenger carrying an order for his disgrace, and a requisition for his instant appearance in the capital. "Suffer me to take leave of my wife and children," said the despairing architect, and shutting himself in one of the upper rooms, he forthwith destroyed his whole family and himself, rather than fall into the hands of a monarch notorious for his severity.

The tidings of this event was, however, brought to the Emperor's ears, and with characteristic impetuosity, he set off for Apulia directly, taking with him the first courtier-messenger, doubtless sufficiently ill at ease, from anticipations of the results about to follow his duplicity. What was Barbarossa's indignation at beholding one of the most beautiful buildings doomed, through the falsehood of his messenger, to remain incomplete, and polluted by the blood of his most skilful subject, and that of his innocent family !

Foaming with rage, he dragged the offender by the hair of his head to the top of the highest tower, and with his own hands threw him down as a sacrifice to the memory of the architect and his family, so cruelly and wantonly destroyed.

September 24.—Having risen before sunrise, the energetic and practical Don Vincenzino gave us coffee by the aid of a spirit lamp, and we passed some hours in drawing the town of Minervino, the sparkling lights and delicate grey tints of whose buildings blended charmingly with the vast pale rosy plains of Apulia in the far distance. At nine we returned to a substantial *déjeuner*, and at half-past ten took leave of our thoroughly hospitable and good-natured host.

CASTEL DEL MONTE

HENRY SWINBURNE

A MOST disagreeable stony road brought us to Ruvo, through a vine country. The pomegranate hedges in flower, and the holme oak loaded with kermes, enlivened the prospect, which otherwise would have been very dull. . . . I here quitted the Roman way, and rode fifteen miles westward to Castel del Monte. The country I traversed is open, uneven and dry. The castle is a landmark, and stands on the brow of a very high hill, the extremity of a ridge that branches out from the Apennine. The ascent to it is near half a mile long, and very steep; the view from its terrace most extensive. A vast reach of sea and plain on one side, and mountains on the other; not a city in the province but is distinguishable; yet the barrenness of the foreground takes off a great deal of the beauty of the picture. The building is octangular, in a plain solid style; the walls are raised with reddish and white stones, ten feet six inches thick; the great gate is of marble, cut into very intricate ornaments, after the manner of the Arabians; on the balustrade of the steps lie two enormous lions of marble, their bushy manes nicely, though barbarously, expressed; the court, which is in the centre of the edifice, contains an octangular marble bason of a surprising diameter. To carry it to the summit of such a hill must have cost an

infinite deal of labour. Two hundred steps lead up to the top of the castle, which consists of two stories. In each of them are fifteen saloons of great dimensions, cased throughout with various and valuable marbles; the ceilings are supported by triple clustered columns of a single block of white marble, the capitals extremely simple. Various have been the opinions concerning the founder of this castle; but the best grounded ascribe it to Frederick of Swabia. I dined and spent the hot hours with great comfort under the porch, which commands a noble view of the Adriatic.

In the evening I descended the mountain, and rode nine miles to Andria, a large feudal city, east of the Roman road.

THE GENERALIFE

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

THE GENERALIFE is situated not far from the Alhambra on a spur of the same mountain. You get to it by a kind of dug out road that traverses the ravine of Los Molinos, which is bordered all the way with fig-trees of enormous glistening leaves, green oaks, pistachio-trees, laurels, and rock roses of a remarkably exuberant vegetation. The ground on which you walk is composed of yellow sand oozing with water, wonderful in its fecundity. Nothing is more delightful than to follow this road, which has the appearance of running through a virgin forest of America, so thickly is it choked with foliage and flowers, and so great is the overwhelming scent of the aromatic plants you inhale there. Vines spring through the cracks of the broken walls, and hang from all their branches fantastic tendrils and leaves resembling the tracery of Arabian ornaments; the aloe opens its fan of bluish blades and the orange trees twist their knotty trunks and cling with fang-like roots to the rents in the steep slopes. Everything flourishes and blooms in a tangled disorder full of the most charming effects of chance. A straying branch of jasmin mingles its white stars with the scarlet flowers of the pomegranate, and a laurel leaps from one side of the road to the other to embrace a cactus, notwithstanding its thorns.

Nature, left to herself, seems to take pride in her coquetry, and wishes to show how far she surpasses even the most exquisite and finished art.

After a quarter of an hour's walk, you come to the Generalife, which is, in some sense, nothing but the *casa de campo*, the country house, of the Alhambra. The exterior, like that of all oriental buildings, is very simple: it consists of large walls without windows and surmounted by a terrace with a gallery divided into arcades, the whole being crowned with a little modern belvedere. Of the Generalife nothing now remains but some arcades and some large panels of arabesques, unfortunately plastered over with layers of whitewash that have been applied again and again with all the obstinacy of a dispiriting cleanliness. Little by little the delicate sculptures and the marvellous guilloches of this fairy-like architecture have been obliterated, filled up, and engulfed. What is at present nothing more than a faintly-vermiculated wall, was formerly open lace-work as fine as those ivory leaves which the patience of the Chinese carves for fans. The brush of the whitewasher has caused more *chefs d'œuvre* to disappear than the scythe of Time, if I may be allowed to use that superannuated, mythological expression. In a fairly well preserved hall, you notice a series of smoky portraits of the kings of Spain, but these have only a chronological value.

The real charm of the Generalife consists in its gardens and waters. A canal paved with marble runs through the whole length of the enclosure, and rolls its abundant and rapid waves under a series of leafy arches, formed by yews



THE GENERALIFE, SPAIN.

curiously bent and clipped. Orange-trees and cypresses are planted on each border ; it was at the foot of one of these cypresses, of a prodigious size, and which dates from the time of the Moors, that the favourite of Boabdil, if we may believe the legend, often proved that bolts and grilles are but slight protectors of the virtue of sultanas. One thing, at least, is certain,—that the yew is very large and very old.

The perspective is terminated by a porticoed gallery, ornamented with fountains and marble columns, like the Patio of Myrtles in the Alhambra. The canal turns sharply and you then enter other enclosures ornamented with water-works and whose walls still retain traces of the frescoes of the Sixteenth Century representing rustic architecture and distant views. In the centre of one of these basins of water, a gigantic oleander of a singular brilliancy and incomparable beauty rises like an immense basket of flowers. At the time that I saw it, it seemed like an explosion of blossoms, or a bouquet of vegetable fireworks ; its ruddy hue was so splendid and vigorous,—indeed almost clamorous, if one may apply that word to colours,—as to dim the hue of the most vermilion rose. Its lovely flowers leaped with all the ardour of desire towards the pure light of the sky ; and its noble leaves, shaped expressly by nature for a crown of glory and sprinkled by the spray of the fountain, sparkled in the sunshine like emeralds. Never did anything inspire me with a higher sentiment of the beautiful than this rose-bay of the Generalife.

The water is brought to the gardens down a very steep

inclined plane, bordered by little walls, forming on each side a kind of parapet, supporting canals hollowed out and lined with large tiles through which the water runs beneath the open sky with the gayest and liveliest chatter in the world. At yard intervals, well-supplied water-jets burst forth from the centre of little basins and shoot their crystal aigrettes into the thick foliage of the groves of laurels whose branches interlace above them. The mountain gushes with water on every side; at each step a spring starts out, and you continually hear at your side the murmuring of some rivulet turned from its course, and going to supply a fountain, or to carry refreshment to the foot of some tree. The Arabs have carried the art of irrigation to the highest degree; their hydraulic-works attest the most advanced state of civilization; these works still exist to-day, and it is to them that Grenada owes the reputation it has of being the Paradise of Spain, and of enjoying eternal spring in an African climate. An arm of the Darro has been turned out of its course by the Arabs and carried for more than two leagues along the hill of the Alhambra.

From the Belvedere of the Generalife you can clearly see the outline of the Alhambra with its enclosure of reddish, half-ruined towers, and its pieces of wall which rise and fall with the undulations of the mountain. The Palace of Charles V., which is not visible from the side of the city, stands out with its square and heavy mass, gilded with a pale reflection of sunlight, upon the damask-like slopes of the Sierra Nevada, whose white ridges are strongly notched against the sky. The bell-tower of Saint-Marie lifts its

Christian silhouette above the Moorish battlements. A few cypresses thrust their sorrowful leaves through the crevices in the walls, in the midst of all this light and azure sky, like a melancholy thought at a joyous festival. The slopes of the hill running down towards the Darro and the ravine of Los Molinos disappear beneath an ocean of verdure. It is one of the most beautiful views that can be imagined.

On the other side, as if to form a contrast with so much verdure, there rises an uncultivated, scorched, tawny mountain with patches of ocre and burnt Sienna which is called La Silla del Moro, on account of some ruins of buildings upon its summit. It was from here that King Boabdil used to view the Arabian horsemen jousting in the Vega with Christian knights. The memory of the Moors is still vivid in Grenada. You would think that they left the city only yesterday, and, if we should judge of them by their traces, it is a pity that they ever left it at all. What southern Spain requires is African civilization and not the civilization of Europe, which is not in sympathy with the heat of the climate, or the passions it inspires.

CHÂTEAU DE CHENONCEAUX

JULES LOISELEUR

UNLIKE so many other *châteaux* of Blaissons and Touraine, Chenonceaux awakens only gay and happy thoughts. Chambord possesses the calm gravity of a monastery; Ambroise is a prison; Blois bears upon its face its blot of blood. All the other retreats of the royal Valois and all the *châteaux* of their courtiers, grouped in such number upon the banks of the Cher, the Vienne, and the Loire—Loches, Chinon, Plessis-lez-Tours, Luynes, Saumur, Brissac,—speak of treachery, perfidy, revenge, conspiracy and all the wicked tendencies of human nature. Chenonceaux alone recalls only memories of youth, elegance, poetry, and love. There is no blood upon its stones. The gentlest and the most charming figures of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century, Diane de Poitiers, Mary Stuart, Gabrielle and Françoise de'Mercœur come in succession to animate that smiling nature and to reflect their fair faces in its clear waters. Catherine de Medicis, in passing through this beautiful place, here dropped a little of her cold and imperious gravity: she has left only the memory of that orgy-like and splendid banquet that cost more than a million of our money, and where Madame de Sauve, half naked, was the stewardess.



CHATEAU DE CHENONCEAUX, FRANCE.

The widow of Henri III., promenading in her long robes of mourning, lent it another charm,—that of melancholy; and when Rousseau, at last raised that voice there which could gather together tempests, it was not philosophy, nor social conditions, nor the rights of man of which he spoke: it was still love and poetry.

Chenonceaux, by means of its position, its architecture, and its history, is so near the other *châteaux* on the banks of the Loire, neighbouring and contemporary pearls, that it is impossible to detach it from that jewel-case. However, it is not on the Loire, the river of severe horizons and majestic wearisomeness; it is on a less proud and more smiling little river, the Cher, three leagues from Amboise, that this palace of Armida was built. It rears itself upon the bosom of this charming stream which stops here in a lazy curve as if to linger and bathe its walls, delighting in reflecting those graceful towers and enchanted gardens in its liquid depths. No other palace that I know rises thus, like Venus from the breast of the waves, without any link to the earth save a single bridge at one of its extremities. It was a woman who had this charming idea that gives to the *château* a somewhat fairy-like and supernatural effect: for Chenonceaux is not, as is too often believed, the work of Thomas Bohier, but of his wife, who consecrated to this work, conceived in love, the treasures that her husband sent her from Italy. There are two other women, Diane de Poitiers and Catherine de' Medici who completed while enlarging the thought of Catherine Briçonnet. It seems that women only could possess a suf-

ficiently light hand to touch such a delicate work and to design the plan.

It was at the north-east corner of the court of honour, between the stream and the gardener's house, that MM. Sechan and Déplechein placed themselves to paint the picture used for the scenery in the second act of *Les Huguenots*. This choice proved a familiar general view. No other spot shows Chenonceaux in a more complete and picturesque aspect. Seen from this point, the *château* presents itself obliquely, which enables the eye to embrace at the same time the principal façade and the entire construction of the western side, from the apsis of the chapel to the end of the gallery that crosses the Cher.

The foreground of the picture is charming.

At the right and in the corner, the court of honour precedes its royal avenue of plantains and ends with its stone balustrades. Behind this balustrade, stands the beautiful tower with a roof like a pepper box, which is used as the porter's lodge, and which, built upon the firm ground, seems like a timid sister watching her big sisters bathing their feet in the river without daring to follow them.

In the middle distance, is the bridge with its three unequal arches and its heavy buttresses alongside of their half moons in brackets. Beyond the bridge, is the principal façade, flanked with two corbelled towers presenting under a flying buttress its large caryatides, its two balconies in hemicycle, and three charming dormer windows that crown it. Farther along in the centre of the picture, is the apsis of the chapel with its long lancets flaming in the sun, sup-

ported, like the principal front, by those heavy courses of stone in which are the kitchen offices of the castle ; then comes the beautiful eastern front that surmounts the great arch and occupies the centre of the stream which, as well as the whole corresponding western front, must certainly be attributed to Diane de Poitiers, for its windows, its architrave and all the details of its entablature bear the mark of the reign of Henri II.

Finally, to the left of the picture, are the five arches of the bridge built for Diane to connect the left bank of the Cher with the great pavilion and, above this bridge, the two stages of galleries constructed by Androuet du Cerceau for Catherine de'Medici, with their little turrets with arched windows corresponding to the peers, and forming so many terraces for the second gallery.

All this, with the river for the foreground and with the large trees on both banks for a frame, and the trees of the gardens for perspective, and the tops, formerly gilded, of the gallery and the large pavilion, the ornamented chimneys, the peaked roofs and the vanes of the turrets, peaks, dormer windows, chimneys and weather-vanes, vaporously melting into the beautiful sky of Touraine ; all this, I say, forms a complete whole that would ravish any painter and one that in truth is worthy of the honour paid to it by M. Scribe at the Opéra. No false tone and no ungraceful nor violent line disturbs the harmony of this beautiful picture. Minds that love parallelism and symmetry may regret undoubtedly that the enthusiasm of political life did not permit Catherine de'Medici to complete that beautiful conception and build

upon the left bank of the Cher a large pavilion similar to that on the right bank : the gallery, which does not come to-day any further than the steep bank of the river, would then have occupied the centre of the building. But, perhaps, there is in this incompleteness of Chenonceaux, which permits everybody to finish it in dreams according to his pleasure, something that saves it from banality ; perhaps it gains, instead of losing, by exciting that admiration mingled with regrets and also with criticism which the greater number of men, by an inherent weakness of nature, prefer to the enthusiasm without reservation that is the right of a perfect work.

DUBLIN CASTLE

LADY WILDE

FEW amongst us who tread the Dublin of the present in all its beauty, think of the Dublin of the past in all its contrasted insignificance. True, the eternal features are the same; the landscape setting of the city is coeval with creation. Tyrian, Dane, and Norman have looked as we look, and with hearts as responsive to Nature's loveliness, upon the emerald plains, the winding rivers, the hills draperied in violet and gold, the mountain gorges, thunder-riven, half veiled by the foam of the waterfall, and the eternal ocean encircling all; scenes where God said a city should arise, and the mountain and the ocean are still, as of old, the magnificent heritage of beauty conferred on our metropolis.

But the early races, whether from the southern sea or northern plain, did little to aid the beauty of nature with the products of human intellect. Dublin, under the Danish rule, consisted only of a fortress, a church, and one rude street. Under the rule of the Normans, those great civilizers of the western world, those grand energetic organizers, temple and tower builders, it rose gradually into a beautiful capital, the chief city of Ireland, the second city of the empire. At first the rudimental metropolis gathered round the castle, as nebulæ round a central sun, and from

this point it radiated westward and southward ; the O'Briens on the south, the O'Connors on the west, the O'Neils on the north, perpetually hovering on the borders, but never able to regain the city, never able to dislodge the brave Norman garrison who had planted their banners on the castle walls. In that castle, during the seven hundred years of its existence, no Irishman of the old race has ever held rule for a single hour.

And what a history it has of tragedies and splendours ; crowned and discrowned monarchs flit across the scene, and tragic destinies, likewise, may be recorded of many a viceroy ! Piers Gravestone, Lord Lieutenant of King Edward, murdered ; Roger Mortimer—"The Gentle Mortimer"—hanged at Tyburn ; the Lord Deputy of King Richard II. murdered by the O'Briens ; whereupon the King came over to avenge his death, just a year before he himself was so ruthlessly murdered at Pomfret Castle. Two viceroys died of the plague ; how many more were plagued to death, history leaves unrecorded ; one was beheaded at Drogheda ; three were beheaded on Tower Hill. Amongst the names of illustrious Dublin rulers may be found those of Prince John, the boy Deputy of thirteen ; Prince Lionel, son of Edward III., who claimed Clare in right of his wife, and assumed the title of Clarence from having conquered it from the O'Briens.

The great Oliver Cromwell was the Lord-Lieutenant of the Parliament, and he in turn appointed his son Henry to succeed him. Dire are the memories connected with Cromwell's reign here, both to his own party and to Ireland.



DUBLIN CASTLE, IRELAND,

Ireton died of the plague after the siege of Limerick ; General Jones died of the plague after the surrender of Dungarvon ; a thousand of Cromwell's men died of the plague before Waterford. The climate, in its effect upon English constitutions, seems to be the great Nemesis of Ireland's wrongs.

Strange scenes, dark, secret, and cruel, have been enacted in that gloomy pile. No one has told the full story yet. It will be a Ratcliffe romance of dungeons and treacheries, of swift death or slow murder. God and St. Mary were invoked in vain for the luckless Irish prince or chieftain that was caught in that Norman stronghold ; but that was in the old time—long, long ago. Now the castle courts are crowded only with loyal and courtly crowds, gathered to pay homage to the illustrious successor of a hundred viceroys.

The strangest scene, perhaps, in the annals of viceroyalty, was when Thomas Fitzgerald (Silken Thomas), son of the Earl of Kildare, and Lord-Lieutenant in his father's absence, took up arms for Irish independence. He rode through the city with seven score horsemen, in shirts of mail and silken fringe on their head-pieces (hence the name Silken Thomas), to St. Mary's Abbey, and there entering the council chamber, he flung down the sword of state upon the table, and bade defiance to the king and his ministers ; then hastening to raise an army, he laid siege to Dublin Castle, but with no success. Silken Thomas and five uncles were sent to London, and there executed ; and sixteen Fitzgeralds were hanged and quartered at Dublin. By

a singular fatality, no plot laid against Dublin Castle ever succeeded; though to obtain possession of this foreign fortress was the paramount wish of all Irish rebel leaders. This was the object with Lord Maguire and his papists, with Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his republicans, with Emmet and his enthusiasts, with Smith O'Brien and his nationalists—yet they all failed. Once only, during seven centuries, the green flag waved over Dublin Castle, with the motto—"Now or Never! Now and for Ever!" It was when Tyrconnel held it for King James.

In the ancient stormy times of Norman rule, the nobility naturally gathered round the Castle. Skinner's Row was the "May Fair" of mediæval Dublin, Hoey's Court, Castle Street, Cook Street, Fishamble Street, Bridge Street, Werburgh Street, High Street, Golden Lane, Back Lane, etc., were the fashionable localities inhabited by lords and bishops, chancellors and judges; and Thomas Street was the grand Prado where viceregal pomp and Norman pride were oftenest exhibited.

SANS SOUCI AND OTHER PRUSSIAN PALACES

WILLIAM HOWITT

BERLIN has its public gardens, and its popular music and dances, as well as any other German city ; but they who do not care to visit these will find pleasure in walking as far as the Kreutzberg, a little eminence, a novelty here, at a little distance from the city, on which is erected a Gothic cross or monument of metal, in memory of those who died in the war ; and figures of the chief leaders in it occupy niches, and the names of all the great battles in which the Prussians were engaged, are exhibited on the different sides. Charlottenburg, a few miles from Berlin, is also not only a charming palace in extensive and pleasant gardens, but of great interest from the reposing statue of the amiable Queen Louise, by Rauch, which is in a little temple in the garden.

But Potsdam is the great paradise of this neighbourhood, as we may be allowed to call it, for though nearly twenty English miles distant, a railway conveys you there in forty minutes. Here the scene is indeed changed ! Here, instead of sand and monotony, you have hills, water, woods, every thing which is attractive in nature. What a splendid situation were this for a capital ! The city on the plain, backed by these beautiful hills, with every possible variety of site for villas and pleasure gardens. What woods and

hills, and the beautiful river Havell spreading itself broad and winding, like a succession of fine lakes! Why was not Berlin placed where Potsdam is? Possibly the Havell, broad as it looks, may not be so navigable as the Sprey, and there may lie the secret, or what a capital would it be here!

Frederick the Great, however, duly appreciated the beauty of this neighbourhood. Here he delighted to retire. Steam has now converted Potsdam into a suburb of Berlin, and pours on all holidays its thousands into it, without which Potsdam were a retirement and a solitude still, for grass grows in its streets. But who cares for Potsdam itself, as it lies in its hollow, with its great old palace, and great old public buildings and barracks, and avenues of great trees, except that its old church contains the tomb of Frederick the Great, on which Napoleon heaped the incense of his praise, and from which he stole the old warrior's sword. But the hills on the Havell, and the views of the Havell from them, the rich meadows, the wild forest scenes—these are what justify Frederick's fondness for this spot, and who can enough enjoy them? That Frederick enjoyed them, the palaces which he has scattered through them with an extraordinary prodigality, sufficiently testify: the Palace in Potsdam, the Palace of Sans Souci, the Marble Palace, the New Palaces. That the present race enjoy them, various lovely villas, as the Charlottenhof, Grünecke, and others shew. That the last king enjoyed them, the Pfauen-Insel is a charming proof. If any one wishes to find the lost fairy-land, he must steer his course along the Havell, through a wilderness of pine woods to the Pfauen-Insel,



SANS SOUCI, GERMANY.

and there he will acknowledge that he has discovered it. Around amid hills shaggy with forests the Havell pours its deep and dark waters like an inland sea. The world is shut out by the bosky shores and deep pine woods of unknown regions, and in the embracing floods lies the most delicious region which a poet's fancy could conjure up, or which nature and art, in mutual labour, can construct from the ordinary materials of the earth. Shores of softest green, most ravishing lawns, flowers of superbest dyes and in gorgeous masses, trees of stateliest growth and gracefullest beauty of pendant boughs, invite you ever to scenes where you may wander for hours, and every few moments encounter some new surprise. Here feudal towers rise above the flood, with heraldic banners flapping over the battlements; here stately barge and light shallop lie anchored in some lonely creek; here slope sunny uplands under scattered oaks, where the shepherd watches his flock. Here you come upon a noble conservatory, beautiful with the palms and dates and glorious blossoms of tropical regions, and aromatic with their odours. If you would have any illusion to persuade you, beyond the charms of nature and of summer, that you are in a region of enchantment, you have it. You hear the roar of the lion, the cry of the jackal, and the scream of birds unknown in these climates. You imagine that some scene in Tasso or Ariosto is about to be repeated, and find actually wild beasts of all sorts in different dens and cages in various parts of the island. Such were the amusements of a king here, after he had helped to bind the great wild beast of the age on the rocks

of St. Helena; and a more enchanting scene for a day's excursion he could not have left for the pleasure of his subjects.

Amongst the numerous royal palaces we must say a good word for the New Palace, as it is called, although it has been often and much abused. If not in the purest taste, it still possesses a certain grandeur in its enormous extent, and prodigality of colonnades, porticoes, and statues connected with it. It lies low, in the meadow below Potsdam, but has a fine solitude of woods and quaint gardens about it. It is itself a good and cheerful house, and contains many paintings of much merit and beauty. It has also a theatre, in which have recently been represented, before the court, some of the dramatic pieces of Tieck. If this palace were inhabited by the king, with a full and gay court, it would, with the necessary life and bustle about it, produce far from a despicable impression.

Then there is, in the wood near, that little temple containing the second and most beautiful reposing figure of the late Queen by Rauch. We had heard this effigy much praised for its beauty; but the beauty is that of mind and heart. Representatives of far higher physical beauty we have often seen. The somewhat high cheek bones, the shape of the nose, and the general contour indeed of the countenance, depart from the pure ideal of personal beauty, but a still higher beauty distinguishes this charming statue. It is that perfect sweetness of disposition; that spirit baptized in heavenly affection; that wife-like devotion; that high and dauntless, and holy patriotism, dwelling in a meek and

lowly nature, which made this excellent queen adored by the people when alive, and which glorify her image here in the cold stone.

Not far from this palace is Charlottenhof, the beautiful little villa in the Herculaneum style built by the present king, when Crown-Prince, for himself. It is fitted up with a simplicity befitting a private gentleman, but with a classical purity of taste which makes all beautiful. But Sans Souci is the great attraction of the neighbourhood. It is a mere villa perched on a hill just above Potsdam, and surrounded by the most lovely views over the meadows and wild woody banks of the Havell. The hill on which it stands is crowned with gardens in successive terraces. As you approach through the fine meadows and beneath a noble avenue of trees, broad flights of steps, ascending from terrace to terrace up to the house, and the lower part of the house half concealed from view by the swell of the hill, give a very singular appearance to the whole. It seems as if the house was surrounded by a piazza, and that those flights of steps ascended to the top, instead of to the bottom of the building. As we ascended these long flights of steps, successive terraces of the garden shewed themselves right and left, with their vines and fig-trees loaded with fruit, and with quantities of golden gourds, each perfectly round, large enough to fill a wheelbarrow, lying about ; and flowers, in richest autumnal hues, glowed around. Arrived on the summit, nothing can be conceived more delicious. The fine views over the lovely country ; the gardens all below you ; the space before the palace full of beds of gayest

flowers, and orange trees standing everywhere in blossom, diffusing through the whole air their delicious aroma. Trees of splendid growth added their beauty to the spot ; the mill of the sturdy old miller shewing itself amongst them ; and from a circular colonnade, on the other side of the house, a brownish, wildish, burnt-up sort of a country, with wind-mills, and an artificial ruin of a Grecian temple on a woody hill opposite, constructed with better effect than such things generally are, presented a fit landscape for an old painter.

Every part of this place abounds with recollections of the victorious old Fritz. At each end of the garden, in a green plot, are the graves of his horse and dogs, eleven in number, he having ordered himself to be laid there to complete the dozen ; an order not complied with. In the house remain many memorials of him ; 'mongst them the clock, which stopped exactly as he died, and his library, in which his own works are conspicuous. One volume of his poems stood open at this curious passage :

Mais, quels sont ces crie d' Alegresse !
 Quels Chants ! Quelles acclamations !
 Les Français plein de son yvresse
 Semble vainqueur des Nations.
 Il l' est ; et voilà qui s' avance
 La Pompe du jeune Louis :
 L'Anglais a perdu sa Balance,
 L'Autricien, son insolence,
 Et la Balave encore surpris
 En grondant bénit La Clemence
 De ce Héros, dont l' indulgence ——

The wall of the room occupied here by Voltaire is

painted all over monkeys and parrots. They tell you that Frederick, being desirous to have a portrait of the ugly old Frenchman, to which he would not consent, the king employed a painter to observe him by stealth from the next room whenever the door was opened, which Voltaire becoming aware of, clapped a screen before his table ; and Frederick to mortify him, caused the whole of the walls of his room, the first opportunity, to be thus adorned with monkeys and parrots, as indicative of his person and loquacity. Poor Frederick paid dearly in his lifetime, in annoyance, for his propensity to French philosophy ; and his country paid still more so for it after his death.

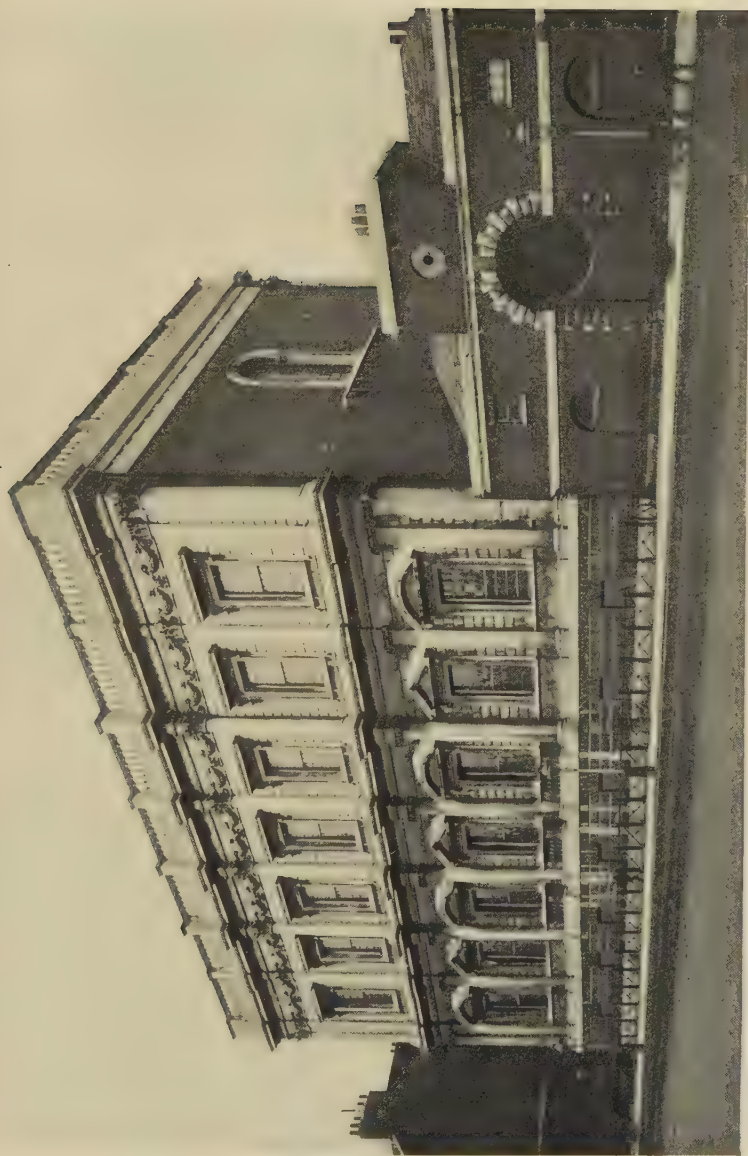
WHITEHALL PALACE

LEIGH HUNT

THE whole district containing all that collection of streets and houses, which extends from Scotland Yard to Parliament Street, and from the river side, with its wharfs, to St. James's Park, and which is still known by the general appellation of Whitehall, was formerly occupied by a sumptuous palace and its appurtenances, the only relics of which, perhaps the noblest specimen, is the beautiful edifice built by Inigo Jones, and retaining its old name of the Banqueting-House.

As this palace was the abode of a series of English sovereigns, beginning with Henry the Eighth, who took it from Wolsey, and terminating with James the Second, on whose downfall it was destroyed by fire, we are now in the very thick of the air of royalty.

The site of Whitehall was originally occupied by a mansion built by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent and Chief Justice of England in the reign of Henry the Third, one of the ancestors of the present Marquess of Clanricarde. De Burgh bequeathed it to the brotherhood of the Black Friars, near "Oldborne," in whose church he was buried; the Brotherhood sold it to Walter Gray, Archbishop of York, who left it to his successors in that see as the archiepiscopal residence, which procured it the name of



WHITEHALL PALACE, ENGLAND.

York Place ; and under that name, two centuries and a half afterwards, it became celebrated for the pomp and splendour of the “full-blown” priest, Wolsey, the magnificent butcher’s son. Wolsey, on highly probable evidence, is thought to have so improved and enlarged the mansion of his predecessors, as to have in a manner rebuilt it, and given it its first royalty of aspect : but, as we shall see by and by, it was not called Whitehall, nor occupied anything like the space it did afterwards, till its seizure by the Cardinal’s master.

On the Cardinal’s downfall, Henry seized his house and goods, and converted York Place into a royal residence, under the title of Westminster Place, then, for the first time, called also Whitehall.

“It is not impossible,” says Mr. Brayley (*Londiniana* Vol. II., p. 27), “that the Whitehall, properly so called, was erected by Wolsey, and obtained its name from the newness and freshness of its appearance, when compared with the ancient buildings of York Place. Shakespeare in his play of *King Henry VIII.*, makes one of the interlocutors say, in describing the coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn :—

‘So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again
To York Place, where the feast is held.’

To this is replied—

‘Sir, you
Must no more call it York Place—that is past.
For since the Cardinal fell, that title’s lost.
’Tis now the King’s, and called Whitehall.’ ”

It was in Whitehall that Henry made his ill-assorted

marriage with Anne Boleyn; Dr. Lingard says in a "garret"; Stowe says in the royal "closet." It is likely enough that the ceremony was hurried and sudden;—a fit of will, perhaps, during his wine; and if the closet was not ready, the garret was. The clergyman who officiated was shortly afterwards made a bishop.

Henry died in Whitehall; so fat, that he was lifted in and out his chamber and sitting-room by means of machinery.

"He was *somewhat* gross, or, as we tearme it, *bourlie*," says time-serving Holinshed.

He *laboured* under the burden of an extreme fit and unwieldy body," says noble Herbert of Cherbury.

It was under this Prince (as already noticed) that the palace of the Archbishop of York first became the "King's Palace at Westminster," and expanded into that mass of houses which stretched to St. James's Park. He built a gate-house which stood across what is now the open street, and a gallery connecting the two places, and overlooking a tilt-yard; and on the park-side he built a cockpit, a tennis-court, and alleys for bowling; for although he put women to death, he was fond of manly sports. He was also a patron of the fine arts, and gave an annuity and rooms in the palace to the celebrated Holbein, who is said to have designed the gate, as well as decorated the interior.

The reader is to bear in mind that the street in front of the modern Banqueting-House was always open, as it is now, from Charing Cross to King Street, narrowing opposite to the south end of the Banqueting-House, at which point the gate looked up it towards the Cross. Just opposite the

Banqueting-House on the site of the present Horse-Guards, was the Tilt-yard. The whole mass of houses and gardens on the river side comprised the royal residence. Down this open street, then, just as people walk now, we may picture to ourselves Henry coming with his regal pomp, and Wolsey with his priestly ; Sir Thomas More strolling thoughtfully, perhaps talking with quiet-faced Erasmus ; Holbein, looking about him with an artist's eyes ; Surrey coming gallantly in his cloak and feather, as Holbein has painted him ; and a succession of Henry's wives, with their flitting groups on horseback or under canopy ;—handsome, stately Catherine of Arragon ; laughing Anne Boleyn ; quiet Jane Seymour ; gross-bodied but sensible Anne of Cleves ; demure Catherine Howard, who played such pranks before marriage ; and disputatious yet buxom Catherine Parr, who survived one tyrant to become the broken-hearted wife of a smaller one. Down this road, also came gallant companies of knights and squires, to the tilting-yard ; but of them we shall have more to say in the time of Elizabeth.

We see little of Edward the Sixth, and less of Lady Jane Grey and Queen Mary, in connection with Whitehall. Edward once held the Parliament there, on account of his sickly condition ; and he used to hear Latimer preach in the Privy Garden (still so called), where a pulpit was erected for him on purpose. As there are gardens there still to the houses erected on the spot, one may stand by the rails, and fancy we hear the voice of the rustical but eloquent and honest prelate, rising through the trees.

It was under Elizabeth that Whitehall shone out in all its

romantic splendour. It was no longer the splendour of Wolsey alone, nor of Henry alone, or with a great name by his side now and then ; but of a Queen, surrounded and worshipped through a long reign by a galaxy of the brightest minds and most chivalrous persons ever assembled in English history.

Here she comes, turning the corner from the Strand, under a canopy of state, leaving the noisier, huzzaing multitude behind the barriers that mark the precincts of the palace, and bending her eyes hither and thither, in acknowledgment of the kneeling obeisances of the courtiers. Beside her are Cecil and Knolles, and Northampton, and Bacon's father ; or, later in life, Leicester, and Burleigh, and Sir Philip Sydney, and Greville, and Sir Francis Drake, (and Spenser is looking on) ; or, later still, Essex and Raleigh, and Bacon himself, and Southampton, Shakespeare's friend, with Shakespeare among the spectators. We shall see her, by and by, at that period, as brought to life to us in the description of Hentzner the traveller. At present (as we have her at this moment in our eye) she is younger, of a large and tall, but well-made figure, with fine eyes, and finer hands, which she is fond of displaying. We are too apt to think of Elizabeth as thin and elderly, and patched up ; but for a good period of her life she was plump and personable, warranting the history of the robust romps of the Lord Admiral, Seymour ; and till her latter days (and even then, as far as her powers went), we are always to fancy her at once spirited and stately of carriage, impulsive (except on occasions of ordinary ceremony), and ready to

manifest her emotions in look and voice, whether as woman or Queen ; in a word, a sort of Henry the Eighth corrected by a female nature and a better understanding—or perhaps an Anne Boleyn, enlarged, and made less feminine by the father's grossness. The Protestants have represented her as too staid, and the Catholics as too violent and sensual. According to the latter, Whitehall was a mere sink of iniquity. It was not likely to be so, for many reasons ; but neither, on the other hand, do we take it to have been anything like the pattern of self-denial which some fond writers have supposed. Where there is power, and leisure, and luxury, though of the most legitimate kind, and refinement, though of the most intellectual, self-denial on the side of enjoyment is not apt to be the reigning philosophy ; nor would it reasonably be looked for in any court, at all living in wealth and splendour.

Imagine the sensations of Elizabeth, when she first set down in the palace at Whitehall, after escaping the perils of imputed illegitimacy, of confinement for party's sake and for religion's, and all the other terrors of her father's reign and of Mary's, danger of death itself not excepted. She was a young Queen of twenty-five years of age, healthy, sprightly, good-looking, with plenty of will, power, and imagination ; and the gallantest spirits of the age were at her feet.

The Court of James the First was a great falling off from that of Elizabeth, in point of decency. It was Sir Toby keeping house after the death of Olivia ; or a fox-hunting squire succeeding to the estate of some courtly dame and mingling low life with high.

We have seen court mummeries in the time of Henry the Eighth and pageants in that of Elizabeth. In the time of James, the masquings of the one, and the gorgeous shows of the other, combined to produce the Masque, in its latest and best acceptation ; that is, a dramatic exhibition of some brief fable or allegory, uniting the most fanciful poetry and scenery, and generally heightened with a contrast of humour, or an anti-masque. Ben Jonson was their great poetical master in the court of James and Inigo Jones claimed to be their no less masterly and important setter-forth in scene and show. The poet and artist had a quarrel upon this issue, and Inigo's memory suffers from divers biting libels in the works of his adversary. The noble Banqueting-House remains to show that the architect might have had some right to dispute pretensions, even with the author of the *Alchemist* and the *Sad Shepherd* ; for it is a piece of the very music of his art (if we may so speak)—the harmony of proportion. Within these walls, as we now see them, rose, "like a steam of rich distilled perfumes," the elegant lines of Ben Jonson, breathing court flowers,—the clouds and painted columns of Jones—and the fair faces, gorgeous dresses, and dances, of the beauties that dazzled the young eyesight of the Miltons and Wallers. Ben's burly body would then break out, as it were, after his more refined soul, in some burlesque anti-masque, now and then not a little coarse ; and the sovereign and the poet most probably concluded the night in the same manner, though not at the same table in filling their skins with wine.

The Court of Charles I. was decorum and virtue itself in comparison with that of James. Drunkenness disappeared; there were no scandalous favourites; Buckingham alone retained his ascendancy as the friend and assistant; and the king manifested his notions of the royal dignity by a stately reserve. Little remained externally of the old Court but its splendour; and to this a new lustre was given by a taste for painting and the patronage of Rubens and Vandyke. Charles was a great collector of pictures. He was still fonder of poetry than his father, retained Ben Jonson as his laureate, encouraged Sandys, and May, and Carew, and was a fond reader of Spenser and Shakespeare. It was, upon the whole a grave and graceful court, not without an undercurrent of intrigue.

It seems ridiculous to talk of the court of Oliver Cromwell, who had so many severe matters to attend to in order to keep himself on his throne; but he had a court, nevertheless; and however jealously it was watched by the most influential of his adherents, it grew more courtly as his protectorate advanced.

But how shall we speak of the court of Charles II. ? of that unblushing seminary for the misdirection of young ladies, which, occupying the ground now inhabited by all which is proper, rendered the mass of buildings by the water's side, from Charing Cross to the Parliament, one vast—what are we to call it?—

“ Chi mi darà le voci e le parole
Convenienti a sì nobil soggetto ? ”

Let Mr. Pepys explain. Let Clarendon explain. Let all the world explain, who equally reprobate the place and its master, and yet somehow are so willing to hear it reprobated, that they read endless accounts of it, old and new, from the not very bashful *exposé* of the Count de Grammont, down to the blushing deprecations of Mrs. Jameson.

The Court of James II. is hardly worth mention. It lasted less than four years, and was as dull as himself. The most remarkable circumstance attending it was the sight of friars and confessors, and the brief restoration of Popery. Waller, too, was once seen there ; the *fourth* court of his visiting. There was a poetess also, who appears to have been attached by regard as well as office to the Court of James—Anne Kingswill, better known by her subsequent title of Countess of Winchelsea. The attachment was most probably one of feeling only and good nature, for she had no bigotry of any sort. Dryden, furthermore, was laureate to King James ; and in a fit of politic, perhaps real, regret, turned round upon the late court in his famous comparison of it with its predecessor.

James fled from England in December, 1688, and the history of Whitehall terminates with its conflagration ten years afterwards.

THE CASTLE OF KRONBORG

HORACE MARRYAT

THE walks in the neighbourhood of Elsinore are charming, particularly that along the Strandrei, by the shore of the Sound—a succession of country houses and fishing villages, and well-kept gardens bright with flowers: they have a well-to-do prosperous air, as everything has in Denmark. An hour's walk brings you to a maisonette called Dahlsborg, beyond which you turn to enter the forest of Egebæksvang, a favourite summer drive of the Elsinorians.

A ten minutes' walk, avoiding all dusty roads across the common or waste land which runs down to the seashore—in England it would have been the paradise of geese, cricketers and donkeys, but here it is deserted, except by the sharpshooters, who keep up a cross-fire, practising their targets from eight o'clock till six of an evening—brings us to the Castle of Kronborg.

The road lies between two dirty stagnant ponds, dignified by the appellation of Holger Dansk's Spectacles: if they fitted his face, he must have had one eye considerably larger than the other. Instead of snoring away his time within the dungeons of Kronborg—his beard growing into the marble table—he had far better employ his leisure moments in cleaning out and sweetening his “brille”; but he only

appears, they say, when Mr. Sorensen (the Danish John Bull or Brother Jonathan) really requires his services. Effectual drainage and sanitary reforms are sadly behind-hand, and looked upon as new-fangled vagaries by the inhabitants of the island of Zealand.

If in your early youth you have devoured the *Fabliaux et Contes*, *King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table*, and other legends of old Romaunce, you will recognize in Holger Dansk,¹ or rather Augier le Danois, an old and favourite acquaintance. Some few years since I brushed him up when I visited the ruins of *La Joyeuse Garde* and the classic sands of Avalon, on the coast of Brittany. The French romancers assert him to be still confined at Avalon, together with King Arthur, held in durance vile by the enchantments of the fay Morgana. Occasionally she removes from his brow the Lethæan crown, when his services are required to fight against the Paynim for the good and welfare of Christendom.

Morgana, she of the Fata, was own sister to our good King Arthur. With other mighty fairies, she assisted at the birth of Holger the Dane; later she loved him. Seduced by her blandishments, he espoused her: no good ever comes of marrying an old woman, be she mortal or fairy. Holger the Dane slumbers in the dungeons of Kronborg, not at Avalon, as the French would have it, no more than King

¹ Oluf, called God-dreng, who reigned before King Ring, is by Adam of Bremen supposed to be the real Holger Dansk: he accompanied Charlemagne to the Holy Sepulchre, and helped to place Prester John on the throne of India.



THE CASTLE OF KRONBORG, DENMARK.

Arthur, who we all know received Christian burial at Glastonbury; but French romancers do tell such wicked stories. Endless are the traditions, numerous the ballads, of the exploits of this the favourite hero of Danish story: when invoked, after much pressing, and, I must own it, exacting first the promise of "a good dinner and plenty to drink," he has frequently come to the assistance of fair maidens in their trouble and distress, and fought their battles with his enchanted sword, mounted on his good steed, "Papillon." Morgana, the fay, has never deserted entirely the country of her beloved: she still sports and exercises her witcheries to favoured mortals, when least expected, among the barren heaths and wide-spreading moors of the ancient provinces of Jutland.

I have no intention, however, of visiting his prison down below: the wind is cast, my limbs are rheumatic—let younger people be more adventurous. But we pass the drawbridge and enter the second gate of the castle. Verses in the Danish tongue by the Scotchman, Bishop Kingo, and the more illustrious pen of Tycho Brahe, adorn the portals and celebrate the erection of the buildings. There is one thing sure in this world—monarchs never allowed their good works to be hid in secret: on every side you see inscriptions, in letters of gold, announcing how Christian V. restored this, and Frederic IV. whitewashed that. But I must give you some account of the history of the castle.

There is no doubt but, from the earliest period of history, a castle of some kind, built for the protection of the Sound, existed on the site or near where the Kronborg now stands.

In the year 1238 the preceding fortress of Flynderborg—situated at the other end of the town, near the Strandvei, named after the flounders, of which quantities are taken in front of the batteries—was in a state of excellent repair. This fortress being found unsuited to the exigencies of the times, King Frederic II. determined to rebuild it on a scale of unprecedented grandeur: the whole of the expenses were to be discharged from his privy purse, and the building was to cost his subjects “not one penny.” This was more easy of execution to Frederic, first crowned Protestant sovereign of Denmark, than it would have proved to later monarchs. He had made a good haul of suppressed monasteries, church lands, plate, and treasure—was flush of money, and did not mind spending it. The existing castle was then commenced in the year 1577, and completed in the course of nine years. Bishop Kingo and Tycho Brahe both sung its praises, and the talents of Rubens were called into play—somewhat later I imagine—for the decoration of the chapel. The castle is strongly fortified with double-bastion, moat, and rampart, after the manner of preceding ages.

Kronborg possesses one great advantage over the other Danish buildings of the Sixteenth Century: it is built of fine sandstone, the only specimen in the kingdom. Though quadrangular and four-towered, it is relieved from all appearance of formality by the quaint onion pagoda-like minarets by which its towers are surmounted. The lofty clock turret¹ too, rising from the centre, higher than those

¹ In 1538 the citizens of Lund received orders to pull down the stone churches in disuse since the Reformation, and forward the materials to

which flank the corners, adds to the dignity of the building. Few castles in the space of three hundred years have suffered so little from modern additions and improvement: one tower has unfortunately been destroyed. In an old engraving from Puffendorf of 1688, I see the original had already been altered: it was an eyesore, but, in accordance with the style of the remainder, capped and ornamented. It, however, fell into decay during the reign of Frederic VI., at that unfortunate epoch when taste was bad taste, and art atrocity: it was repaired—square and hideous—a fearful monument of the age. Formerly it served as a telegraph, now as a powder magazine; and unless it be blown up, or the powder becomes damp, will, I fear, remain untouched. You enter the interior court through a richly ornamented gateway, guarded by statues and overhung by a beautiful oriel window, enriched with the arms and ciphers of the founder. Opposite to you stands the chapel (the works of Rubens have long since disappeared); the fittings of the time of Christian IV. have been lately restored, but not too carefully. It is curious to trace, as you can by the turret to the right of the clock, the gradual transition from the Gothic to the Renaissance. The whole of the ornaments

Copenhagen to be employed for the building of the new castle; and again, in 1552, a second supply was sent. Even Laura Maria, the big bell purchased with the legacy of Bishop Absalom, was not spared; she got cracked on the journey, was melted down and recast into two little ones, which still hang in the clock-tower of Kronborg. Laura Maria was looked upon almost as a saint, and Valdemar Atterdag, who believed in nothing, when on his death-bed is said to have roared out in a paroxysm of pain, "Help me, Soro! help me, Esrom! help me, Laura Maria, you big bell of Lund!"

are of the latter period ; but there is still occasionally a sort of feeling as if the architect was not quite decided in his views : whether he was or not, Kronborg is one of the most perfect specimens of its era—unspoiled, untouched, and unrepaired—to be met with in Europe. It has long ceased to be occupied as a royal residence. One side is alone retained for the use of His Majesty ; the rest is occupied by the General Commandant, the officers, and the garrison. Above the entrance of the clock-tower, surmounting the ornaments, appears the head of a huge mastiff, holding in his fore-paws a heart-like shield, with the cipher of Frederic II., and below the favourite device of the King, “ T. I. W. B., *Treu ist Wiltbratt.*” The same Wildbratt, whose portrait is above, was the favourite of King Frederic, and bit everybody save his royal master. Over the other door appears the device of his good queen—good Queen Sophia of Mecklenburg—“ *Meine Hoffnung zu Gott allein*” (My hope is in God alone). Within the dungeon of the corner tower, that of the restoration—adjoining the wine-cellar of Christian IV., where a jolly fat tun carved in stone above the entrance leaves no doubt of its identity—was situated the torture-chamber in days gone by : none of your papistical virgins, who enticed you to their arms, and larded like a fricandeau, then stuck you brimful of pen-knives, but good wholesome Protestant thumbscrews, boots, and wooden horses, and scavengers’ daughters, such as Queen Bess of glorious memory, and our earlier Tudor sovereigns, to say nothing of later Stuarts loved to employ on their rebellious subjects who refused to convict their

masters, rightfully or wrongfully, and bring them to the block—and very persuasive implements they were, I doubt not. In the centre of the court once stood a fountain, tossing the water high in the air: judging from the old engravings, it must have been very ornamental. Some thirty or forty iron hooks, fastened into the wall, remain, once the larder of King Frederic, hung, when game abounded, with deer, hare, and capercailzie—like Bolton Abbey in the olden time—a pretty scene, only too near the torture-chamber. After the peace of 1659, when Skaane was lost to Denmark forever, the windows of Kronborg Castle, which commanded a view of the Swedish coast, were walled up, to exclude a sight which caused so many heart-burnings.

In 1588 was celebrated in the Castle of Kronborg the marriage by procuration of King James VI. of Scotland with Anne, daughter of King Frederic II. of Denmark. Anne was then in her fifteenth year. Marshal Earl Keith acted as proxy. This marriage settled the vexed question of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, pawned to Scotland when the Princess Margaret married King James III. Christian III. meditated an expedition against Mary of Guise, then Regent of Scotland, for their recovery and later offered to repay the 50,000 florins for which they had been pawned; but Dantzay, by order of Catherine de'Medici, put a spoke into the arrangement, and they were never redeemed. We all know the history of King James's adventures, and how the real marriage took place at Agershuus, in Norway. The royal couple then visited Denmark and passed a month in the Castle of Kronborg, where they

assisted at the nuptials, 19th April, 1590, of the queen's elder sister, the Princess Elizabeth, with Henry Duke of Brunswick. Which were the apartments occupied by King James and his bride during his residence no one can say—the interior of the building has been much altered since that period, the stories divided for the occupation of the garrison—but in all probability it was the suite called the apartments of Christian IV., now set apart for his present Majesty. They are not remarkable for their size, but contain fine chimney-pieces, with the cipher of the sovereign, and the doorways are ornamented with marble and richly-carved ebony. Tales are still current in Elsinore of the drinking-bouts held by King James and his brother-in-law, Prince Christian in the halls of Kronborg—how they fell intoxicated under the table, rolled into the ditch, etc.

On the exterior of the castle, called Frederic III.'s battery, under the windows of the upper story, runs a cornice richly ornamented in the style of the earlier part of the Seventeenth Century, in the divisions of which are represented medallion portraits of certain personages of the royal family of Denmark. Among them that of King James himself, with his peaked beard side by side with the full features of his consort Queen Anne: in the divisions of each side are sculptured two Tudor roses, and in the ornamentation of the cornice is constantly introduced the portcullis of the same family. The date of this cornice is unknown; but it was in all probability put up to commemorate the nuptials of the King of Scots with the Princess Anne of Denmark.

Luckily for James was it that the embassy of Lord Willoughby to Kronborg took place some few years before his marriage, and that this Scottish assumption of the English badge came not to the ears of the Virgin Queen. Tudor he was in all right by his ancestress Margaret, in the female line, and nearest heir to the English throne; but Elizabeth, when the succession was mooted, brooked no child's-play. How she would have stormed had she known it, and sent a fleet perchance to intercept the return of James to his dominions! and the youthful Anne might have found a prison in Fotheringay, and a jailer in that exceedingly unpleasant individual Sir Amyas Paulet. Such are the souvenirs of King James I have met with in the chronicles of Kronborg.

One day, when on an excursion to the back slums of the town of Elsinore, I came on a small narrow lane, dignified with the appellation—in honour, I suppose, of the royal marriage—of Anna Queen Street.

Having finished with pompous pageants and royal nuptials, we come to a sadder period of Kronborg story. Scotland still mourns the fate, and proclaims the innocence of Mary Stuart, the murdered Queen; had she not been a Papist, England—yes, intolerant England—would have long since done her justice. France, who, in the last century, vented her venom, her calumny, against the Autrichienne, now exalts the memory of Marie Antoinette to that of a saint and martyr. So, in Denmark, all voices proclaim together the innocence, and deplore the fate, of the youthful Queen of Christian VII., our English princess Caroline

Matilda. Here in Kronborg she was confined a prisoner, torn from her palace in Copenhagen, half-dressed, in the middle of the night, expecting daily to suffer the fate of Struensee and Brandt, until the arrival of a fleet from England effected her liberation. Accompanied by the Commandant one morning (General Lunding, the hero of Fredericia—military men will tell you all about it), I visited the apartments in which she was confined on her arrival—two small rooms on the ground-floor, one overshadowed by the bastion, the other looking on the courtyard of the castle. Later, I believe, the Commandant placed his own apartment at her disposal; and in the small octagon closet of the lighthouse turret, which terminates the apartments of Christian IV., it is related how the captive queen passed hours and days with anxious brow and straining eye, gazing at the waters of the Sound, in momentary expectation of the appearance of the fleet from England, she having received some secret tidings of its coming. No relics of her incarceration here remain: the ancient furniture of the palace was unluckily removed, destroyed, and neglected in Frederick VI.'s reign. He detested Kronborg, and never visited Elsinore; these recollections of his mother's imprisonment were odious to him, and the royal apartments fell into decay.

The ramparts of Kronborg are charming: before them the fishers everlastingly ply their trade—flounders, and a fish called "green-bone," a horn-fish, are their prey. Had Shakespeare searched the world round he never could have selected so fitting a locality for the ghost-scene. I

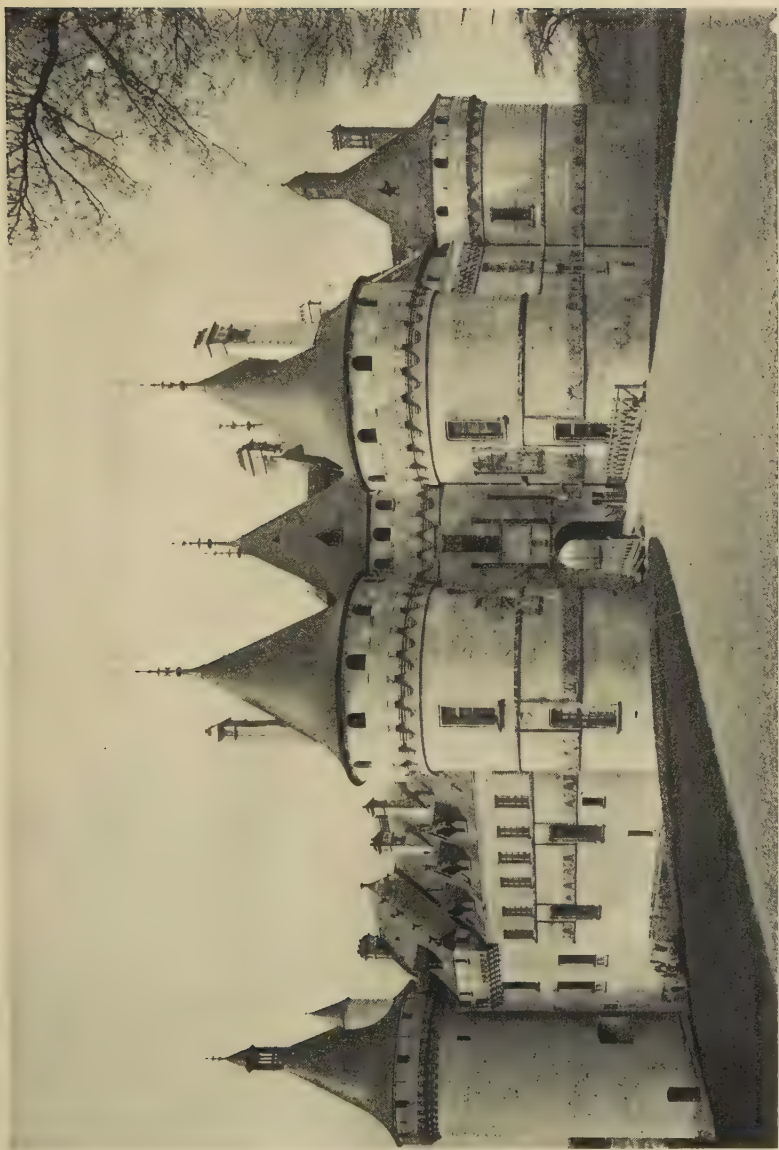
can see the ghost myself—pale moon, clouds flitting o'er her, frowning castle, and the space necessary to follow him; but the romance of Kronborg is over; her bastions are redolent with deep purple violets, and the roseate buds of a statice—Krigskarl, or the Warrior, they here call it—which looks as if it should be something better, but will, I dare say, turn out common thrift after all. When the fishing-boats return at sunset, a little girl runs down to the shore side, and waits; as they pass by, a small flounder is thrown to her from each boat; she gathers them up in her apron, and then returns to the castle.

CHAUMONT SUR LOIRE

JULES LOISELEUR

THOSE whose natures are sufficiently artistic to seek that intimate and sympathetic accord that exists between human monuments and their natural surroundings will do well to visit Chaumont on a fine summer's day under the rays of a scorching sun. Those strong towers built to withstand a siege, and those towers still so white after four centuries, should stand out strongly against the deep blue of a July sky in order to produce their full effect. Then that gleaming mount from which the ancient castle took its name, those great trees that frame it, and that lazy stream sleeping at its feet attain their full value. There is no discordant tone, nor any noise of man or beast, to disturb the majestic unity of this beautiful spectacle.

Seated on the opposite bank, on that embankment of the Loire that goes back to the time of Louis le Débonnaire, at one glance the traveller sees a picture that would enchant a painter, from the Loire that ripples at his feet, the white houses of the little village of Chaumont extending like a boa at the foot of the castle, pressed in as it is between the hill and the river, and the stone stairway which by a hundred and sixty steps ascends the side of the hill that broadens towards its summit to give room for the little church of the bourg as well as for the giant elm planted by



CHATEAU SUR LOIRE, FRANCE.

Catherine de'Medici, to the castle terrace hanging two hundred feet above the gorge, the carved buttresses of the chapel in which George Amboise dreamed of the papacy, and the vanes of the tower from which the widow of Henry II. questioned the stars. At this noon-day hour when all nature is silent, the sun that turns the sands of the stream into beds of gold, and picks out ruby aigrettes in the rose windows of the chapel, casts the silhouettes of pilasters that support it on the wall of the gallery that terminates the courtyard of the castle, giving an infinite charm to the semi-gloom of that gallery and to the beneficently shaded steps that must be mounted to arrive there.

Those who love to arrange effects and not include an entire monument in a single glance but allow it time to some extent to present itself to the view and successively reveal the various features of its physiognomy, will do well to avoid the rude stone stairway cut in the rock and rather take the verdurous avenue that leaves the road and leads by a lessened though still steep slope to the platform on which the castle stands. By this means, they will see it rise progressively through the openings of a clump of ancient elms called the Queen's Mall.

Approached on this side, Chaumont presents itself at an angle and spreads out in the form of a fan. At the extremity of each of the two ribs of this fan rises a great tower, and the bottom of the fan which is cant-shaped is guarded by two somewhat smaller towers between which is the main entrance.

From this disposition, it results that from the angle oc-

cupied by this gateway the visitor may include the four towers of the castle in one field of vision : to the left is the Amboise tower, which is the highest and the best preserved ; to the right is that of Catherine de'Medici, with its battlements still imprinted with cabalistic signs ; and in front are the two towers of the gateway. On these towers and on the walls that connect them, about one-third of the way up, is a belt of carving alternately framing a mountain with flames issuing from its top and two C's back to back, CC. These carvings present a somewhat curious archæological puzzle.

The outer moat, at the present day largely filled up and replaced by a flowery sward, somewhat relieves the heavy character of the drawbridge that defends the entrance to the castle. We must halt upon this drawbridge to examine the details of the thick oaken door, on which are carved the Twelve Apostles, and the stone medallion that decorates the archway. This medallion, which has recently been restored, offers a remarkable exception to the rule generally followed in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Century, when it was customary to carve above the principal gateway the arms of the family to whom the castle belonged, and sometimes the statue of its founder. Here, framed by delicate ornamentation, we see the initials of Lous XII. and Anne of Brittany, his second wife : the L on a ground sewn with *fleurs de lis* and the A among the arms of Brittany. On a level with this medallion, arms are incrustated on the towers guarding the gateway : on that on the right are the arms of Georges d'Amboise surmounted by the cardinal's hat ; on

the tower on the left are those of his nephew, Charles of Chaumont, Admiral and Grand Master of France. It is doubtless the latter to whom all these sculptures should be attributed. It is presumable that on his return from Nantes, where he had just espoused the widow of Charles VIII., Louis XII. stopped at Chaumont in company with his new wife and his minister, and that the Maréchale de Chaumont, to do honour to his uncle and the royal pair, had this medalion and these arms carved on the gateway and towers, and therefore they date from the year 1499.

We pass the drawbridge and the gate, leaving on our left a painted gallery full of luminous shadow, and find ourselves in a vast quadrilateral court of honour surrounded on three sides by bodies of buildings and having the fourth open on immensity. Like the others, this fourth side was once enclosed by buildings and flanked by two towers commanding the Loire. These constructions were razed four hundred years ago by a counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, named Bertin de Vaugien, who at that time was the owner of the Castle. This man did an intelligent thing in this, but probably without suspecting it: by chance it happened that vandalism had good taste for once.

Leaning on the iron railing that has taken the place of this fourth body of buildings, the visitor gazes over an immense horizon line and a landscape "made for the delight of the eyes." In the foreground are terraces thick with flowers; a little lower down, through the stunted trees that have thrust themselves through the clefts in the rock, peep the sharp and symmetrical roofs of the little village of

Chaumont; behind this village is the Loire; behind the Loire stands the hamlet of Escures; farther away is the railroad, the black and wearisome lines of which lengthen out on their gravel bed; in the background appear the church of the large town of Onzain and the ruins of the old castle in which Voltaire wrote *La Pucelle*. There is no monument, however fairy-like it might be imagined, that would not be crushed by such a frame. Therefore Chaumont suffers by being viewed close at hand, from the height of this magic balcony whence the work of divinity reveals itself with a splendour that effaces the finest conceptions of man.

The great hall that comes after the ante-room contains nothing remarkable but a long chest of carved wood set against the wall, and a niche around which are reproduced the names or arms of all the lords of Chaumont from Eudes I., Count of Blois, who lived at the close of the Tenth Century and who consequently had no arms, to Vincent Walsh, whose arms are three lance-heads.

A curtain over a door is raised and we are in the bed-chamber of Catherine de'Medici. Here the work of restoration is happy and sufficiently complete. Here is the bed of the ambitious Florentine, a bed with torso columns the carved top of which supports a royal crown. On one side is the Queen's *prie-dieu* with her Hours open; on the other is her toilette-table with her opiate boxes; the whole is framed in tapestries of high gloss which give to this chamber the sombre and somewhat sinister character that befits it. These curious tapestries were certainly made for

Chaumont, since we see the Castle reproduced in one of their panels. We suppose that they date back to Charles d'Amboise who rebuilt Chaumont towards the end of the reign of Louis XI., or at least to his son, Marshal Chaumont, the friend and companion of Louis XII.

Catherine was in possession of Chaumont for nine years, from 1550 to 1559, that is to say, during almost the entire reign of her husband. This was the difficult and humiliating period of her life; that of her struggle with the Constable Montmorency and Diana of Poitiers. The curious *babut* that is admired in this chamber must have had many state secrets concealed in its innumerable drawers, including many plots, baffled or prepared, and many formidable projects. This chamber, in which Catherine nursed her troubles as a queen and an outraged woman, possessed one great advantage for her. She had at hand her two guides, her two customary consolations,—Astrology and Religion. By that door she could penetrate into the tower where she cast horoscopes in company with Ruggieri; by the other one she could enter directly into the chapel.

This pretty chapel forms a striking contrast with its neighbouring tower. Just in proportion as the chamber in the tower is deaf, cold and dumb, and admits a sinister light by its single window, pierced in a wall of more than three metres' thickness, to the same degree is the chapel elegant, coquettish and smiling. Windows of bold contours pour a flood of rosy light upon the choir, tiled with white faïence sewn with blue crosses, producing a charming effect. Pretty bas-reliefs in oak upon a gold background form the

base of the altar. A tall and fine oak chair, carved and emblazoned, which is said to have belonged to Georges d'Amboise, stands beside the sanctuary. A red cardinal's hat, attached to the vault, hangs above this arm-chair.

This chapel terminates the edifice most happily. The apartments that precede it have seen many masters pass through ; they recall many perfidies, struggles, and illustrious and unfortunate existences. After all this tumult of glorious or withered memories, our mind, like our eyes, finds grateful repose in the smiling and calm sanctuary. It reaches God by an insensible and natural law of contrast as the sole master who has not changed in this abode, the sole guest who has never left behind him anything but good memories and consolation.

The Castle of Chaumont, as it has come down to us, is a building of the Fifteenth Century. It was erected by Charles Amboise on the ruins of a more ancient fortress razed by order of Louis XI. and which itself had been built about 1159 on the remains of a strong castle destroyed by Thibault V., Count of Blois and Champagne. The first and most ancient of these constructions had been built about 908 by Eudes I., Count of Blois, the eldest son of the celebrated Thibault the Trickster.

WINDSOR CASTLE

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

FROM out the dimness of England's ancient story, Windsor and Winchester, and Camelot and Caerleon are raised aloft, lit with the light of the romance of Arthur. Warwick, Dover, and Belvoir, and Alnwick and Conway and Caernarvon, the tower of London and again Windsor, rise from the times of the Norman dominion. Edinburgh, Kenilworth, Penshurst, and Naworth; Carisbrooke, and again Windsor, remain in our sight to recall most forcibly the period when "our loyal passion for our temperate kings" began to make these castle-landmarks of our story scarcer in the land.

Through all the long review of points of time that challenge observation, Windsor stands the most enduring and the most majestic of the places around which gather the memories of all ages of England's greatness.

In the valley of England's famous river the Normans built two strong towers, that of London and that of Windsor. This stream nursed the cradle of Norman power, and saw the renewed birth of English liberty, when the stranger-barons, whose fathers subdued England, wrung from their king the great charter of the rights of the subject.

No wonder William found the hill a good place, for there is no fairer view in England. That from Richmond is not so extensive; and at Windsor he possessed besides, a grand forest country for his sports. His men could put off their chain-mail and pointed helmets with the straight face-guards, and give chase to the red deer, which then abounded all over the country, the hunters having no metal about them except the sharp, plain Norman spur on their heels, and the iron on the tips of their arrows.

Now the distant smoke of the mightiest city in the world can be descried on the horizon. In those days so rarely was smoke visible, that signals were transmitted by kindling fires at market-places, and the clear air knew not the fumes that make the white river-fogs dark-yellow in colour, and stifling to breathe. The chequered appearance of the nearer landscape, divided by hedgerow and field to the north and east, is modern; but to the south and west the woods of oak must present much their appearance of the olden days. No engineer has altered the river, or been able even to abate its occasional winter floods, which turn the banks above Windsor into a shallow lake. The further landscape is still what it was. It is still a wooded land. There are no sterile patches, no ugly intervals, no naked tracts of sand or earth. All is green, and better than in the early days in this—that the cheerfulness of peace is on it, and the “stately homes” are more frequent, and the villages need no rampart, but expand in security, and, it must be added, often with a system of architecture to which distance alone can lend enchantment.



WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND.

The Castle was very strong. These keeps were built so that there was no chance of a surprise. Massive gates placed in security beyond deep ditches were let into the walls, well defended by battlement and flanking towers. Drawbridges and portcullises might be forced, but there the enemy only found himself at the beginning of his work.

Narrow passages led to other defences, and the keep itself was reached by a stair so narrow that one man only could enter at a time.

The walls of the lowest story showed only tiny shot- or loop-holes. The second story showed more of these, but so narrow that no torch could be thrown in. The third story had windows so high in the wall that arrows or bolts shot from below could only hit the arch of the opening, to fall back harmless.

The top stories were filled with weapons that could throw darts, stones, and heavy balls, so assailants could not easily take a Norman keep.

The Normans had taste as well as strength, and gradually the whole neighbourhood was made more beautiful. During reign after reign the kings showered favours on their finest possession.

Around the Keep arose a Central Ward—that is the space outside was enclosed with towers and walls and gardens. Then lower down the ridge another king built a church, and beyond it again other great towers, as the town arose, under the Castle's shelter and protection. This part was again flanked and made strong, and called the Lower

Ward. The church was dedicated first to St. Edmond, and then to St. George.

But on the other side of the Keep the monarchs built themselves something in the way of lodging far better than the small rooms of the Keep, for a wide range of palace apartments existed there before even the days of the Tudors. These were extended and improved from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the days of Queen Victoria. These buildings formed the Upper Ward.

The effect of this mass of buildings, dominated by the Round Tower, is very fine, and no better example exists of the feudal fortress. Whether seen from the river, with the red-roofed houses of the town clustered below the great white walls, or from the park, where Windsor rises like an enchanted castle above the wide greensward, which is varied with the groves of ancient oak and beech, there is nothing to compare with it.

All who speak the English tongue may be equally proud of the palace strength of their great forefathers.

Chambers built over castle gateways were often used as prisons for those whose lot was not to be made too hard. For the unfortunates who were to be severely dealt with, a far more horrible prison was provided in the shape of a dungeon with a narrow orifice above, through which the victim was let down with cords into a vault, having often no windows. Places like this must have soon become foul and fatal to the captives.

At Windsor there is a very fair prison above the gateway, through which you must pass before entering the great

stair that climbs the mound of the Keep. Although the windows are narrow they give light enough, and on the walls are the names of the men who here, in their durance vile, amused themselves by writing their name or making their mark by scratches on the stone. Sometimes they added a little tracing of their arms.

These small rooms are among the few which remain exactly as they existed in the Middle Ages. In other apartments there has been much alteration. Most of the ceilings of Verrio are gone, the ancient tapestries have been removed, the heavy ornamentation of the times of the Georges, and almost all the still ponderous yet better decorations of Jacobean times, have disappeared.

But the towers which held celebrated prisoners of State are yet pointed out. The two most notable are just under the hill on which the great round Keep is built. One of these has been raised high, and a very narrow stair communicates with each of its little rooms. Here King John of France had many a long hour in which to repent of his bad generalship at Poitiers, where the young Black Prince took him prisoner. Here he was brought after that ride through the streets of London, which must have been to him so humiliating, although he was shown much courtesy by his captor.

It was the opposite tower across the Upper Ward, with better accommodations that Henry V. of England assigned to the use of the young King of Scotland, who had been illegally captured during a time of truce. Young James of Scotland's uncle, the old Duke of Albany, was not sup-

posed to be particularly sorry to have his sovereign and nephew kept in England, for it gave Albany all power in Scotland. So at Windsor James remained for nearly twenty years, becoming expert in literature and in knightly exercises.

The English were kind to him, and it was from this building of his captivity, now called Edward the Third's Tower, that he saw his future Queen, a daughter of the House of Beaufort, walking in the garden at the base of the Keep.

His long residence in England was beneficial to James in many ways, and when he was at last allowed to return to his northern kingdom, he entered it the most accomplished knight of his time. He was much beloved by the English, with whom he managed, when on the throne, to keep on fair terms. His reign was illustrious, and worthy of a better close than that of the tragic assassination by which it was ended.

We need not think of all the terrible things that have happened at Windsor Castle—of prisoners dying by inches in dark dungeons; of men mutilated for treason, like the Earl of Eu; of the rare attacks the Castle has been called to endure; of the ruin wrought in glorious chapel and halls by Cromwell's soldiery. For Windsor has chiefly been associated with the brighter and more cheery events of the national life.

Here, more often than in any other royal home, were the joy-bells rung for the births and marriages of our princes; although here, too, the funeral knell has also been often

heard ; for it is the tomb, as it is the dwelling-place, of the monarchs of England.

The most daring and most romantic of the Constables of the Round Tower, the fiery Prince Rupert, made his rooms beautiful with pictures, with tapestry, and with ornament. At once an artist and a warrior, such as few countries have produced, he lived to see the palace a prey to the spoiler.

Earlier as well as later days are recalled by the buildings below, which are now devoted to the library. They overlook the Thames and England's great school of Eton. From their windows one gazes across the river far below, on the roofs and towers of the college founded by Henry VI.

Between the groups of houses and the thickly-scattered trees one may catch glimpses of bands of boys in the distance playing football or cricket, or rowing on the Thames. The poet Gray, looking on the same cheerful scene, wrote gloomily, "Alas ! regardless of their doom, the little victims play." Well, they are fortunate victims, and the men who have been at school there would gladly live over again the years they spent at Eton.

It was in this part of the Castle that Queen Elizabeth lived and moved and had her imperious being. It was in a little chamber in a turret here that Queen Anne received the despatch from Marlborough wishing her joy on the victory of Blenheim. He wrote on a scrap of paper from the field, "Your Majesty's troops have had a great victory, and Marshall Tallard is in my coach." He had, with Prince Eugene, achieved one of the most fruitful successes of that reign of victories.

The old look of a fortress has given way to that of the palace, fearing no foeman; and long may this be so! But the Castle could be made strong against everything save long-range artillery. The walls could contain a large force, and its underground apartments have the solidity of bomb-proof. Sentries pace its ramparts, and a regiment of guards is also at hand.

Nor is it dependent for water on river or outside supply. Not long ago a room in the Round Tower was complained of as always cold. The floor was taken up, and there lay a vast circular stone with great iron rings. By these it was lifted, and a deep, carefully-constructed Norman well was discovered, going down to the level of the Thames itself.

The interior of the group of rooms extending from the north side of the Norman Gate to the angle at which the red-coated porters await visitors, now devoted to a fine library, is not always shown. But for those who have leave, a most interesting collection of medals, illuminated manuscripts, ancient buildings, and Oriental miniatures, is displayed. Handsome Elizabethan chimney-pieces, on one of which the great Queen herself is represented, warm the north wall. The windows on the other, embayed in presses full of well-arranged literature, look out towards that far-off church, the spire of which is easily recognised through glass, where Gray wrote his immortal *Elegy*. One little room is that in which Queen Anne was sitting when Marlborough's despatch announcing the victory of Blenheim was brought to her.

Where the library ends is the first of a set of splendid

apartments, used only by the public and the greatest sovereigns. Paintings by Zuccarelli, who, at his best, is always most pleasing, are hung over cabinets containing very beautiful porcelain. Onwards, on the north side, room after room can be most profitably examined, for the pictures are of particular interest, either on account of their history or their art. Formerly the Sovereign's family lived in this part of the Castle. Now they live on the southern side of the Upper Ward, where dwelt in other days the great officers of state.

THE PALACE OF URBINO

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

THE sunset was almost spent, and a four days' moon hung above the Western Apennines, when we took our first view of the palace. It is a fancy-thralling work of wonder seen in that dim twilight; like some castle reared by Atlante's magic for imprisonment of Ruggiero, or palace sought in fairyland by Astolf winding his enchanted horn. Where shall we find its like, combining, as it does, the buttressed battlemented bulk of mediæval strongholds with the airy balconies, suspended gardens, and fantastic turrets of Italian pleasure-houses? This unique blending of the feudal past with the Renaissance spirit of the time when it was built, connects it with the art of Ariosto—or more exactly with Boiardo's epic. Duke Federigo planned his palace at Urbino just at the moment when the Count of Scandiano had begun to chaunt his lays of Roland in the Castle of Ferrara. Chivalry, transmuted by the Italian genius into something fanciful and quaint, survived as a frail work of art. The man-at-arms of the Condottieri still glittered in gilded hauberks. Their helmets waved with plumes and bizarre crests. Their surcoats blazed with heraldries; their velvet caps with medals bearing legendary emblems. The pomp and circumstance of feudal war had not yet yielded to the cannon of the Gascon or the Switzer's pike. The fatal age of foreign invasions had



THE PALACE OF URBINO, ITALY.

not begun for Italy. Within a few years Charles VIII.'s holiday excursion would reveal the internal rottenness and weakness of her rival states, and the peninsula for half a century to come would be drenched in the blood of Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, fighting for her cities as their prey. But now Lorenzo de'Medici was still alive. The famous policy which bears his name held Italy suspended for a golden time in false tranquillity and independence. The princes who shared his culture and his love of art were gradually passing into modern noblemen, abandoning the savage feuds and passions of more virile centuries, yielding to luxury and scholarly enjoyments. The castles were becoming courts, and despotisms won by force were settling into dynasties.

It was just at this epoch that Duke Federigo built his castle at Urbino. One of the ablest and wealthiest Condottieri of his time, one of the best instructed and humanest of Italian princes, he combined in himself the qualities which mark that period of transition. And these he impressed upon his dwelling-house, which looks backward to the mediæval fortalice and forward to the modern palace. This makes it the just embodiment in architecture of Italian romance, the perfect analogue of the "*Orlando Innamorato*." By comparing it with the castle of the Estes at Ferrara and the Palazzo del Te of the Gonzagas at Mantua, we place it in its right position between mediæval and Renaissance Italy, between the age when principalities arose upon the ruins of commercial independence and the age when they became dynastic under Spain.

The exigencies of the ground at his disposal forced Federigo to give the building an irregular outline. The fine façade, with its embayed *loggie* and flanking turrets, is placed too close upon the city ramparts for its due effect. We are obliged to cross the deep ravine which separates it from a lower quarter of the town, and take our station near the Oratory of S. Giovanni Battista, before we can appreciate the beauty of its design, or the boldness of the group it forms with the cathedral dome and tower and square masses of numerous out-buildings. Yet this peculiar position of the palace, though baffling to a close observer of its details, is one of singular advantage to its inhabitants. Set on the verge of Urbino's towering eminence, it fronts a wave-tossed sea of vales and mountain summits towards the rising and the setting sun. There is nothing but illimitable air between the terraces and loggias of the Duchess's apartments and the spreading pyramid of Monte Catria.

A nobler scene is nowhere swept from palace windows than this, which Castiglione touched in a memorable passage at the end of his *Cortegiano*. To one who in our day visits Urbino, it is singular how the slight indications of this sketch, as in some silhouette, bring back the antique life, and link the present with the past—a hint, perhaps, for reticence in our descriptions. The gentlemen and ladies of the court had spent a summer night in long debate on love, rising to the height of mystical Platonic rapture on the lips of Bembo, when one of them exclaimed, “The day has broken!” “He pointed to the light which was

beginning to enter by the fissures of the windows. Whereupon we flung the casements wide upon that side of the palace which looks towards the high peak of Monte Catria, and saw that a fair dawn of rosy hue was born already in the eastern skies, and all the stars had vanished except the sweet regent of the heaven of Venus, who holds the borderlands of day and night; and from her sphere it seemed as though a gentle wind were breathing, filling the air with eager freshness, and waking among the numerous woods upon the neighbouring hills the sweet-toned symphonies of joyous birds."

Duke Frederick began the palace at Urbino in 1454, when he was still only Count. The architect was Luziano of Lauranna, a Dalmatian, and the beautiful white limestone, hard as marble, used in the construction, was brought from the Dalmatian coast. This stone, like the Istrian stone of Venetian buildings, takes and retains the chisel mark with wonderful precision. It looks as though, when fresh, it must have had the pliancy of clay, so delicately are the finest curves in scroll or foliage scooped from its substance. And yet it preserves each cusp and angle of the most elaborate pattern with the crispness and the sharpness of a crystal. When wrought by a clever craftsman, its surface has neither the waxiness of the Parian, nor the brittle edge of Carrara marble; and it resists weather better than marble of the choicest quality. This may be observed in many monuments of Venice, where the stone has been long exposed to sea-air. These qualities of the Dalmatian limestone, no less than its agreeable creamy hue and smooth

dull polish, adapt it to decoration in dull relief. The most attractive details in the palace at Urbino are friezes carved of this material in choice designs of early Renaissance dignity and grace. One chimney-piece in the Sala degli Angeli deserves special comment. A frieze of dancing Cupids, with gilt hair and wings, their naked bodies left white on a ground of ultramarine, is supported by broad flat pilasters. These are engraved with children holding pots of flowers; roses on one side, carnations on the other. Above the frieze another pair of angels, one at each end, hold lighted torches; and the pyramidal cap of the chimney is carved with two more, flying, and supporting the eagle of the Montefeltri on a raised medallion. Throughout the palace we notice emblems appropriate to the Houses of Montefeltro and Della Rovere: their arms, three golden bends upon a field of azure: the Imperial eagle, granted when Montefeltro was made a fief of the Empire: The Garter of England, worn by the Dukes Federigo and Guidobaldo: The ermine of Naples: the *ventosa*, or cupping-glass, adopted for a private badge by Frederick: the golden oak-tree on an azure field of Della Rovere: the palm-tree, bent beneath a block of stone, with its accompanying motto, *Inclinata Resurgam*: the cipher, FE DX. Profile medallions of Federigo and Guidobaldo, wrought in the lowest possible relief, adorn the staircases. Round the great courtyard runs a frieze of military engines and ensigns, trophies, machines, and implements of war, alluding to Duke Frederick's profession of Condottiere. The doorways are enriched with scrolls of heavy-headed flowers,

acanthus foliage, honey-suckles, ivy-berries, birds and boys and sphinxes, in all the riot of Renaissance fancy.

This profusion of sculptured *rilievo* is nearly all that remains to show how rich the palace was in things of beauty. Castiglione, writing in the reign of Guidobaldo, says that "in the opinion of many it is the fairest to be found in Italy; and the Duke filled it so well with all things fitting its magnificence, that it seemed less like a palace than a city. Not only did he collect articles of common use, vessels of silver, the trappings for chambers of rare cloths of gold and silk, and such-like furniture, but he added multitudes of bronze and marble statues, exquisite pictures, and instruments of music of all sorts. There was nothing but was of the finest and most excellent quality to be seen there. Moreover, he gathered together at a vast cost a large number of the best and rarest books on Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, all of which he adorned with gold and silver, esteeming them the chiefest treasure of his spacious palace." When Cesare Borgia entered Urbino as conqueror in 1502, he is said to have carried off loot to the value of 150,000 ducats, or perhaps about a quarter of a million*sterling.

The impression left upon the mind after traversing this palace in its length and breadth is one of weariness and disappointment. How shall we reconstruct the long-past life which filled its rooms with sound, the splendour of its pageants, the thrill of tragedies enacted here? It is not difficult to crowd its doors and vacant spaces with liveried servants, slim pages in tight hose, whose well-combed hair escapes from tiny caps upon their silken shoulders. We

may even replace the tapestries of Troy which hung one hall, and build again the sideboards with their embossed gilded plate. But are these chambers really those where Emilia Pia held debate on love with Bembo and Castiglione; where Bibbiena's witticisms and Fra Serafino's pranks raised smiles on courtly lips; where Bernardo Accolti, "the Unique," declaimed his verses to applauding crowds? Is it possible that into yonder hall, where now the lion of S. Mark looks down alone on staring desolation, strode the Borgia in all his panoply of war, a gilded glittering dragon, and from the dais tore the Montefeltri's throne, and from the arras stripped their ensigns, replacing those with his own Bull and Valentinus Dux? Here Tasso tuned his lyre for Francesco Maria's wedding-feast and read *Aminta* to Lucrezia d'Este. Here Guidobaldo listened to the jests and whispered scandals of the Aretine. Here Titian set his easel up to paint; here the boy Raphael, cap in hand, took, signed and sealed credentials from his Duchess to the Gonfalonier of Florence. Somewhere in these huge chambers, the courtiers sat before a torch-lit stage, when Bibbiena's *Calandria* and Castiglione's *Tirsi*, with their miracles of masques and mummers, whiled the night away. Somewhere, we know not where, Guiliano de'Medici made love in these bare rooms to that mysterious mother of ill-fated Cardinal Ippolito; somewhere, in some darker nook, the bastard Alessandro sprang to his strange-fortuned life of tyranny and license, which Brutus-Lorenzino cut short with a traitor's poignard-thrust in Via Larga. How many men, illustrious for arts and letters, memorable by their

virtues or their crimes, have trod these silent corridors, from the great Pope Julius down to James III., self-titled King of England, who tarried here with Clementina Sobieski through some twelve months of his ex-royal exile ! The memories of all this folk, flown guests and masters of the still-abiding palace-chambers, haunt us as we hurry through. They are but filmy shadows. We cannot grasp them, localize them, people surrounding emptiness with more than withering cobweb forms.

It is easier to conjure up the past of this great palace, strolling round it in free air and twilight ; perhaps because the landscape and the life still moving on the city streets bring its exterior into harmony with real existence. The southern façade, with its vaulted balconies and flanking towers, takes the fancy, fascinates the eye, and lends itself as a fit stage for puppets of the musing mind. Once more imagination plants trim orange-trees in giant jars of Gubbio ware upon the pavement where the garden of the Duchess lay—the pavement paced in these bad days by convicts in grey canvas jackets—that pavement where Monsignor Bembo courted “dear dead women” with Platonic phrase, smothering the Menta of his natural man in lettuce culled from Academe and thyme of Mount Hymettus. In yonder loggia, lifted above the garden and the court, two lovers are in earnest converse. They lean beneath the coffered arch, against the marble of the balustrade, he fingering his dagger under the dark velvet doublet, she playing with a clove carnation, deep as her own shame. The man is Giannandrea, broad-shouldered bravo of Verona, Duke Guidobaldo’s fa-

vourite and carpet-count. The lady is Madonna Maria, daughter of Rome's Prefect, widow of Venanzio Verano, whom the Borgia strangled. On their discourse a tale will hang of a woman's frailty and a man's boldness—Camerino's Duchess yielding to a low-born suitor's stalwart charms. And more will follow, when that lady's brother, furious Francesco Maria della Rovere, shall stab the bravo in torch-litten palace-rooms with twenty poignard strokes 'twixt waist and throat, and their Pandarus shall be sent down to his account by a varlet's *coltellata* through the midriff. Imagination shifts the scene, and shows in that same loggia Rome's warlike Pope, attended by his cardinals and all Urbino's chivalry. The snowy beard of Julius flows down upon his breast, where jewels clasp the crimson mantle, as in Raphael's picture. His eyes are bright with wine; for he has come to gaze on sunset from the banquet-chamber and to watch the line of lamps which soon will leap along that palace cornice in his honour. Behind him lies Bologna humbled. The Pope returns, a conqueror to Rome. Yet once again imagination is at work. A gaunt, bold man, close-habited in Spanish black, his spare, fine features carved in purest ivory, leans from that balcony. Gazing with hollow eyes, he tracks the swallows in their flight, and notes that winter is at hand. This is the last Duke of Urbino, Francesco Maria II., he whose young wife deserted him, who made for himself alone a hermit-pedant's round of petty cares and niggard avarice and mean brained superstition. He drew a second consort from the convent, and raised up seed unto his line by forethought,

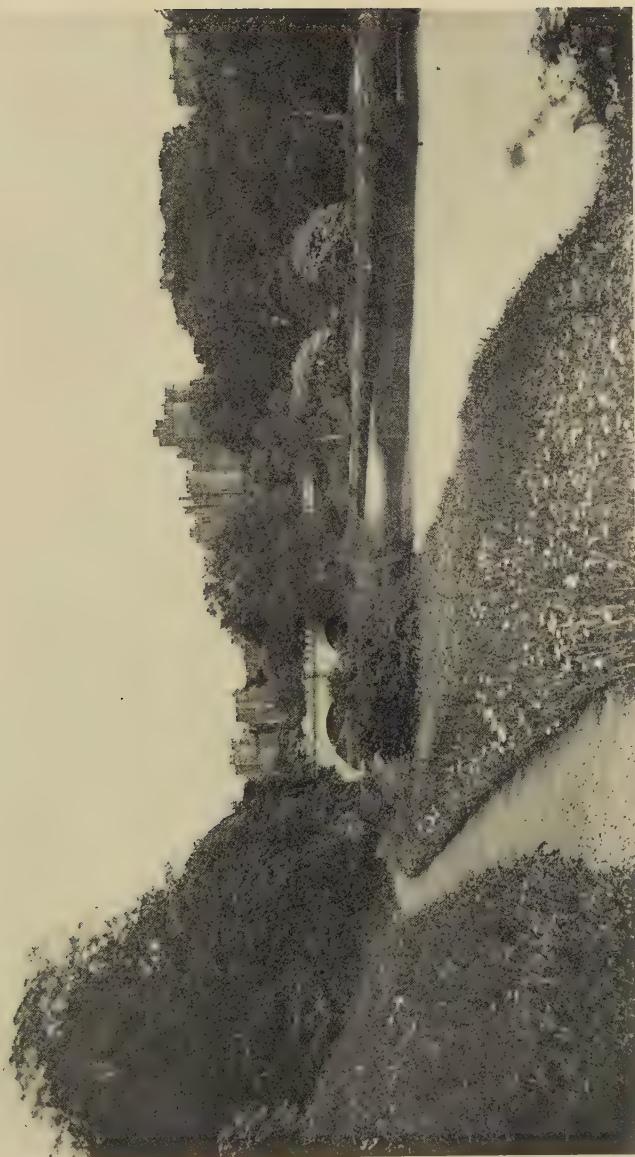
but beheld his princeling fade untimely in the bloom of boyhood. Nothing is left but solitude. To the mortmain of the Church reverts Urbino's lordship, and even now he meditates the terms of devolution. Jesuits cluster in the rooms behind, with comfort for the ducal soul and calculations for the interests of Holy See.

Filippo Visconti, with a smile on his handsome face, is waiting for us at the inn. His horses sleek, well-fed, and rested, toss their heads impatiently. We take our seats in the carriage, open wide beneath a sparkling sky, whirl past the palace and its ghost-like recollections, and are half-way on the road to Fossombrone in a cloud of dust and whirl of wheels before we think of looking back to greet Urbino. There is just time. The last decisive turning lies in front. We stand bareheaded to salute the grey mass of buildings ridged along the sky. Then the open road invites us with its varied scenery and movement.

ALNWICK CASTLE

CUTHBERT BEDE

ALNWICK is built on the summit of the southern bank of the Aln, on a plateau of five acres of ground, walled round with strong fortifications, defended by sixteen towers, and divided into two large courtyards, with the Keep in the midst. The Keep is polygonal in form, faced by nine towers, and is built round a third, or inner court. We have the northern side of the second courtyard, with the Round (or Record) Tower; next to that is the abutment, called the Ravine Tower, in whose recess is the stone seat called "Hotspur's Chair," and between which and the Record Tower is "the Bloody Gap,"—a name given to that part of the curtain-wall from a breach being there made by the Scots during some Border war, in a vain effort to capture the castle. Three hundred Scots are said to have fallen there, and the extent of "the Bloody Gap" is plainly to be discerned from the variations in the masonry. We then come to the Constable's Tower, and the Postern Tower, or Sally Port, and then to the Keep itself, which was protected by a low curtain-wall, carried in a semicircle to the Armourer's Tower and the Falconer's Tower. These are the two towers lately swept away (together with their curtain-wall) in order to accommodate the arrangements consequent upon the erection of the



ALNWICK CASTLE, ENGLAND.

Prudhoe Tower, for which also the two north-western round towers of the Keep were also destroyed. One of these towers contains the ancient banqueting-hall of the Percies; and the successive sacrifice of these four towers with their many interesting evidences of feudal times, in order that the modern Italian interior of the castle might not be interfered with, has raised a storm of discussion among such distinguished architects as Scott, Cockerell, Donaldson, Godwin, Pocock, Ferguson, and Salvin, under whom the recently completed works have been carried out, chiefly from the designs of Commendatore Canina. These works have been hailed with applause, and hailed upon with disapprobation. It is an example of one of those Sir Roger de Coverley cases, where much may be said on both sides. In the last six years these works have magically transformed the interior of the feudal castle of the chivalrous Earls of Northumberland (much debased, it is true, by Batty-Langley and Strawberry-Hill Gothic) into a Roman palazzo, with the most gorgeous and costly decorations of the Renaissance. For six years have two hundred workmen been employed in these alterations; much has been done at Rome, and much on the spot, especially by the twenty-seven native wood-carvers. There are no shams in the decorations; the ceilings and cornices are carved, and not cast or moulded: the walnut and maple-woods are what they pretend to be; and, to such an extent has this Ruskinism "conscientiousness of art" been carried that, in this age of *papier-mâché*, *carton-pierre*, gutta-percha, and the like, there are several *miles* of the egg-ornament labor-

iously carved by hand, while a door panel has occupied its carver four months, and a shutter-panel, a twelvemonth. This modern sumptuousness of decoration is a remarkable contrast to that peculiar species of economy imposed upon the proud Percies of three centuries back, when Clarkson's report (in 1567) advised the taking out of the glass windows whenever my lord and his friends were not there, and laying them up in safety until their return, justifying this economical act by the "decaye and waste" of the windows "throwe extreme winds."

Next to these now destroyed Armourer's and Falconer's Towers, comes the Abbot's Tower (the large corner one), where the abbot had apartments, whenever choice or necessity caused him to leave his abbey, snugly situated down in the wooded valley by the river-side. Beyond this is seen the West Garret, and the outer of "Utter Ward," with its square and octagonal towers, and its advanced barbican, forming a picturesque mass of great size and strength, and a noble entrance to a noble castle.

Walking along the parapets from the Round Tower, we pass East Garret. Beginning at the left hand, we first come to the Guard House, and the Auditor's Tower, which flank the southern gate. The south wall is then continued to the Middle Ward, which, as being the second great entrance to the castle, is a building of great size and strength. Over it was the chapel, approached from the library,—a noble room that occupied the greater part of this block of building—but which has now been converted into the private apartments of the Duke and Duchess.

This block of building divides the two courtyards, and is terminated in the Keep, whose two semi-octagonal towers were added, in advance, to the old square Norman tower, by the second Lord Percy, about the year 1350.

A series of escutcheons on the upper part of the towers helps us to the date of their erection ; and though we know not their architect, we have full proof that he did his work well, for the towers have not needed repairs up to this day, and even a rector's legal adviser would experience some difficulty in awarding dilapidations. The moat and draw-bridge that guarded the entrance to the Keep have long since passed away ; but, at the time of my visit, a field-piece, backed up by a pyramidal pile of cannon balls, did harmless duty on either side of the gateway, and playfully menaced the Auditor's Tower and the Guard House on the opposite side of the courtyard.

The ground-floor of the octagonal towers of the Keep is lighted by long arrow slits that admit a thin wedge of light to the wine-cellar, on the left hand, and to the chief dungeon, on the right. Each of the lodges at the various gates was furnished with dungeons ; but this was the chief dungeon for the State offenders. Its size is eleven feet four inches, by ten feet four inches. In the floor is an iron grating, over a pit ; and, a light being lowered into this for the depth of eleven feet, discloses a horrible grave (worthy of Naples and the dark ages) nine feet by eight, into which the wretched prisoner was lowered, or shot like a sack of coals. Let us thank Heaven that such a place can now only be shown as a curiosity. The breakfast-room was

over the gateway : we see one of its windows over the mound of the Keep. The windows in the first round tower, and the windows in the flat wall to the left, lighted the old dining-room. The next round tower contained the old drawing-room whose interior shape was that of the ace of clubs. A portion of the low curtain-wall is seen at the base of the Keep mound ; and then, immediately on the right is the postern tower, or sally-port. In the lower part was a laboratory ; in the upper part, a collection of old armour, and a museum of miscellaneous antiquities ; Roman remains ; small cannon, used at the first invention of gunpowder ; and the old standard bushel of Northumberland, and a chain of several links, that could be bound around an arm, like an iron chain, and was carved out of a solid block of stone.

Let us now pass between those two great octagonal towers, and up the long dark tunnel that will lead us into the heart of the Keep, the third, or inner court ; the carriages rattle under that dark archway with a peculiar dull sound, for its pavement is of wood, as is also the pavement of the inner court. It is a polygon, having nine sides of various dimensions, besides other little angles, and it is about a hundred feet across from the one side to the other ; and, as it is walled in with high towers on every side, it has somewhat of a well-like aspect. Its two great architectural and antiquarian curiosities are the Saxon (or Norman, if you are a great stickler for this point) mouldings on the inner face of the archway, presenting a great diversity of enrichments —and the old draw-well, for the use of the castle during a

siege. This is built in the thickness of the wall, with three pointed arches, surmounted by one large discharging arch, on the point of which is a humorous-looking corbel, supporting the figure of a priest, who is in the attitude of blessing the water. The old axle, with its pegged hand-wheels, still remains, and this interesting draw-well has not been interfered with in the recent alterations, though the aspect of the Inner Court has been altered by the addition of the covered drive.

The limits of this paper do not allow me to say more of Alnwick Castle, or to touch upon the varied events that have befallen it and its owners, from those early Percy days when —

“ in the Conqueror’s fleet
Lord William shipp’d his powers,”

(as one of the family has told us in his ballad of the *Hermit of Warkworth*) down to those later times of handsome Hugh Smithson, the London apothecary, and his descendants, when, as the American poet Halleck sings in that ballad, which is not so well known (in its entirety) as it deserves to be:—

“ The present representatives
Of Hotspur and his gentle Kate,
Are some half-dozen serving-men,
In the drab coats of William Penn —”

who will bow you

“ From donjon vault, to turret wall,
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.”

I have not space to dwell upon these matters, although

there is very much to interest us in the records of the Castle and its owners, and much for salient anecdote and gossip, not only as to the people but also their manners and customs. As, for example, that curious manuscript book, dated 1512, which tells us how the fifth Earl and his family lived; they had fresh meat from Midsummer to Michaelmas, and salt meat for all the rest of the year; how the servants rarely had anything else than salt meat, with few or no vegetables (the roast beef of Old England being a mere Jack-o'-Lantern to them); how my lord and lady had no sheets to their bed, and only washed their tablecloths once a month; how they rose at six, breakfasted at seven on a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white herrings, and a dish of sprats—half a chyne of mutton and a chyne of boiled beef being added on flesh days; how they dined at ten and supped at four, and went to bed at nine; how there were only two cooks, with two assistants to provide for a household of two hundred and twenty-three, and how the head cook was so great a monarch that when he gives an order for the making of mustard it bears this preamble: "It seemeth good to us and our council;" how the players at Christmas had twenty-pence for every play, and the rockers in the nursery had as many shillings each year; how, in the winter, only a peck of coals were allowed for each fire, and no fires after Lady-day, except half-fires for my lord and lady, and the nursery. There is all this, and very much more, that is both curious and interesting, but space, and not material, fails me.

Nor can I speak of the out-of-door lions of Alnwick,—

the park, the gardens, the model farm, the Duchess's dairy, the ruins of Alnwick Abbey, down in the sequestered dell by the river, the ruins of Hulne Abbey upon the slope of the hill over against the Castle—Brislee Tower, a Strawberry-hill erection eighty feet high, called by Mr. Walter White "an elegant structure"; but, in my humble opinion, a very hideous affair, and a fit companion to Kew Pagoda; and more useful than ornamental, for the summit commands a glorious view;—the monument to commemorate the capture of William the Lion, and the cross to commemorate the death of King Malcolm. It bears the following inscriptions: "Malcolm III., King of Scotland, besieging Alnwick Castle, was slain here, Nov. XIII., an. MXCIII. —K. Malcolm's cross, decayed by time, was restored by his descendant, Eliz. Dutchess of Northumberland, MDCCLXXIV." It is distant about three-quarters of a mile from the castle, on the opposite side of the river; but, from what the ancient chartulary of Alnwick Abbey says, the spot where Malcolm died was two or three hundred yards nearer to the castle, where Malcolm's Well now is. Malcolm was ravaging Northumberland with fire and sword, and, in due course, laid siege to Alnwick, which was stoutly defended by Moroll of Bamburgh. When the garrison could hold out no longer, a certain man rode forth to Malcolm, bearing the keys of the castle tied to the end of his spear, and presented himself in a suppliant posture, as being come to surrender up possession. Malcolm advanced to receive the keys, when the soldier pierced him with a mortal wound, and, dashing through the swollen

river, escaped by the fleetness of his horse. Malcolm dropped dead; a panic arose among the Scots, and the desperate defenders of Alnwick made a successful sortie, and put their enemy to the rout. Prince Edward, Malcolm's eldest son, received mortal wounds in this fight. The old Abbey chronicle says that the soldier's name was Hammond, and the place where he swam the river was called "Hammond's Ford." But Hector Boëtius has improved the story into a legend, and says the soldier's name was Mowbray, and that he pierced Malcolm through the eye, and from that circumstance acquired the name of Pierce-eye, and became the founder of the proud family of Percy, Earls of Northumberland. A very pretty legend, but somewhat damaged by obtrusive facts, especially by that fact that the ancestor of the family was that William de Percy, of the town of Percy in Lower Normandy, who was one of the Norman chieftains who came over with the Conqueror, and whose name is recorded in the rolls of Battle Abbey.

THE PALACE OF SAINT-CLOUD

J. J. BOURRASSÉE.

THE name Saint-Cloud involuntarily carries us back to one of the most agitated epochs of our history and recalls a scene of savage violence. Clodowald, son of Clodomir, King of Orleans, saw his two brothers assassinated before his eyes: the executioners were his two uncles. The cruel spectacle was never effaced from his memory. Clodowald himself cut off his long hair, the emblem of his illustrious origin, preferring the humility of the cloister to the splendour of a crown. His pious self-abnegation received its reward even in this world. The village of Nogent took the name of its patron who was included in the list of saints: history has connected the name of Saint-Cloud with events that fill the universe. Here Henri III. fell beneath the blade of an assassin, and with him the Valois branch ended. Here suddenly died, not without suspicions of poison, the witty and brilliant Henrietta of England, wife of Louis the Fourteenth's brother. In this same spot Marie Antoinette was preparing the most charming of royal residences when the Revolution came to drag her to the scaffold. Here the Revolution of Brumaire XVIII. overturned the French republic. In 1815, the foreigners, with Wellington and Blücher at their head, are at Saint-Cloud, where the

capitulation of Paris is signed on July 3d. Here, on July 28th, 1830, Charles X. signs the fatal orders which are immediately followed by a new revolution. This prince leaves Saint-Cloud on July 30th, at 3 A. M., to go into exile where he is to find his tomb.

The purity of the air, the abundance of water, the freshness of the landscape and the beauty of the banks of the Seine have always attracted the dwellers of Paris to Saint-Cloud. Nobles of the court, members of the parliament and men of finance built elegant country houses here. The masses, following a tradition which has not yet disappeared, went out there to take breath at liberty, to stroll about in the shade and to play their gambols.

It must be confessed that at the gates of Paris one could not find a more agreeable promenade nor a more attractive dwelling-place. Consequently, at the period of our internecine wars, the possession of it was bitterly wanted. In 1346 Saint-Cloud was revisited by the English, and its inhabitants were so fortunate as to drive them off. But in 1358, after the fatal battle of Poitiers, the English took the place and pillaged and reduced it to ashes without sparing the pleasure-houses established in the vicinity. Under the reign of the unfortunate Charles VI., the Armagnacs and Bourguignons alternately fell upon the village and ravaged the country side. These multiplied disasters were promptly repaired and the hills of Saint-Cloud again adorned themselves with elegant abodes framed in verdure.

The house that served as the kernel of the royal castle of Saint-Cloud first belonged to Jérôme Gonde. He was



THE PALACE OF SAINT-CLOUD, FRANCE.

an Italian who came to France in the suite of Catherine de' Medici. Like several of his fellow-countrymen, he succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune here. More fortunate than some of them, he kept in favour with the Queen Mother. It was in this house, August 1st, 1589, that Henri III. was assassinated by Jacques Clément. Devoted servants saluted Henri IV. as King of France: he was at Saint-Cloud in the Tillet house. This house, the witness of the accession to the throne of the Bourbon line, has since disappeared: its site is marked in the gardens of the castle by the Tillet alley.

The grandson of Henri IV., so passionate for the grandeur of his house, bought Saint-Cloud for Philip of Orleans, his brother, generally called *Monsieur*. Various acquisitions were successively made to complete this beautiful demesne: the castle was rebuilt by Lepautre, and the gardens laid out by Le Nôtre. Saint-Cloud for a long time remained the favourite residence of the Dukes of Orleans. Henrietta of England with her gay spirit, her beautiful manners, her love of *fêtes*, her taste for pomp, her engaging character, her discreet advances, and the friendship shown for her by her brother-in-law, rendered it the most elegant abode, the centre of the most select gatherings, and the palace of decent and delicate pleasures.

Alas! these brilliant entertainments of fashion were very soon to be interrupted by a terrible blow which fell suddenly like a clap of thunder. Henrietta returned from England whither she had been, charged by Louis XIV. with the negotiation of a secret treaty with her brother,

Charles II. Arriving in the beginning of June, 1670, she was quietly resting at Saint-Cloud, when, on the twenty-ninth of the same month, suddenly in the castle in the middle of the night the terrible cry was heard: "Madame is dying!" and, eight hours later: "Madame is dead!" This princess was twenty-six years old. The disease declared itself by frightful agony the moment after drinking a glass of chicory water. At first she declared that she had been poisoned; if she retracted this afterwards, it was under the apprehension of the terrible consequences that a false declaration might entail. Her suspicions have been shared by historians, who briefly add that Louis XIV. was happy to learn that his brother was innocent of this crime.

Monsieur showed his grief by grand funeral ceremonies. What makes the memory of these obsequies notable is the funeral oration delivered by Bossuet. It is one of the masterpieces of pulpit eloquence.

The tears, feigned or genuine, were scarcely dry before they began to think of filling the place left empty by death. The King made overtures on this subject to Mademoiselle, daughter of Gaston of Orleans, the brother of Louis XIII.; but this princess at that time was occupied with a project that became the torment of her life; she wanted to marry the Comte de Lauzun.

Four months after the death of the gentle and witty Henrietta of England, Monsieur married the Princess Palatine, the daughter of the Elector Palatine. A robust German with strongly marked features, an enemy to ceremony, detesting entertainments on account of impatience with con-

straint, holding the toilette in aversion because it interfered with her usual habits, the Princess Palatine formed a complete contrast to the lively and delicate Henrietta. She abjured Lutheranism on the eve of her marriage. From this we may judge of the changes that followed at first in the customs of the castle of Saint-Cloud. But they did not last long. Philip of Orleans loved to hold a court and he was anxious to see it constantly filled with people who could amuse themselves. High play occurred there and many ladies came, who, says Saint Simon, "would scarcely have been received elsewhere." At Saint-Cloud, as at the Palais Royale, there was an uninterrupted succession of entertainments. Madame often sulked at the company. She spent the greatest part of the day in her cabinet. Her husband allowed her every liberty and freely used his own, without concerning himself about her in any way.

In 1701, Philip of Orleans, the King's brother, died at Saint-Cloud. The Princess Palatine also breathed her last gasp there. This magnificent residence continued to be occupied with the same sumptuousness and luxury by the new owners; these were the Duke of Chartres who, on his father's death, took the title of Duke of Orleans, and his wife, Mlle. de Blois, daughter of Louis XIV. This princess wanted to hold a court there that would do sufficient honour to the first prince of the blood. The King approved, provided that she took care to gather together a distinguished company free from the confused and objectionable mixture that had defiled the society of the late Duke of Orleans. The beginnings of this new court were

admirable. Families of the best positions in the realm crowded into the receptions at Saint-Cloud. The drawing-rooms and gardens were filled with personages belonging to the most illustrious houses. Since Louis XIV. was old and Versailles did not always afford much pleasure, the young generation gladly turned to Saint-Cloud where politeness, liberality, magnificence, fine manners and an amiable freedom attracted and held everybody.

In 1752, Louis Philippe of Orleans, grandson of the Regent, gave a splendid *fête* at Saint-Cloud, a detailed description of which was given by the writers of the time with great gusto. It was remarked that the populace was admitted to take part in it. This remark, which was dwelt on with a kind of affectation, shows the influence of new ideas. In 1759, this prince lost his wife, Louise Henriette de Bourbon Conti, and in 1773 he secretly married the Marquise de Montesson. The latter, desiring a modest abode, induced the Duke of Orleans to sell the castle of Saint-Cloud. In 1785, this beautiful residence was purchased by Queen Marie Antoinette for six millions. By the Queen's orders numerous changes were made. The new chapel was built at that time, and on the site of the old one a staircase of honour was built, leading to the grand apartments. Considerable additions were made to the buildings by doubling two bodies of outbuildings. The works were carried forward rapidly; but events were marching still faster; they were not yet completed when the Revolution burst. The palace was abandoned; the gardens were reserved for the pleasure of the citizens.

A great political event was soon to happen at Saint-Cloud. After horrible and sterile agitation like that of a tempest, the Directory, far from healing France of the excesses of anarchy, was impotent, and its weakness, not less than the light conduct of the Directors, caused it to fall into discredit. All was ready for a new revolution, and it came on the 18th of Brumaire (Nov. 9th, 1799). The legislative body had been transferred to the castle of Saint-Cloud. The victor of Lodi and Arcola, having recently returned from Egypt, was ripe for new destinies. Surrounded by a crowd of superior officers determined to put an end to the *government of lawyers*, it was necessary to act. So he went to Saint-Cloud after having taken his measures in Paris. . . . At the sight of the grenadiers advancing with fixed bayonets, the terrified members of the council dispersed in flight through the passages, or jumping out of the windows. A new era was about to open; Napoleon Bonaparte is nominated First Consul, Consul for ten years, Consul for life, and lastly, Emperor.

From the year 1800, the royal residences had been placed at the disposal of the new representative of sovereign authority in France, and he chose the castle of Saint-Cloud for his summer residence. It was here that he received the decree that proclaimed him Emperor of the French. Napoleon often came here for repose after his victories. Here, in quiet, he planned new conquests, and more especially he elaborated those regulations of public administration that, together with the code that bears his name, perhaps constitute his best title to glory in the eyes of posterity.

In 1810, on April 1st, the marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise was celebrated in the chapel of Saint-Cloud. The castle and gardens then witnessed rejoicings that seemed as if they could never be saddened by any cloud. In 1815, alas! the scene has greatly changed. Saint Cloud is invaded by a horde of foreigners. The conqueror wants to dishonour the palace of the hero whom Fortune has betrayed. Troops are encamped in the gardens; horses are watered in the park fountains. Nothing is respected, not even the private chamber of the Empress. A pack of hounds is put there; the furniture is soiled and torn books litter the floor. A soldier sleeps in his uniform in Napoleon's bed and amuses himself with tearing the imperial draperies with his spurs. Those were days of mourning for Saint-Cloud and for France! The capitulation of Paris was signed at Saint-Cloud, July 3d, 1813.

Fifteen years later, also in the month of July, another revolution chased Charles X. from Saint-Cloud. It was here that that prince signed the orders of July 24, 1830. Six days later, the royal family of Bourbon was on the road of exile! The government of the Restoration had various embellishments done to the palace and gardens of Saint-Cloud. We owe to Charles X. the construction of the building for the accommodation of the servants of his establishment, as well as a fine barracks, situated in the gardens of the lower park, for his body-guard.

Louis Philippe did not forget Saint-Cloud which recalled youthful memories. The apartments were renovated and

richly furnished, and new distributions still further improved this beautiful residence.

Notwithstanding the considerable works undertaken at different periods, it was easy to recognize the modern works from the ancient parts. The front on the court of honour was executed after the plans of Gerard; the two pavilions were by the architect Lepautre. The apartments of Napoleon III. and the Empress were situated on the first story in the left wing. Queen Marie Antoinette, the Empress Marie Louise and the Duchess of Angoulême occupied this part of the castle. The Apollo Gallery, inaugurated by a splendid *fête* given by Philip of Orleans to his brother, Louis XIV., was on the first story of the right wing. Under the Directory, this gallery was used for the sittings of the council of the *Anciens*. The emperor's vestibule was in the centre of the façade, with the staircase built on the site of the old chapel. The internal decoration of the palace was of the greatest magnificence; the paintings on the ceilings were by illustrious artists, and the furniture, renewed several times, was of rare elegance and dazzling richness.

The heir of Napoleon I. was soon to reappear there: it was at Saint-Cloud, Dec. 2, 1852, that the Empire was restored.

The palace of Saint-Cloud was burnt during the siege of Paris by the German army in 1870-1871.

STIRLING CASTLE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

WE passed through the outer rampart of Queen Anne; through the old round gate-tower of an earlier day, and beneath the vacant arch where the portcullis used to fall, thus reaching the inner region, where stand the old palace on one side and the old Parliament House on the other. The former looks aged, ragged and rusty, but makes a good appearance enough pictorially, being adorned all round about with statues, which may have been white marble once, but are as grey as weather-beaten granite now, and look down from beneath the windows above the basement story. A photograph would give the idea of very rich antiquity, but as it really stands, looking on a gravelled courtyard, and with "Canteen" painted on one of its doors, the spectator does not find it very impressive. The great hall of this palace is now partitioned off into two or three rooms, and the whole edifice is arranged to serve as barracks. Of course, no trace of ancient magnificence, if anywise destructible, can be left in the interior. We were not shown into this palace, nor into the Parliament House, nor into the tower, where King James stabbed the Earl of Douglas. When I was here a year ago, I went up the old staircase and into the room where the murder was committed, although it had recently been the scene of a fire



STIRLING CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

which consumed as much of it as was inflammable. The window whence the Earl's body was thrown then remained ; but now the whole tower seems to have been removed, leaving only the mullions of the historic window.

We merely looked up at the new, light-coloured free-stone of the restored tower in passing, and ascended to the ramparts, where we found one of the most splendid views, morally and materially, that this world can show. Indeed, I think there cannot be such a landscape as the Carse of Stirling, set in such a frame as it is,—the Highlands, comprehending our friends Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, Ben An, and the whole Ben brotherhood, with the Grampians surrounding it to the westward and northward, and in other directions some range of prominent objects to shut it in ; and the plain itself, so worthy of the richest setting, so fertile, so beautiful, so written over and over again with histories. The silver Links of Forth are as sweet and gently picturesque an object as a man sees in a lifetime. I do not wonder that Providence caused great things to happen on this plain ; it was like choosing a good piece of canvas to paint a great picture upon. The battle of Bannockburn (which we saw beneath us, with the Gillie's Hill on the right) could not have been fought upon a meaner plain, nor Wallace's victory gained ; and if any other great historic act still remains to be done in this country, I should imagine the Carse of Stirling to be the future scene of it. Scott seems to me hardly to have done justice to this landscape, or to have bestowed pains enough to put it in strong relief before the world ; although it is from the

lights shed on it, and so much other Scottish scenery, by his mind, that we chiefly see it and take an interest in it.

I do not remember seeing the hill of execution before,—a mound on the same level as the castle's base, looking towards the Highlands. A solitary cow was now feeding upon it. I should imagine that no person could ever have been unjustly executed there; the spot is too much in the sight of heaven and earth to countenance injustice.

Descending from the ramparts, we went into the Armoury, which I did not see on my former visit. The superintendent of this department is an old soldier of very great intelligence and vast communicativeness, and quite absorbed in thinking of and handling weapons; for he is a practical armourer. He had a few things to show us that were very interesting,—a helmet or two, a bomb and grenade from the Crimea; also some muskets from the same quarter, one of which, with a sword at the end, he spoke of admiringly, as the best weapon in the collection, its only fault being its extreme weight. He showed us, too, some Minie rifles, and whole ranges of the old-fashioned Brown Bess, which had helped to win Wellington's victories; also the halberts of sergeants, now laid aside, and some swords that had been used at the battle of Sheriffmuir. These latter were very short, not reaching to the floor, when I held one of them point downward, in my hand. The shortness of the blade and consequent closeness of the encounter, must have given the weapon a most dagger-like murderousness. Hanging in the hall of arms, there were two tattered banners that had gone through the

Peninsular battles, one of them belonged to the gallant 42d Regiment. The armourer gave my wife a rag from each of these banners, consecrated by so much battle smoke; also a piece of old oak, half-burned to charcoal, which had been rescued from the panelling of the Douglas Tower. We saw better things, moreover, than all these rusty weapons and ragged flags; namely, the pulpit and communion-table of John Knox. The frame of the former, if I remember aright, is complete; but one or two of the panels are knocked out and lost, and, on the whole, it looks as if it had been shaken to pieces by the thunder of his holdings forth,—much worm-eaten, too, is the old oak wood, as well it may be, for the letters MD (1500) are carved on its front. The communion table is polished, and in much better preservation.

Then the armourer showed us a Damascus blade, of the kind that will cut a delicate silk handkerchief while floating in the air; and some inlaid match-lock guns. A child's little toy-gun was lying on a work-bench among all this array of weapons; and when I took it up and smiled, he said it was his son's. So he called in a little fellow of four years old, who was playing in the castle yard, and made him go through the musketry exercise which he did with great good-will. This small Son of a Gun, the father assured us, cares for nothing but arms, and has attained all his skill with the musket merely by looking at the soldiers on parade.

Our soldier, who had resigned the care of us to the armourer, met us again at the door, and led us round the

remainder of the ramparts, dismissing us finally at the gate by which we entered. All the time we were in the castle, there had been a great discordance of drums and fifes, caused by the musicians who were practicing just under the walls; likewise the sergeants were drilling their squads of men, and putting them through strange gymnastic motions. Most, if not all, of the garrison belongs to a Highland regiment, and those whom we saw on duty in full costume looked very martial and gallant. Emerging from the Castle, we took the broad and pleasant footpath, which circles it about midway on the grassy steep which descends from the rocky precipice on which the walls are built. This is a very beautiful walk, and affords a most striking view of the Castle, right above our heads, the height of its wall forming one line with the precipice. The grassy hillside is almost as precipitous as the dark grey rock that rises out of it, to form the foundations of the Castle; but wild rose-bushes, both of a white and red variety, are abundant here, and all in bloom; nor are these the only flowers. There is also shrubbery in some spots, tossing up green waves against the precipice; and broad sheets of ivy here and there mantle the head-long rock, which also has a growth of weeds in its crevices. The Castle walls above, however, are quite bare of any such growth. Thus, looking up at the old storied fortress, and looking down over the wide, historic plain, we wandered half-way round the Castle, and then, retracing our steps, entered the town close by an old hospital.

THE PALACE OF THE BOSPHORUS

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

WHEN in your caïque upon the Bosphorus you have passed the Tower of Leander,¹ you see opposite Scutari an immense, unfinished palace that bathes its white feet in the blue and rapid waters. There is a superstition in the East, supported by the architects, that no one dies while the house he is having built is uncompleted; therefore the Sultans always take care to have some palace on hand.

As a rare instance among the Turks, who consecrate solid and precious materials to the house of God and erect for the transitory habitation of man only wooden kiosks hardly more enduring than himself, this palace is all of marble and built for eternity. It is composed of one great body and two wings. To say to what order of architecture it belongs would be difficult; it is not Greek, nor Roman, nor Gothic, nor Renaissance, nor Saracen, nor Arab, nor Turkish; it approaches that style which the Spaniards call *plateresco*, and which makes the façade of a building resemble a great piece of goldsmith's work owing to the complicated wealth of its ornaments and the maddening mass of the details.

¹ The Maiden's Tower.

Windows with open-work balconies, small enwreathed columns, ribbed trefoils, festooned frames, and intervening spaces crowded with sculpture and arabesques, recall the Lombard style and make you think of the ancient palaces of Venice; only there is the same difference between the Palace Dario or Casa d'oro and the Sultan's Palace as between the Grand Canal and the Bosphorus.

This enormous building of Marmora marble, of a bluish white that seems a little cold owing to the sharp glitter from its newness, produces a very majestic effect between the blue of the sky and the blue of the sea; it will produce a better one when the warm sun of Asia shall have gilded it with its rays which are received direct and at first-hand. Vignola, doubtless, would not know what to make of this hybrid façade where the styles of all periods and all countries form a composite order which he did not foresee. But one cannot deny that this multitude of flowers, foliage, and rose-work, carved like jewels of precious material possesses a tufted and complicated appearance, gorgeous and delightful to the eye. It is a palace that might have been made by an ornament-worker who was not an architect, and who spared neither the work of his hands, nor time, nor money. Such as it is, I prefer it to those horrid, classic reproductions, so beastly, so flat, so cold and so tiresome, such as are built by pedants and those who like to be conventional, and I greatly prefer these gay, ornamental masses of foliage interlacing with fantastic elegance, to a triangular pediment or a horizontal attic, resting on six or eight lean columns.



THE PALACE OF THE BOSPHORUS, TURKEY.

This naïve ignorance displayed upon so gigantic a scale has its charm ; it is probable that the bold builders of our cathedrals knew little more, and their works are not the less admirable for that.

Along the whole length of the palace, there runs a platform, bordered on the side of the Bosphorus with monumental pillars linked together by grilles of beautiful and charming wrought-iron, where the iron curves in a thousand flowered arabesques, resembling the flourishes of a bold pen sweeping the paper. These gilded grilles form an extremely rich balustrade.

The two wings, built at a different period, are very much too low for the body of the principal dwelling, with which they have, moreover, no harmony of style or form. Imagine a double row of Odéons or Chambers of Deputies in miniature, following each other in wearisome alternation and presenting to the eye a line of slender little columns that seem to be of wood, although they are of marble.

In passing and repassing before this palace, the desire to visit it had come to me many times. In Italy nothing would have been simpler ; but to bring your caïque to an imperial landing-place in Turkey, would be a grave performance that might bring serious consequences. Happily, through the agency of a friend, I was put into communication with the architect, M. Balyan, a young Armenian of great intelligence, and who spoke French.

M. Balyan had the kindness to take me in his boat of three pairs of oars, and made me enter first an old kiosk, a remnant of the former palace, where we were served with

pipes, coffee, and sherbet flavoured with rose ; then he conducted me himself through the apartments with a kindness and charming politeness for which I thank him here, hoping that one day his eye will fall upon these lines.

The interior has not been entirely finished yet, but, nevertheless, you can get an idea of the future splendour of the whole. The religious ideas of the Turks debar from their ornamentation a host of happy motives and restrict considerably the fancy of the artist, who must carefully abstain from mingling with his arabesques the representation of any living objects :—thus, there are no statues, no bas-reliefs, no masks, no chimæras, no griffins, no dolphins, no birds, no sphinxes, no serpents, no butterflies, no little figures half-woman and half-flower, no heraldic monsters, and none of those strange creatures that compose the fabulous zoölogy of ornamentation, and of which Raphael has made such marvellous use in the galleries of the Vatican.

The Arabian style, with its interruptions, distortions and its broken lines, its lace of stucco cut out with a punch, its ceilings of stalactites, its bee-hive niches, its marble perforated like the lid of a perfume-box, its mottos in florid Cufic, and its colourings of green, white and red, discretely enhanced with gold, would have afforded natural resources for the decoration of an oriental palace ; but the Sultan, with the same caprice that makes us build Alhambras in Paris, wished to have a palace in the modern taste. One is astonished at first at his caprice, but, upon reflection, nothing is more natural. Having so few motives at his disposition, M. Bal-

yan has needed a rare fertility of imagination in order to decorate in different ways more than three hundred halls or chambers.

The general arrangement is very simple: the rooms follow each other in succession, or open upon a large corridor; the harem, among others, is so arranged. The apartment of each woman opens by a single door into a vast passage, like the cells of nuns in a cloister. At each end, a guard of eunuchs, or *bostangis*, can be posted. From the threshold, I threw a glance over this retreat of secret pleasure, which resembles a convent or a boarding-school much more than one would imagine. Here are extinguished, without having shone upon the outside world, the stars of beauty unknown, but the eye of the master has rested upon them, for one minute perhaps, and that is enough.

The apartment of the Sultana-Validé, composed of lofty rooms looking upon the Bosphorus, is remarkable for its ceilings painted in fresco with an incomparable elegance and freshness. I do not know who are the workmen that made these marvels, but Diaz would not find upon his palette finer, more vaporous, more tender and, at the same time, richer tones. Sometimes they are skies of turquoise sown with light clouds floating in incredible depths, sometimes immense lace veils of marvellous figures, then a great shell of mother-of-pearl irised with all the hues of the prism, or still again of imaginary flowers hanging their corollas and leaves upon golden trellises; other chambers are similarly ornamented; sometimes a casket whose jewels are scattered about in playful disorder, neck-

laces whose pearls have broken from their strings and roll about like rain-drops, a rillet of diamonds, sapphires and rubies forming the *motif* of the decoration ; golden boxes painted upon the cornices allow the bluish smoke of perfumes to escape and compose a ceiling with their transparent haze. Here Phingari through a rift in the cloud shows his silver crescent, so dear to the Mussulman ; there modest Aurora colours a morning sky with rose, like the cheeks of virgin ; farther away a large piece of brocade streaked with light glittering like cloth of gold, and held up by a clasp of carbuncles, reveals a corner of blue. Arabesques with infinite interlacings, sculptured compartments, golden rose-work, and bouquets of imaginary or real flowers, blue lilies of Iran, or roses of Schiraz, come to vary these themes, the chief of which I have cited, without attempting to enter into impossible details, and which the imagination of the reader must supplement.

The Sultan's apartments are in the style of Louis XIV. Orientalized, where one feels an intentional imitation of the splendours of Versailles, the doors, the windows, and their frames are of cedar, mahogany, massive violet-ebony, exquisitely carved, and fastening by rich bolts gilded in ormoulu. From the windows you have the most marvellous view in the world : a panorama without a rival, and such as never sovereign had before in front of his palace. The coast of Asia, where upon an immense curtain of black cypress Scutari stands out, with its picturesque landing-place crowded with vessels, its pink houses, its white mosques among which are distinguished Buyuck-Djami and Sultan-

Selim; and the Bosphorus with its rapid and transparent waters furrowed with the perpetual going and coming of the sailing-vessels, steam-boats, feluccas, prames, boats from Ismid and Trebizond, with antique shapes, peculiar sails, canoes, and caïques, above which fly the familiar swarms of sea-mews and gulls. If you lean out a little, you can discern upon the two shores a succession of summer homes and kiosks, painted in flesh colours that form a double key of palaces for this marvellous marine river. Add to this the thousand accidents of lights, the effects of sun and moon, and you will have a spectacle which imagination could not surpass.

One of the peculiarities of the palace is a large hall roofed with a dome of red glass. When the sun shines through this dome of rubies, everything assumes strange hues; the air seems to be in flames, and you seem to breathe fire; the columns seem like torch-lights, the marble pavement reddens into a floor of lava; a pink fire devours the walls; you fancy yourself in the reception-hall of a palace of salamanders built of metal in fusion; your eyes glitter like red spangles and your clothes become vestments of purple. An operatic hell, lighted with Bengal fire, can alone give an idea of this peculiar effect, of a questionable taste, perhaps, but very striking, nevertheless.

A little marvel which would not mar the most fairy-like architecture of the Thousand and One Nights, is the Sultan's hall of baths. It is in the Moorish style, of veined Egyptian alabaster, and seems to have been cut out of one block of precious stone, with its columns, its splayed cap-

itals, its heart-shaped arcades, and its ceiling constellated with crystal eyes that shine like diamonds. To what luxury might the body abandon itself upon these flags, transparent as agates, surrendering its flexible limbs to the skilful manipulations of the *tellacks* in the midst of a cloud of perfumed vapour and under a shower of rose-water and balsam!

Tired of these marvels and fatigued with admiration, I thanked M. Balyan, who made me come out through the court of honour, the gate of which is a kind of triumphal arch of white marble of a very rich and florid ornamentation, and which forms on the land side an entrance quite worthy of this sumptuous palace. Then, as I was dying of hunger, I went into a fruiterer's shop and was served with two *brochettes* of *kabobs*, wrapped in a thick pancake, which I moistened with a glass of sherbet,—a very sober and entirely local repast.

PLESSIS-LES-TOURS

J. J. BOURRASSÉE

THE castle of Plessis stands to the west of the city of Tours in a vast plain watered by the Loire and Cher. To reach it, you follow a road bordered with old mulberry-trees, the remains or heirs of those planted by Henri IV. in 1607, and renewed in 1690 by Louvois. Impressed by the terrible memories of Louis XI., turn not your head towards those trees to look for those hanged by Messire Tristan L'Hermite. Neither be afraid of finding beneath your feet those man-traps that were planted in the vicinity of the Castle to catch the curious and the rustics who ventured upon the lands of His Majesty. To-day the country is safe and there is nothing to be feared from the Castle, even if it is not attractive ; but, in the Fifteenth Century, a safe-conduct and an experienced guide were necessary for crossing this dangerous region.

Plessis did not play any part in our national history until the reign of Louis XI. Until then, it was only an obscure lordship with a little castle on one of those rocky hillocks that still exist in the vale. This spot pleasing him much more than the castles of Amboise, Loches, or Chinon, the King bought it from his chamberlain, Hardouin de Maillé, in 1463, for the sum of 5,500 gold crowns, and abolished its

old name of Montils. Here he built a castle in the Fifteenth-Century taste, simple and even severe, for brick largely figured in it, and with a glass gallery on the interior façade: a dwelling more worthy of a rich citizen than a King of France. Here, after his accession, Louis XI. spent the greater part of his life.

Towards the end of the year 1464, the King gathered together the prelates and principal lords of the realm at Plessis with the pretext of seeking their advice as to the means of remedying the discontent that was beginning to break out. In this assembly, Charles, Duke of Orleans, thought it his duty to hazard a few remonstrances; but Louis XI. replied to the duke in such harsh and offensive language that the unfortunate prince died of chagrin at Amboise a few days later. This attitude of the King drew the nobles into the League of Public Welfare, and the Duke of Berri placed himself at the head of the discontented. In order to try to calm them, the King was obliged to call together the States-General at Tours in 1468.

The opposition of the nobles drove Louis XI. towards the middle classes, not that he had the least democratic tendencies, but because he felt more at ease among these small people, whose situation rendered them supple and easy. He always liked to have them about him, and raised them to the highest dignities, in hatred and defiance of the high nobility, because they were broken into the practice of affairs by commerce, and possessed the art, always prized by governments, of managing the finances skilfully and creating resources at critical moments. His



PLESSIS-LES-TOURS, FRANCE.

selections were not always happy : witness La Balue, whom from a simple clerk he raised to the rank of bishop and even cardinal, and who betrayed him to the profit of the Duke of Burgundy. Louis XI., carrying a certain refinement of cruelty even into his most legitimate vengeance, had the cardinal confined in an iron cage. It is said that this odious invention was due to La Balue himself, and that he was the first on whom it was tried. After languishing for some time in one of the cells at Plessis, the cardinal was transferred to Loches and then to Montbazon : he did not recover his liberty till 1480, after a long and hard captivity.

Notwithstanding the success of his policy, Louis XI. had a sad and morose old age. Separated from his wife and son, more suspicious of everybody than ever, he shut himself up closely at Plessis and there redoubled his minute precautions. But two terrible guests whom the "guard that keeps watch at the barriers of the Louvre" can never stop, disease and death, soon came to seek him. When he felt the first pangs of the disease that was to carry him off, he multiplied his vows, acts of devotion and pilgrimages. Then he sent and fetched all the way from Calabria a poor hermit named Francisco Paolo, with the hope that the holy man's prayers would obtain his recovery. As soon as the King was informed of his arrival, he ordered the Dauphin to go to meet him with the chief lords of the court and to receive him with all the respect due to so saintly a personage ; he himself did not think he could do the saint too much honour and lodged him with his companions in the

castle ; but dwelling in the court ill suited the pious hermit and so they gave him a lodging in the Plessis courtyard. So many precautions and so many prayers failed to bend Heaven ; even the holy ampulla was powerless. Louis XI. died at the Castle of Plessis, August 30th, 1483, aged sixty, after reigning twenty-two years. His body was first taken from Plessis to the church of St. Martin of Tours, where it lay in state for eight days ; then it was taken to Notre Dame de Cléry, the spot which he himself had chosen for his burial. St. Francis had not been able to perform the miracle of curing the King ; but he had prepared him for his approaching death, and it must be acknowledged that with a man like Louis XI. this was no small prodigy.

On the death of Louis XI. the court was installed at Plessis for some time. The Dauphin Charles, born at the Castle of Amboise in 1470, had reached his legal majority ; but intelligence was very slightly developed in this puny and deformed child. His sister, Anne de Beaujeu, "fine and subtle, if any one ever was," says Brantôme, "and the very image of her father in everything," unhesitatingly took the regency, and, to resist the malcontents who wanted to deprive her of it, she convoked the States-General at Tours for January 1st, 1484. This celebrated assembly gave firm and vigilant attention to all the affairs of the realm and obtained quite a sensible reduction of taxes.

Amid the shock of intrigues and diverse ambitions, the lady of Beaujeu conducted herself with so much address and prudence, that the States confirmed the last wishes of Louis XI. in her favour.

The little King, as he was called, was not long in shaking off his sister's yoke, and began his reign with an act of magnanimity by himself going in despite of his council and breaking the chains of the Duke of Orleans. Since the battle of Saint-Aubin-du Cormier, that prince had been confined in the great tower of Bourges. One evening with a small suite the young King set out, or rather fled, from the Castle of Plessis under the pretext of a hunting-party, and went to free his prisoner. The Regent thought that Charles VIII. was going to return at the head of her enemies to proscribe her in turn. Happily she was mistaken. The reconciliation took place at Plessis, and from that day Louis of Orleans became the most faithful subject of his King.

The Castle of Plessis was a fortunate place for the Duke of Orleans. After the death of Charles VIII., he was proclaimed King under the title of Louis XII. and visited Touraine several times and stayed at the castle where his reconciliation with Anne de Beaujeu had been effected. There he convoked the States General in 1506, and the opening of this assembly took place in the great hall of Plessis on the fourteenth of May. The purpose of this assembly was to free the King's word and by the intervention of the nation to break the treaty, impolitic as well as onerous to France, that had been signed at Lyons in 1503 and by which Louis XII. had promised to give his daughter Claude, then only seven years of age, in marriage to Charles of Luxembourg, who afterwards became the Emperor Charles V. and to whom she was to take as a dowry

the duchies of Milan and Brittany and the county of Blois. It was a veritable dismemberment of France and the ruin of that wise policy which by the two marriages of the Duchess Anne with Charles VIII. and Louis XII. had secured Brittany to France. The States rose in force against the treaty and demanded the marriage of François of Valois, then twelve years old, with Claude of France. These wishes were favourably received, and Cardinal Georges d'Amboise proceeded to the ceremony of betrothal on the twentieth of May, in the great hall of Plessis.

Beginning with Francis the First, the court made only rare appearances at Plessis: the more splendid castles of Chenonceaux, Amboise, Blois, Chambord, and Fontainebleau received the preference. Henry III., however, when tossed about by events, found himself there; and when Paris embraced the cause of the League, he transferred his little court thither in 1589. Mayenne followed to attack him. The King of Navarre, who had recently signed a truce with Henry III., hastened to help him, and set his troops in battle array on the right bank of the Loire near Saint Cyr. Thence he sent to say that if His Majesty would deign to come as far as the faubourg, he would kiss His Majesty's hands and take his orders. Henry III., not thinking it wise to go, invited the King of Navarre to pass the Loire and come to visit him at Plessis. Some of the Huguenot captains feared a snare; but the Béarnais, as loyal as he was brave, did not hesitate for a moment and set out accompanied by his nobles. The interview took place in the great alley of the park of Plessis, and the crowd

was so great that the two kings, with outstretched arms, had great trouble to approach each other. At last, having embraced, they mutually exchanged evidences of the most sincere affection. This touching scene occurred amid the liveliest acclamations of the public, who saw in this reconciliation of the two princes the end of the evils of the civil war. The two kings afterwards held a two hours' council, and, when the King of Navarre departed, Henry III. accompanied him as far as the St. Anne bridge.

This was the last memorable event that occurred at Plessis. Pre-occupied with the ever-increasing political importance of Paris, Henry IV. left Touraine for good, and transported his court to the capital, so as to be at hand to supervise and direct its movements.

For a century and a half, the royal garden of Plessis, under the management of able gardeners, has been the most active and fruitful school of French horticulture. Here have been produced the "good Christian pear," the Queen Claude plum dedicated to the wife of Francis the First, and doubtless a host of other excellent fruits and charming flowers. In the Seventeenth Century, the gardens were abandoned, or transformed into mulberry nurseries: they no longer gave impulse to local horticulture, but they contributed in another way to the prosperity of the province. From 1744 to 1762, the Plessis nurseries distributed not less than four hundred thousand feet of mulberry trees in Touraine, and which gave a vigorous impulse to the silk industry. The castle underwent a new transformation in 1778, became a place of confine-

ment for vagrants. Finally, it was alienated in the Revolution and partly demolished. By the cruel irony of Fate, the terrible abode of Louis XI. has become a depot for fertilizers !

HAMPTON COURT PALACE

ERNEST LAW

AMONG the many places of interest that lie within easy reach of London, there is none, if we except Windsor Castle, that can be held to vie in historic and artistic charms with the Queen's magnificent palace at Hampton Court.

Nowhere else do we meet with attractions so uncommon, and yet so varied, as those which are to be found within its precincts. There we may behold a building, which still remains, altered and restored though it has been, an almost perfect specimen of Tudor palatial architecture, side by side with the best example existing in England of the debased classic of Louis XIV., namely Wren's State Apartments. There, too, we may feel, in a more than ordinary degree, amid its red-brick courts, solemn cloisters, picturesque gables, towers, turrets, embattled parapets, and mulioned and latticed windows, that indescribable charm which invests all ancient and historic places. While walking through Wolsey's courts we may recall the splendour and wealth of the mighty Cardinal; and while standing in Henry VIII.'s chapel, or his gorgeous Gothic hall, ponder on the many thrilling events within the palace in the days of the Tudors and Stuarts—the birth of Edward VI. and the death of Jane Seymour; the marriages of Catherine Howard

and Catherine Parr ; the honeymoons of Philip of Spain and Mary Tudor, and of Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza ; James I.'s conference with the Puritans ; and Cromwell's sojourn here in almost regal splendour. And while passing through William III.'s splendid suite of rooms, with their painted ceilings, carved cornices, tapestried and oak-panelled walls, we may mentally people them again with the kings and queens, and statesmen and courtiers, who thronged them in the last century. Moreover, by the aid of an unbroken series of historical pictures and portraits, illustrative of three centuries of English history, we may recall the past with a vividness that no books can ever excite.

And then, when satiated with art and archæology, we can relax the mind by wandering beneath the shade of Queen Anne's stately avenues of chestnut and lime ; strolling in the ever delightful gardens where Wolsey paced in anxious meditation a few weeks before his fall ; where Henry VIII. made love to Anne Boleyn and to Catherine Howard ; along the paths where Queen Elizabeth took her daily morning walk ; past the tennis-court where Charles I. played his last game on the day he escaped from the palace ; beneath the bower where Queen Mary sat at needlework with her maids of honour ; along the terrace to the bowling-green and pavilions where George II. made love to Mrs. Howard and Mary Bellenden ; under the lime-groves which sheltered from the sun Pope and Hervey, Swift and Addison, Walpole and Bolingbroke.

Yet, strange to say, though Hampton Court is so rich in historic associations, it has found no writer to investigate



HAMPTON COURT PALACE, ENGLAND.

and chronicle its past. Any one curious as to its history must make researches for himself, or be content with the scanty and often misleading information supplied in old country histories and topographical works.

In the same way its architecture, which is particularly characteristic of the Tudor period, and in many points most unique and instructive to the student of ancient manners, has to a great extent been overlooked in books where these topics are treated of.

The whole domain, consisting now of about 1,900 acres, has been divided, probably ever since Saxon times, into two parts by the highway from Kingston and Hampton Wick to Hampton, which passes in front of the garden gates, within 250 yards of the palace. To the north of this road lies Bushey Park, which, with its appurtenances, is fringed on its western, northern, and eastern sides by the districts of Hampton, Teddington, and Hampton Wick; while to the south of the Kingston road lies the House or Home Park, bounded on its three sides by the Thames and the palace, with its various subsidiary buildings, courtyards, gardens, and grounds.

The natural features of the country in which Hampton Court is situated, are not particularly striking. The ground is flat, with scarcely an undulation rising more than twenty feet above the dead level, and the soil, though light and gravelly, supports very little indigenous timber. Indeed, in primeval times, the whole district of Hampton appears to have been an open track, forming part of the famous Hounslow Heath, to which it immediately adjoins; and

the thorns in Bushey Park, with a few ancient gigantic elms and oaks in the Home Park, are the still surviving remnants or traces of its original state. One of the oaks, which is believed to be the largest in England, is as much as thirty-seven feet in girth at the waist; and there is a magnificent elm, of which the smallest girth is twenty-three feet, and which is known as "The Two Sisters," or "King Charles's Swing."

Nevertheless, the surrounding prospect must, from the earliest times, have been not unpleasing. The stretch of the river opposite Hampton Court—studded with eyots, and bordered with luxuriant meadows fringed with willows—is one of the prettiest in the lower Thames; and the stream, which is particularly clear and swift at this point, is always lively with boats and barges. When we add, that the view from the palace extends, across the river, over a wide expanse of

"Meads forever crowned with flowers,"

clusters of trees, flowery hedgerows, and broad undulating heath-clad commons,—

"To Claremont's terraced height and Esher's groves,
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,——"

and that in the distance can be traced the dim blue outline of the Surrey hills; while on another side appear the crowded gables and the picturesque old church-tower of Kingston, we have enumerated all the natural and local amenities of Hampton Court.

Several motives probably weighed with Wolsey in fixing on Hampton Court as a residence. In the first place, he was in need of a secluded country place, within easy access of London, whither he could withdraw occasionally for rest and quiet, without being too far from the centre of affairs—as he would certainly have been, had he retired to his diocesan palaces of York, Lincoln, or Durham. At the same time he was anxious to select a place where his health, which suffered much from the fogs and smoke of London, might be recruited in fresh and pure air. We may presume, too, that he was not regardless of the advantage attaching to a site on the banks of the Thames, in days when, on account of the badness and danger of the roads, no route was so safe, convenient and expeditious as the “silent highway” of a river. Indeed it would take Wolsey scarcely more time to be rowed down, by eight stout oarsmen from Hampton Court to the stairs of his palace at Whitehall, than it now takes one to go up to Waterloo Station by the South Western trains.

Wolsey had no sooner entered into possession of Hampton Court, than he began with characteristic energy to plan the erection of a vast and sumptuous edifice, commensurate with the dignity and wealth he had just attained to. He was then on the threshold of his career of greatness, and already receiving enormous revenues.

The old manor-house already stood in the midst of an extensive domain of pasture land, consisting of some two thousand acres. All this he proceeded to convert into two parks, fencing them partly with paling, and partly enclos-

ing them with a stout red-brick buttressed wall, a great part of which remains to this day, and may be identified by its deep crimson colour, toned here and there with chequered lines of black, burnt bricks. There may be found, too, inserted in this wall of Wolsey's, in the Kingston road near the Paddock, a curious device of these black bricks, disposed in the form of a cross evidently an allusion to his ecclesiastical character ; and similar crosses may be observed on an old tower, standing near a piece of ground which was formerly the Cardinal's orchard, and on one of the turrets in the Clock Court. At the same time he surrounded the house and gardens with a great moat—a precaution which is noticeable as the mediæval custom of so defending dwelling-places had generally died out, since the Wars of the Roses, and Wolsey's moat here must have been one of the last made. It remained as a prominent feature in front of the palace till the time of William III., and traces of it still exist on the north side of the palace.

His gardens, also, were to be an appanage in every way worthy of the princely residence he was projecting.

The general plan and scope of the building were, no doubt, determined by the Cardinal himself, whose style was so distinct, both in this palace and in his other edifices, from the ordinary ecclesiastical Gothic, as to be often designated by the term, "The Wolsey Architecture."

The material selected was red brick, stone being employed for the windows, the doorways, the copings of the parapets and turrets, the string courses, and the various or-

namental details—such as pinnacles, gargoyles, and heraldic beasts, on gables and elsewhere.

The first portion taken in hand was, doubtless, the great west front of the building, which extends, with its two wings, from north to south, 400 feet. This façade, though only two stories in height, has considerable beauty about it, and the picturesque turrets at the angles of the building, the embrasured parapet, the chimneys of carved and twisted brick, the graceful gables with their gargoyles and pinnacles, and the varied mullioned windows, form an admirable specimen of Tudor domestic architecture. It still preserves much of the charm of old work, although it has frequently been subjected to repairs and alterations; but the effect is marred by the absence from the numerous turrets of the leaden cupolas (or “types” to use the correct old English term) which, with their crockets, pinnacles, and gilded vanes, formerly gave so uniquely picturesque an appearance to this part of the building.

An especially striking feature in Wolsey’s west front, as in other parts of the Tudor building, is the delicately moulded forms of the chimney shafts which rise in variously grouped clusters, like slender turrets above the battlements and gables. They are all of red brick, constructed on many varieties of plan, and wrought and rubbed, with the greatest nicety, into different decorative patterns. Some are circular, some square (but set diagonally), and some octagonal; and they are grouped together in twos or fours, with their shafts sometimes carried up solid, and sometimes separate.

Another charm is the deep crimson of the bricks, approximating often to a rich purple, which contrasts favourably with the staring scarlet of modern red-brick work. This is particularly the case in the south or right-hand wing, one of the most picturesque portions of the whole palace.

By the month of May, 1516, the building had so far advanced that Wolsey was able to receive the King and Queen at dinner in his new abode. This was a time when Henry delighted to honour with his company his "awne goode Cardinall," as he termed him, at pleasant little entertainments, when he could throw off the restraints of royalty, and join in unconventional intercourse with his personal friends. During dinner or supper the minstrels usually played music, and afterwards the King and a few intimate friends took part in a masquerade or an impromptu dance. Sometimes he "would oblige the company with a song," accompanying himself on the harpsichord or lute. At other times the King would visit the Cardinal in state accompanied by his whole court.

After Wolsey's return from the meeting at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," in 1520, he appears to have made more prolonged stays than heretofore at Hampton Court, which had now nearly arrived at that stage of completion in which he left it. We are not able exactly to define the limits of the Cardinal's palace, for after his death Henry VIII. carried out many alterations and additions, which in their turn have been subsequently modified; but we can form a rough idea of its extent. We have already noticed the West Front as being entirely Wolsey's; the same may

be said of the First Court, otherwise called the Base Court, or Utter (that is *Outer*) Court, which is the largest courtyard in the palace, being 167 feet from north to south, and 142 from east to west. It gives us no mean idea of Tudor palatial architecture; and when we restore in imagination the green turf which originally covered the area, the cupolas on the turrets, and the latticed windows, we see it as it appeared to the great Cardinal when riding through it on his mule. It has a look of warmth and comfort and repose, and an air of picturesque gloom which is in pleasing contrast with the staring vulgarities of the "cheerful" cockney buildings of the present day.

The Clock Court, access to which is had from the First Court through the archway of the Clock Tower, formed the inner and principal part of Wolsey's original palace; but the alterations that it has undergone since his time cause it to present a very different appearance now. In the first place, the present Great Hall, which occupies the whole of its north side, though often called Wolsey's hall, was not erected by him, but, after his death, by Henry VIII., though it doubtless stands on the site of the smaller and older hall of the Cardinal's building. Then half of the east side of the court was rebuilt by George II., while the original south range is almost entirely obscured from view by the Ionic colonnade of Sir Christopher Wren. Here, however, we are in one of the most interesting corners of Hampton Court; for behind this colonnade remains the original range of buildings in which are situated the very rooms occupied by Cardinal Wolsey himself.

Attached to this corner was one of the Cardinal's galleries, in which he used to pace, meditating on his political plans, on his chances for the popedom, and on the failing favour of the King. To this, which must have been demolished by William III., and to the other long galleries in the First Court, Cavendish makes reference in his metrical life of his master :

“ My galleries were fayer, both large and long
To walk in them when that it lyked me best.”

On the north side of the last two mentioned courts is a long intricate range of buildings, enclosing various smaller courts, and containing kitchens and other offices and bedrooms for the numerous members of his household. Much of this part of the building, together with the cloisters and courts to the north-east, called the Round Kitchen and Chapel Courts, seem also to have been the work of the great Cardinal. The chapel, however, was remodelled, if not entirely rebuilt, by Henry VIII., though we may assume that it occupies the same site as that of Wolsey and the ancient one of the Knights Hospitallers, whose tombs perhaps lie beneath the kitchens and other offices contiguous to the Chapel Court.

When, therefore, we take into consideration William III.'s demolitions, which included some of the Cardinal's original structure as well as Henry VIII.'s additions, we may conclude that Wolsey's palace cannot have been very much smaller than the existing one, which covers eight acres, and has a thousand rooms.

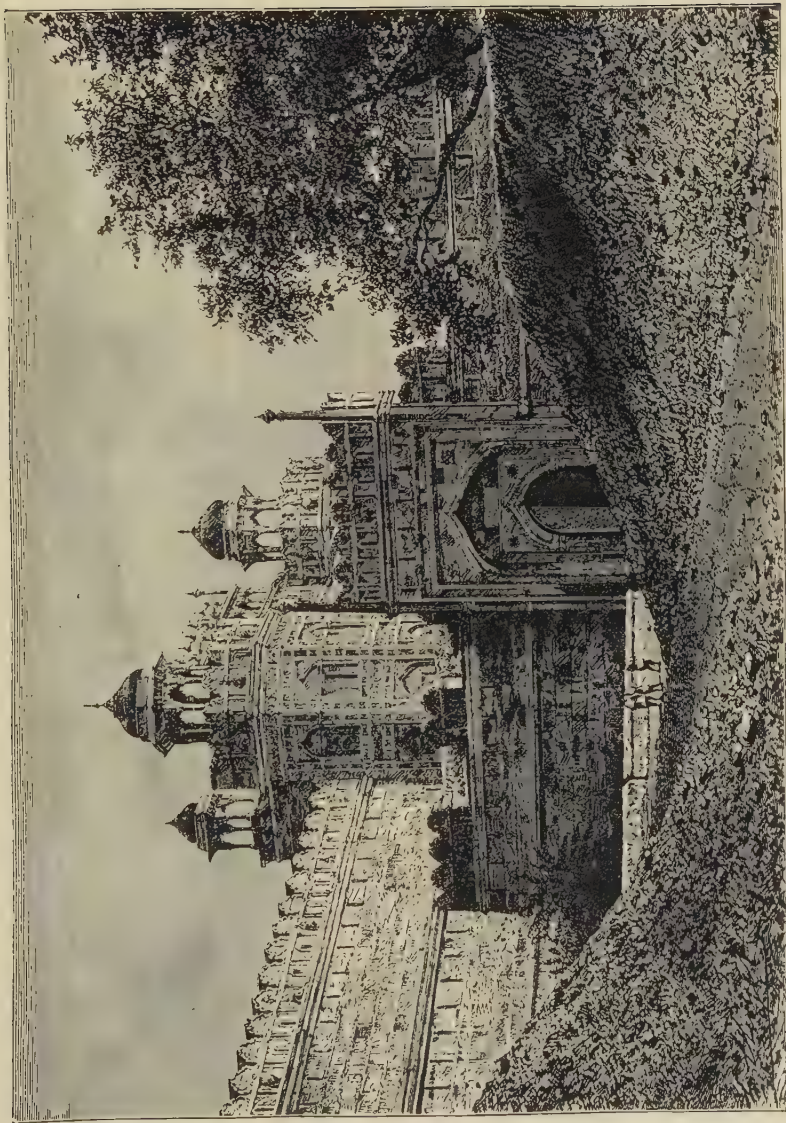
THE PALACE OF SHAH JEHAN

BHOLANAUTH CHUNDER

OUR next excursion was to the Fort, or Palace of Shah Jehan, which resembles a city on a miniature scale. In circuit, the high red walls encompassing it are a mile and a half. The space enclosed is 600,000 yards. There is no wall on the river-face. Bernier's account holds true to the present day, so far as the walls are five to six feet thick, forty to fifty feet high, and flanked with turrets and cupolas at intervals, similar to those on the walls of the city. They are built of granite, but possess no more the beauty of polished marble. The wide and deep moat round the walls, that he describes as full of water, and abounding with fish, is now all dry—the freestone pavement being beat upon by the sun. No longer, also, beyond the moat, are there any gardens extending to the skirts of the royal abode.

Facing the *Nowbut-Khanna* on the inside about a hundred and twenty yards distant, is the first suite of the royal buildings, styled the *Dewanni-anum*, or the hall of public audience. The ranges of two-storied buildings, once about this place, with their walls and arches adorned with a profusion of the richest tapestries, velvets, and silks, have all disappeared. The *Dewanni-anum* of Shah Jehan is

considerably larger and loftier than the building of the same name at Agra. It is a quadrangular hall, open at three sides, the roof of which is supported upon four rows of tall red-stone pillars, formerly ornamented with gilt arabesque paintings of flowers, but now covered with the eternal whitewash. The building was now occupied by the troops, and it was a great disappointment for us to miss the celebrated Marble Throne which all travellers speak of with admiration,—though it was in a state, we were told, that did not make it a very great curiosity. The throne is in an elevated recess, or niche in the back-wall, from which it projects into the hall, in front of the large central arch. There is a staircase to get up to it, the seat being raised ten feet from the floor. The size of the throne is about ten feet, and over it is a marble canopy supported on four marble pillars, all beautifully inlaid with mosaic work exquisitely finished, but now much dilapidated. In the wall behind is a doorway, by which the emperor entered from his apartments in the harem. This wall is covered with mosaic paintings in precious stones of various birds, beasts, fruits, and flowers. Many of them are executed in a very natural manner, and represent the birds and beasts of the several countries ruled over by Shah Jehan. On the upper part, in the centre of the wall “is represented, in the same precious stones, and in the graceful attitude, the figure of an European in a kind of Spanish costume, who is playing upon his guitar.” This has been interpreted into a group of Orpheus, charming the birds and beasts with his music, and is what decides the work to be from the hands of a



THE PALACE OF SHAH JEHAN, INDIA.

French artist, mentioned by Bernier under the name of La Grange, *alias* Austin de Bordeaux.

Upon this throne did Shah Jehan seat himself every day at noon, to receive the compliments or petitions of his subjects. He appeared on such occasions in great state, preceded by a *cortège* of mace-bearers, bearing silver figures upon silver sticks. His sons sat on each side of him, decked in costly apparel and jewels. Behind them stood in array eunuchs in rich liveries. Some of them drove off flies by moving *chowries* made of peacocks' feathers. Others waved fans of coloured silk or velvet, embroidered with gold and precious stones. The *chobdars* and other messengers waited next in respectful silence to receive the commands of the sovereign. On a fine large slab of white marble, raised some three feet above the ground, and fenced with silver rails, stood the vizier and other secretaries, in front of the throne, to hand up petitions to their master, and to receive and convey his imperial commands. Next to them stood in humble attendance tributary Rajahs, dependent chiefs, and ambassadors from foreign princes. Beyond them was the place for the *Munsubdars*, who showed themselves in the same attitude of respect and humility that marked the demeanour of the other attendants in the hall. In the furthest part of the building, as well as in the outer court in front of it, thronged all sorts of people and visitants in one promiscuous crowd.

Thus hedged round by divinity, sat Shah Jehan, as the Vicegerent of God upon earth, with his face turned towards Mecca.

The next suite of apartments is the *Dewanni-Khas*, or hall of private audience. There is certainly much to admire in this building, but the expectations raised by reading are not half fulfilled. In richness of materials it may stand unrivalled, but in point of architectural design it does not possess more than ordinary excellence.

Rising from a terrace, elevated some four to five feet from the ground, the *Dewanni-Khas* forms an oblong-shaped pavilion, which measures one hundred and fifty feet in length, by forty feet in breadth. The height is well proportioned to these dimensions. The building has a flat roof, supported upon ranges of massive arcaded pillars, all of a rich bluish-white marble. Between each of the front row of pillars is a balustrade of the same material, chastely carved in various designs of perforated work. The cornices and borders are decorated with a great quantity of frieze and sculptured work. The top is ornamented with four elegant marble pavilions, with gilt cupolas. In short, the *Dewanni-Khas* is an open, airy, and lightsome building, possessing in the highest degree all those features which, suggested by local climate form the peculiarity of Indian architecture. It is advantageously situated near the river, and affords, on a sultry night, the best place for delicious zephyrs to fan you to sleep.

Nothing that is recorded in fiction or fact comes up to the magnificence of this hall. There traces remaining of that magnificence are enough to show that the reality of wealth develops those ideas of grandeur, which surpass all the imaginings of imagination. The gorgeous Pandemonium

of Milton, of which the idea may have been taken from Bernier's account of the Mogul court, is eclipsed by the *Dewanni-Khas*, the grandeur of which is not apocryphal, but a realized fact. That "jasper pavement," which the mighty poet deemed to be so rich as to adorn the court of heaven, is seen here by every individual with his eyes broadly open. The pillars and arches are ornamented with tendrils of bright flowers and wreaths of bloodstone, agate, jasper, cornelian, and amethyst, that seem "snatched as it were from the garden, and pressed into the snowy blocks." There was a rich foliage of silver flagree work covering the entire ceiling. The Mahrattas in 1759, under their celebrated General Bhao, tore this down, and melted it into seventeen lacs of rupees. It has been replaced by one of gilt copper worked in a flower pattern. Never could the gorgeous splendour of this hall have been more emphatically summed up than in the inscription which is sculptured in letters of gold in the cornices of the interior room—"If there is a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this, it is this."

In this hall was the *Tukt Taous*, or the famous *Peacock Throne*. It was so called from its having the figures of two peacocks, with their tails spread, that were so naturally executed in sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colours, as to represent life, and strike every beholder with the most dazzling splendour. "The throne itself was six feet long by four feet broad; it stood on six massive feet, which, with the body, were of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. It

was surmounted by a canopy of gold supported by twelve pillars, all richly emblazoned with costly gems, and a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy. Between the two peacocks stood the figure of a parrot of the ordinary size, said to have been carved out of a single emerald (?). On either side of the throne stood a *chatta* or umbrella, one of the Oriental emblems of royalty; they were formed of crimson velvet, richly embroidered and fringed with pearls, the handles were eight feet high, of solid gold, and studded with diamonds." Tavernier, a jeweller by profession, and who saw this superb throne, estimates the cost of it at six and a half millions sterling, or six crores of rupees. The device was not original; it seems to have been taken from a representation of the Kartek of the Hindoos. The umbrella, also, was one of the insignia of Hindoo royalty. It was on the birthday of Soliman Sheko that the joy of a grandfather had been especially manifested by Shah Jehan's first mounting the *Tukt Taous*.

It is recorded by Bernier, that the "King appeared seated upon this throne at one extremity of the great hall of the *Am-Khas*, splendidly attired, his garment being of white flowered satin, richly embroidered, his turban of gold cloth, having an aigrette worked upon it, the feet of which were studded with diamonds of extraordinary lustre and value, and in the centre was a beautiful Oriental topaz of matchless size and splendour, shining like a little sun: round his neck was a string of pearls, of great value, which hung down to his waist. The throne on which he sat was supported by six pillars of massive gold, enriched with a

profusion of rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, and his other insignia of state were embellished with equal grandeur. . . . The pillars of the hall were magnificently ornamented with gold tapestry, and the ceiling was covered over with beautiful flowered satin, fastened with red silk cords, having at each corner festoons with gold tassels. Below nothing was to be seen but rich silk tapestries of extraordinary dimensions. In the court, at a little distance, was pitched a tent called the *Aspek*, which in length and breadth somewhat exceeded the hall, and reached almost to the centre of the court. It was likewise surrounded with a large balustrade of solid silver, and supported by three poles, of the height and thickness of a large mast, and by several smaller ones,—covered with plates of silver. The outside was red, and the lining within of beautiful chintz, manufactured expressly for the purpose at Masulipatam, representing a hundred different flowers, so naturally done, and the colours so vivid, that one would imagine it to be a hanging parterre.” No mention of the Koh-i-noor appears in this account—it must have been somewhere, either in the Peacock Throne, or on the arm or turban of the monarch. Possibly, the string of pearls spoken of was the same that Runjeet Sing afterwards wore around his waist. The cynicism of a poet may style all this as “barbaric pearl and gold,” but it is what, after all, quiets the yearnings of all civilized men.

The Peacock Throne no longer exists. It was carried off as a trophy by Nadir Shah, and had to be broken up in all probability, into ten thousand pieces of stone, now scat-

tered all over the world. In its place is a simple marble throne that by itself is not an ordinary piece of workmanship. In strolling through the hall we paused before this throne; and as a monument of fallen greatness it failed not to affect us with the usual sentiment of "all is vanity under the sun." It may be looked upon almost as the seat of Shah Jehan, and Aurungzebe, and Shah Alum,—and raises a host of associations that come rapping at the door of memory. Here stood the graceful Soliman, his hands bound in gilded fetters, entreating in the most pathetic language to be put to death at once, rather than be sentenced to die by slow poison,—thereby affecting many of the courtiers to tears, and making the ladies of the harem to weep aloud from behind the screens. Here Sevajee in expectation of an honourable reception, but finding himself to be treated with studied neglect, could not control his feelings of indignation, changed colour, and sank to the ground in a swoon,—while a daughter of Aurungzebe, seeing the young stranger from behind a curtain, became enamoured of him. Here sat Mahomed Shah bandying compliments with Nadir Shah, and sipping coffee, while the corpses of a hundred thousand slaughtered Delhi-ites tainted the air. It is related "that the coffee was delivered to the two sovereigns in this room upon a gold salver, by the most polished gentleman of the court. His motions, as he entered the gorgeous apartment, amidst the splendid trains of the two emperors, were watched with great anxiety; if he presented the coffee first to his own master, the furious conqueror, before whom the sovereign of India

and all his courtiers trembled, might order him to instant execution; if he presented it to Nadir first, he would insult his own sovereign out of fear of the stranger. To the astonishment of all, he walked up with a steady step direct to his own master. 'I cannot,' said he, 'aspire to the honour of presenting the cup to the King of Kings, your Majesty's honoured guest, nor would your Majesty wish that any hand but your own should do so.' The emperor took the cup from the golden salver, and presented it to Nadir Shah, who said with a smile as he took it, 'Had all your officers known and done their duty like this man, you had never, my good cousin, seen me and my Kussilbashees at Delhi; take care of him, for your own sake, and get round you as many like him as you can.'"

The *Dewanni-Khas* is now all desolate and forlorn. It is a matter of heartfelt regret to see the barbarous ravages that have been committed in picking out the different precious stones. There is a mark of violence on one of the pillars, which the Mahrattas attempted to break. No rose-beds or fountains about the building now—only the bare skeleton of it is standing. The Great Mogul's hall of audience was, till lately, used as a museum, the contents of which have been now removed to the new Delhi Institute.

The freest public lounge is not more open to access than is now the seat of Mogul jealousy—the *Seraglio*. "There was scarcely a chamber that had not a reservoir adjoining it—with parterres, beautiful walks, groves, rivulets, fountains, grottos, jets of water, alcoves, and raised terraces to

sleep upon, and enjoy the cool air at night." Now that everything has disappeared, this description of Bernier seems to be almost imaginary—an account of the "baseless fabric of a vision." The "parterres," "walks," "groves," "grottos," and "raised terraces" have all ceased to exist.

EDINBURGH CASTLE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

MEDITATIVE people will find a charm in a certain conancy between the aspect of the city and its odd and stirring history. Few places, if any, offer a more barbaric display of contrasts to the eye. In the very midst stands one of the most satisfactory crags in nature—a Bass Rock upon dry land, rooted in a garden, shaken by passing trains, carrying a crown of battlements and turrets, and describing its warlike shadow over the liveliest and brightest thoroughfare of the new town. From their smoky beehives, ten stories high, the unwashed look down upon the open squares and gardens of the wealthy; and gay people sunning themselves along Princes Street, with its mile of commercial palaces all beflagged upon some great occasion, see, across a gardened valley set with statues, where the washings of the old town flutter in the breeze at its high windows. And then, upon all sides, what a clashing of architecture! In this one valley, where the life of the town goes most busily forward, there may be seen, shown one above and behind another by the accidents of the ground, buildings in almost every style upon the globe. Egyptian and Greek temples, Venetian palaces and Gothic spires, are huddled one over another in a most admired disorder; while, above all, the brute mass of the Castle and

the summit of Arthur's Seat look down upon these imitations with a becoming dignity, as the works of Nature may look down upon the monuments of Art. But Nature is a more indiscriminate patroness than we imagine, and in no way frightened of a strong effect. The birds roost as willingly among the Corinthian capitals as in the crannies of the crag; the same atmosphere and daylight clothe the eternal rock and yesterday's imitation portico; and as the soft northern sunshine throws out everything into a glorified distinctness—or easterly mists, coming up with the blue evening fuse all these incongruous features into one, and the lamps begin to glitter along the street, and faint lights to burn in the high windows across the valley—the feeling grows upon you that this also is a piece of nature in the most intimate sense; that this profusion of eccentricities, this dream in masonry and living rock, is not a drop-scene in a theatre, but a city in the world of every-day reality, connected by railway and telegraph-wire with all the capitals of Europe, and inhabited by citizens of the familiar type, who keep ledgers and attend church, and have sold their immortal portion to a daily paper. By all the canons of romance, the place demands to be half deserted and leaning towards decay; birds we might admit in profusion, the play of the sun and winds, and a few gypsies encamped in the chief thoroughfare: but these citizens, with their cabs and tramways, their trains and posters, are altogether out of key. Chartered tourists, they make free with historic localities, and rear their young among the most picturesque sites with a grand human indifference. To see them



EDINBURGH CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

thronging by, in their neat clothes and conscious moral rectitude, and with a little air of possession that verges on the absurd, is not the least striking feature of the place.

The Old Town, it is pretended, is the chief characteristic, and, from a picturesque point of view, the liver-wing of Edinburgh. It is one of the most common forms of depreciation to throw cold water on the whole by adroit overcommendation of a part, since everything worth judging, whether it be a man, a work of art, or only a fine city, must be judged upon its merits as a whole. The Old Town depends for much of its effect on the new quarters that lie around it, on the sufficiency of its situation, and on the hills that back it up. If you were to set it somewhere else by itself, it would look remarkably like Stirling in a bolder and loftier edition. The point is to see this embellished Stirling planted in the midst of a large, active, and fantastic modern city; for there the two re-act in a picturesque sense, and the one is the making of the other.

The Old Town occupies a sloping ridge or tail of diluvial matter, protected, in some subsidence of the waters, by the Castle cliffs, which fortify it to the west. On the one side of it and the other the new towns of the south and of the north occupy their lower, broader, and more gentle hill-tops. Thus, the quarter of the Castle overtops the whole city and keeps an open view to sea and land. It dominates for miles on every side; and people on the decks of ships, or ploughing in quiet country places over in Fife, can see the banner on the Castle battlements, and the

smoke of the Old Town blowing abroad over the subjacent country. A city that is set upon a hill. It was, I suppose, from this distant aspect that she got her name of *Auld Reekie*. Perhaps it was given her by people who had never crossed her doors; day after day, from their various rustic Pisgahs, they had seen the pile of building on the hill-top, and the long plume of smoke over the plain; so it appeared to them; so it had appeared to their fathers tilling the same field; and as that was all they knew of the place, it could be all expressed in two words.

There is a silly story of a subterranean passage between the Castle and Holyrood, and a bold Highland piper who volunteered to explore its windings. He made his entrance by the upper end, playing a strathspey; the curious footed it after him down the street, following his descent by the sound of the chanter from below; until all of a sudden, about the level of St. Giles's, the music came abruptly to an end, and the people in the street stood at fault with hands uplifted. Whether he was choked with gasses, or perished in a quag, or was removed bodily by the Evil One, remains a point of doubt; but the piper has never again been seen or heard of from that day to this. Perhaps he wandered down into the land of Thomas the Rhymer, and some day, when it is least expected, may take a thought to revisit the sunlit upper world. That will be a strange moment for the cabmen on the stands beside St. Giles's, when they hear the drone of his pipes reascending from the bowels of the earth below their horses' feet.

Of all places for a view Calton Hill is perhaps the best;

since you can see the Castle, which you lose from the Castle, and Arthur's Seat, which you cannot see from Arthur's Seat. It is the place to stroll on one of those days of sunshine and east wind which are so common in our more than temperate summer. Upon the right, the roofs and spire of the Old Town climb one above another to where the citadel prints its broad bulk and jagged crown of bastions on the western sky.—Perhaps it is now one in the afternoon; and at the same instant of time, a ball rises to the summit of Nelson's flagstaff close at hand, and, far away, a puff of smoke followed by a report bursts from the half-moon battery at the Castle. This is the time-gun by which people set their watches, as far as the sea-coast or in hill farms upon the Pentlands. And while you are looking across upon the Castle Hill, the drums and bugles begin to recall the scattered garrison; the air thrills with the sound; the bugles sing aloud; and the last rising flourish mounts and melts into the darkness like a star: a martial swan-song, fitly rounding in the labours of the day.

EDINBURGH CASTLE

JAMES NORRIS BREWER

THE Castle of Edinburgh was originally denominated *Castelb Mynydd Agned*, that is, “the fortress of the hill of Agnes;” and the hill itself was termed *Mynydd Agned Cathre-gonion*, which implies in the language of the ancient Britons, “the Hill Agned nigh the fortress.” From which appellations it would appear that the Castle was founded after the introduction of Christianity to Scotland. At a subsequent period, the fortress was called *Castrum Puellarum*, because, as some assert, the daughters of the Pictish chiefs received “their education” in the Castle. It is beyond a question that a very short period would have been sufficient for all the instruction which the rude chieftains of the Picts were anxious to bestow on the daughters; but the Castle answered a more needful purpose, by protecting those high-born damsels from the indignities to which they might have been subject in a residence of less strength, while their fathers and brothers were despoiling neighbouring territories, and making free with the families of conquered rivals. Some persons have wished to ascribe a very remote origin to Edinburgh Castle; but it is certain that a battle was fought on the site of the building by Arthur, King of the Britons, towards the close of the Fifth Century.

The ground-plot of the fortress occupies about six acres. At the western extremity is the outer barrier, which is formed of strong palisadoes. Beyond this are a dry ditch, a draw-bridge and a gate, defended by two flanking batteries.

In the south-east quarter of the castle, state-prisoners were formerly kept, and here, in an apartment called the *crown-room* it is by some pretended that the regalia of Scotland are still deposited. It is well known that they were lodged here, with much formality on the 26th of March, 1707.

Neither history nor tradition records any circumstance in which Edinburgh Castle is conspicuous, till the year 1093. On the authority of Fordun and Dalrymple, the following story concerning that period is related:—when Malcolm Canmore was slain in battle, his widow, Queen Margaret, took refuge in the Castle of Edinburgh, where she very shortly died. “Donald Bane, uncle to Malcolm’s children, having usurped the throne, now besieged the Castle in which the orphan-heir to the crown resided. The usurper, presuming from the steepness of the rock that Malcolm’s children could escape only at the gates, ordered them alone to be guarded. But those in the garrison, knowing this, conveyed the body of the Queen through a postern gate on the west side of the Castle, to the church of Dunfermline, where it lies interred: and the children escaping to England, where they were protected and educated by their uncle, Edgar Atheling.”

After the murder of James I. at Perth, the son and successor of that Monarch, who inherited the crown at the

age of seven years, was placed under the care of Crichton, the chancellor, while Sir Thomas Livingstone was appointed regent. But a quarrel occurring between the two great officers of state, James was detained, in splendid confinement, at Edinburgh Castle, by Sir William Crichton. But the Queen-Dowager, who favoured the opposite party, resolved to rescue her son, and place him in the hands of the regent. In pursuit of this purpose, she paid a visit to the youthful Sovereign, during which she affected to display great friendship towards the chancellor, and asserted an intention of never interfering in matters of state. Crichton was deceived by these assurances, and readily granted the Queen permission to remove certain articles from the Castle, which would be wanted by her in the course of a pilgrimage to a church in East Lothian, which she was on the point of undertaking. The effects were conveyed from the Castle at an early hour of the morning, and among them, concealed in a trunk, was removed the young King, who was supposed to be asleep and secure in his chamber. A vessel was ready, and he, the same night, reached Stirling, where he was received with open arms by the triumphant Queen and regent.

But the fruit of the Queen's ingenuity was soon wrested from her by the superior address of the chancellor. Crichton knew that the King hunted frequently in the woods near Stirling, and he watched an opportunity during the absence of the regent, to conceal himself, and a determined band, in the deep shade of a wood through which it was likely the King would pass. James fell into the

snare, and the chancellor, with many protestations of respect, and much show of real courtesy, conducted him to his former place of secluded residence.

The over-weening power and extreme insolence of the *Earl of Douglas* caused a reconciliation to take place, shortly after this event, between the chancellor and the regent, who were mutually apprehensive of the ill consequences of a division in the state, while the ambitious Douglas was daily increasing in authority and turbulence. Convinced of the inefficacy of the executive power to inflict justice on the Earl, or to put a stop to his oppressive proceedings, the two new co-adjutors resolved on proving the sincerity of their alliance, by the assassination of their rival; and, for this purpose, the chancellor decoyed him into the Castle. Lord Douglas was treated with so much well-counterfeited respect that he felt assured of security, and consented to share a banquet with the King and the two great officers who ruled in the Monarch's name. Here smiles and hilarity prevailed: the regent flattered the pride of Douglas, and the chancellor pressed his hand, with warm assurances of attachment. But, towards the conclusion of the entertainment, a *bull's head* was set before the unsuspecting guest. Douglas understood the fatal symbol, and sprang from the table; but he was instantly surrounded by armed men, who dragged him, in spite of the King's tears and supplications, to the outer court of the Castle, where he was murdered.

LAMBTON CASTLE

WILLIAM HOWITT

LAMBTON CASTLE is a perfect and expressive image of the feudalism of the Nineteenth Century; of feudalism made easy, to the present generation; of feudalism which has never ceased to exist, whatever concussions shook the empire, or whatever spasms rocked the constitution; which has for the greater part of a thousand years fought its way, whether in steel jacket or in scarlet broadcloth, with spear or with musket; which has never failed to hold its own, and to hand down the huge domains which it won in England, under the banners of William of Normandy. It is now polished indeed, but it is still strong; it prides itself on its most ancient style of habitation, but over and around that habitation it has poured the grace of modern art, and filled it with all the amenities, the comforts, the softnesses, and intellectual resources of a busy, scientific, refined, and luxurious age. Such is the entire character of Lambton Castle. You see before you, indeed, Gothic towers and battlements, but around them spread lawns such only as England and the England of our day knows. You approach it by roads not made for the hoofs of old war horses to disturb, but for the wheels of gay chariots to roll over; and within you find a glittering and sumptuous succession of books, paintings, statues, marble



LAMBTON CASTLE, ENGLAND.

pillars, gorgeous vases, soft carpets of richest dyes and softer beds, curtained into silken privacy; and all the nameless and numberless little articles and marks of taste, which, to a true old castle-dweller, would form a wilderness of contemptible baubles, and a heap of articles that he would never even wish to want.

At the time that I visited Lambton Castle, its possessor was even then seeking relief from indisposition in the south of England, and serious fears were entertained that his life would not be long. That curious old legend of Lambton, of which we shall have presently to speak, seemed still, in the physical condition of the existing lord, to assert that it was more than a superstition of the old times, but was founded on an influence fatal to the longevity of the race. Though the period of the spell was said to terminate in General Lambton, as the ninth in descent from the slayer of the Worm, yet neither his son nor his grandson has been longer lived, nor have they died at home.

It was not without a more sensible interest, that, reflecting on these circumstances, I went through the grounds and the Castle of Lambton. Here were all that nature and art could effect in combination to make a noble abode for its possessor; but a mysterious fiat of destiny seemed to be pronounced over the race, of short and embittered enjoyment of it.

The Wear here performs some of its most beautiful windings, for which it is so remarkable, and its lofty banks hung with fine woods, presented the most lovely views whichever way you looked. A new bridge leads across the

river, and a winding carriage-road conducts you by an easy ascent through pleasant woodlands up to the Castle. You pass under a light suspension bridge which leads from the Castle, along the banks above the river, through the woods of great beauty, and where you find the most pleasant solitudes, with varied views of the river and sounds of its hurrying water. The Castle, in all its newness of aspect, stands boldly on the height above the river, with beautiful green slopes descending towards it. As you approach the Castle, and enter it, everything impresses you with a sense of its strength, tastefulness, and completeness. The compact and well-built walls of clam-stone; the well-paved and well-finished courts; the numerous and complete offices; the kitchens, furnished with every convenience and implement that modern skill and ingenuity can bring together; all tell you that you are in the abode of a man of the amplest resources. As you advance, elegance and luxury are added to completeness; and you are surrounded not by the rude and quaint objects of our old houses, but by the rich requisites of present aristocratic existence. The snug boudoir, the lord's dressing-room, the bath, the library, the saloon, the drawing-room, and all the various apartments of a noble modern house, into which are sometimes crowded several hundred guests—we shall not attempt to describe.

One of the most remarkable things about Lambton, is that Legend of the Worm, and the popular ideas attached to it, to which we have already alluded. The story of the Worm of Lambton cannot be better told than in the words

of Surtees: "The heir of Lambton, fishing, as was his profane custom, in the Wear of a Sunday, hooked a small worm or eft, which he carelessly threw into a well, and thought no more of the adventure. The worm, at first neglected, grew till it was too large for its first habitation, and issuing forth from the *Worm Well*, betook itself to the Wear, where it usually lay a part of the day coiled round a crag in the middle of the water; it also frequented a green mound near the well, called thence '*The Worm Hill*,' where it lapped itself nine times round, leaving vermicular traces, of which, grave living witnesses depose that they have seen the vestiges. It now became the terror of the country; and, amongst other enormities, levied a daily contribution of nine cows' milk, which was always placed for it at the green hill, and in default of which it devoured man and beast. Young Lambton had, it seems, meanwhile, totally repented him of his former life and conversation; had bathed himself in a bath of holy water, taken the sign of the Cross, and joined the Crusaders. On his return home he was extremely shocked at witnessing the effects of his youthful imprudence, saw that the Worm must be at once destroyed, and immediately undertook the adventure. After several fierce combats, in which the crusader was foiled by his enemy's *power of self-union*, he found it expedient to add policy to courage, and not, perhaps, possessing much of the former quality, he went to consult a witch, or wise woman. By her judicious advice, he armed himself in a coat of mail, studded with razor-blades, and thus prepared, placed himself on the crag in the river, and awaited

the monster's arrival. At the usual time, the Worm came to the rock, and wound himself with great fury round the armed knight, who had the satisfaction to see his enemy cut in pieces by his own efforts, while the stream washing away the several parts prevented the possibility of re-union. There is still a sequel to the story. The witch had promised Lambton success only on one condition—that he would slay the first living thing which met his sight after the victory. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, Lambton had directed his father, that as soon as he heard him sound three blasts on his bugle, in token of the achievement performed, he should release his favourite greyhound, which would immediately fly to the sound of the horn, and was destined to be the sacrifice. On hearing his son's bugle, however, the old chief was so overjoyed that he forgot his injunctions, and ran himself with open arms to meet his son. Instead of committing a parricide, the conqueror again repaired to his adviser, who pronounced, as the alternative of disobeying the original instructions, that no chief of the Lambtons should die in his bed for seven, or, as some accounts say, for nine generations—a commutation which, to a martial spirit, had nothing probably very terrible, and which was willingly complied with."

Popular tradition assigns the chapel of Brigford as the spot where Lambton offered up his vows before and after the adventure. In the garden-house at Lambton are two figures of great antiquity. A knight, in good style, armed cap-à-pie, the back however *not studded with razor blades*,

who holds the Worm by one ear with his left hand, and with his right, thrusts his sword to the hilt down his throat; and a lady, who wears a coronet, with bare breasts, etc., in the style of Charles II.'s Beauties—a wound on whose bosom, and an accidental mutilation of the hand, are said to be the work of the Worm. A real good Andrea Ferrara, inscribed on the blade 1521, notwithstanding the date, has also been pressed into the service, and is said to be the identical weapon by which the Worm perished.

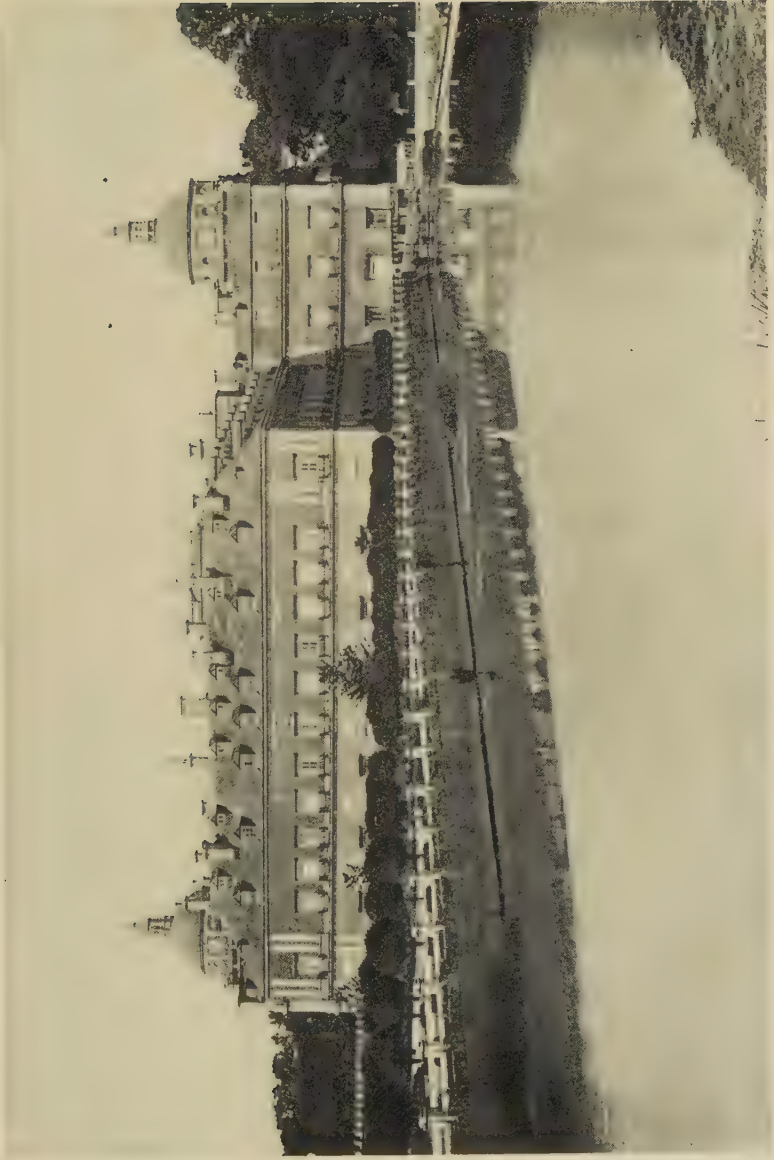
The scene of the Worm's haunts, and the combat, is at a considerable distance from the Castle; in fact, about a mile and a half from the *old* Lambton Hall, where the Lambtons then dwelt. It is on the north bank of the Wear, in the estate of North Biddick, and now in quite a populous location. The Worm Hill is a conspicuous conical mound of considerable size, but having all the appearance of an ancient barrow, or other artificial tumulus. It stands in a meadow just at the backs of some houses, is perfectly green with grass; and now, whatever it might do formerly, bears not the slightest trace of the place where the worm coiled itself. It is about eighty yards from the river, and the well lay twenty-six yards from the hill. Half a century ago the Worm Well was in repute as a *Wishing Well*, and was one of the scenes dedicated to the usual festivities and superstitions of Midsummer Eve.

ARANJUEZ

EDMONDO DE AMICIS

IN leaving Madrid by the southern route, you traverse an uninhabited country that recalls the poorest provinces of Aragon and old Castile, just as happened on your arrival by the northern. These are vast, yellowish, and dried-up plains; you would say that if you beat upon it, the earth would resound like an empty box, or crumble away like the crust of a burnt tart; occasionally you see miserable villages, of the same colour as the land, which look as if they would ignite like a heap of dry leaves, if any one were to bring a match to the roof of one of the houses. After an hour's travel, my shoulder sought the side of the carriage, my elbow a leaning-place, and I fell into a profound sleep, like a member of Leopardi's *Ateneo d'Ascoltazione*.

I looked around me: the vast deserted plain was transformed as if by enchantment into an immense garden full of delightful groves, crossed in every direction by great avenues, dotted with little country houses and rustic cabins covered with vines; and, here and there were tossing fountains, shady nooks, flowery meadows, vineyards, little foot-paths, and a greenness, a freshness, an odour of spring, a breath of joy and delight that wafted your soul to paradise. We had arrived at Aranjuez. I left the train, threaded my



ARANJUEZ, SPAIN.

way down a beautiful avenue shaded by two rows of gigantic trees, and in an instant found myself opposite the royal palace.

Castelar, the minister, wrote recently in his *memorandum* that the fall of the ancient Spanish monarchy was foreseen on the day that a herd of populace with abuse on their lips and anger in their hearts, invaded the palace of Aranjuez to disturb the tranquil majesty of its sovereigns. I was precisely on that spot, where, on March 17, 1808, occurred the events that formed the prologue to the national war and the first word of the sentence, as it were, that condemned the ancient monarchy to death. I immediately looked for the windows of the apartment of the Prince of Peace; I pictured him, fleeing from hall to hall, pale and dishevelled, hunting for a hiding-place, amidst the echoing cries of the multitude that mounted the stairway; I saw poor Charles IV. place the crown on the head of the Prince of the Asturias with trembling hands; all the scenes of that terrible drama passed before my eyes; and the deep silence of this place and the sight of that shut and abandoned palace chilled me to the heart.

The palace is built like a castle; it is of brick with corners of white marble, and covered with a slate roof. Every one knows that Philip II. had it built by the celebrated architect Herrera, and that nearly all his successors embellished it, and lived there during the summer season. I entered: the interior is splendid; there is a resplendent hall for the reception of ambassadors, a beautiful Chinese cabinet of Charles III., a superb dressing-room of Isabella

II., and a profusion of precious ornaments. But all the riches of the palace are not worth the view of the gardens. Expectations are not deceived. The gardens of Aranjuez (Aranjuez is the name of the little town situate a short distance from the palace) seem to have been laid out for the family of Titan Kings, to whom the parks and gardens of our Kings would have appeared like terrace parterres and sheep-folds. Avenues, extending as far as the eye can reach and bordered by trees of an inordinate height uniting their branches and leaning towards us as if bent by two contrary winds, in every direction cross a forest the boundaries of which one cannot see; and through this forest the wide and rapid Tagus describes a majestic curve, forming here and there cascades and basins; a luxuriant and flourishing vegetation abounds amid a labyrinth of little avenues and cross-roads; everywhere is seen the whiteness of statues, fountains, columns and high jets of water that fall in sheets and rain and spray on all the flowers known to Europe and America; and to the majestic sound of the cascade of the Tagus is joined the song of innumerable nightingales that pour their trills into the mysterious shade of the lonely paths. Beyond the gardens, rises a little marble palace, modest in appearance, which contains all the marvels of the most magnificent royal residence, and where one still breathes the atmosphere of the life of the Kings of Spain. Here are the little secret chambers the ceilings of which may be touched by the hand, the billiard-room of Charles IV., cushions embroidered by the hands of queens, musical clocks that amused the idle children, little stairways,

tiny windows that preserve a hundred little traditions of the caprice of princes : and, finally, the richest toilet-room in Europe, due to a whim of Charles IV., and which contains in itself so much wealth that one could draw enough from it to build a palace, without depriving it of the noble pre-eminence it boasts above all rooms appropriated to the same use.

Beyond this palace, and around the woodlands, extend vineyards, olive-trees, plantations of fruit-trees and smiling meadows. It is a veritable oasis surrounded by a desert which Philip II. chose in a day of good humour, as if to alleviate the black melancholy of the Escorial with a gay picture. On returning from the little marble palace to the great palace of the Escorial down these long avenues, beneath the shade of these large trees, in this profound peace of the forest, I thought of the splendid pageants of ladies and cavaliers that formerly followed the steps of the gay young monarchs and capricious and unrestrained queens to the sound of love-songs and hymns, celebrating the grandeur and the glory of unvanquished Spain, and I repeated sadly with the poet of Recanati :

“ . . . All is peace and silence,
And one speaks no longer of them. . . . ”

GLAMIS CASTLE

LADY GLAMIS

TO the lover of Shakespeare, the name of Glammis (as it was sometimes spelt) will recall the act of treachery and murder which tradition gives as having taken place there, when King Duncan was done to death by the hand or at the instigation of the ambitious and unscrupulous Lady Macbeth; although there is no possibility of proving or testing the truth as to the details or locality of the tragedy.

To the antiquarian, the Castle must be of immense interest on account of the great age of the central portion, or keep, which is known to have been standing in 1016, but "whose birth tradition notes not"; while to the romantic and superstitious it is associated as a place where ghosts and spirits moving silently down winding stairs and dark passages are wont to make night fearsome. This feeling of eeriness is not confined to the naturally nervous, for Sir Walter Scott, who spent a night at Glamis in 1794, writes :

"After a very hospitable reception, . . . I was conducted to my apartment in a distant part of the building. I must own that when I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself too far from the living and somewhat too near the dead."



GLAMIS CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

Additional interest attaches to this castle from the fact that its venerable walls enshroud a *mysterious something*, which has for centuries baffled the curiosity and investigations of all unauthorized persons; this secret is known only to three people—the Earl of the time being, his eldest son, and one other individual, whom they think worthy of their confidence.

Most people have theories upon this subject, and many ridiculous stories are told; but so carefully has the mystery been guarded, that no suspicion of the truth has ever come to light. One version of the story is as follows: Several centuries ago the Lord Glamis of the time was entertaining the head of another noble family then resident in Angus; and in the course of the evening they commenced to play cards. It was Saturday night, and so intent were they on wagering lands and money on the issue of the game, that they did not recognize the fact that Sunday morning was approaching until an old retainer ventured to remind them of the hour. Whereupon one of the gamblers swore a great oath, with the tacit approval of the other, that they did not care what day it might be, but they would finish their game at any cost, even if they went on playing till Doomsday! It had struck midnight ere he had finished his sentence, when there suddenly appeared a stranger dressed in black, who politely informed their lordships that he would take them at their word, and vanished.

The story goes on to aver that annually on that night three noblemen, or their spirits, meet and play cards in the

secret room of the Castle, and that this will go on till Doomsday. In corroboration of this story, it is said that on a certain night in the autumn of every year, loud noises are heard, and some of the casements of the Castle are blown open.

Glamis Castle stands in the centre of the vale of Strathmore, in a picturesque and well-wooded part of Forfarshire; the heather-clad sides of the Sidlaws, which divide Strathmore from the sea, rising to the south, while away to the north tower the Grampians, which form a magnificent background to the ancient pile of buildings, whose turrets rise some hundred and fifteen feet above the level of the ground.

The poet, Gray, in a letter, describes the exterior of the castle in the following words:

“The house, from the height of it, the greatness of its mass, the many towers atop, and the spread of its wings, has really a very singular and striking appearance, like nothing I ever saw.”

The oldest portions of the Castle are formed of huge irregular blocks of old red sandstone, which time and weather have mellowed into a beautiful grey, pink colour. The walls in many places are sixteen feet thick, which in the olden days had the essential recommendation of great security, and also of allowing space for secret rooms and passages as means of escape in times of peril; and as a matter of fact, two secret staircases have been discovered within the last five-and-twenty years, and possibly there are others which still remain forgotten and unused.

The narrow windows appear at irregular heights and distances in the central building or keep and left wing (the right wing having been burnt down and rebuilt early in 1800, is not so interesting), but the great staircase added by Patrick, Lord Glamis, in 1605, is very fine, occupying a circular tower, the space for which has been partly dug out of the old walls of the keep, and rises to the third story. This staircase (the designing for which has been attributed to Inigo Jones) is spiral, with a hollow newel in the centre, and is composed of stone to the summit. It consists of 143 steps, 6 feet 10 inches in width, each of *one* stone.

The staircases, which were in use before 1600, are very narrow, dark, and some of them winding, the steps steep and irregular in height, worn into hollows by the many feet that for centuries climbed them. Up two flights of these dimly lit, uneven stairs, the wounded king, Malcolm II., after having been treacherously attacked and mortally wounded by Kenneth V. and his adherents on the Hunter's Hill, about a mile from the Castle, was carried by his followers to die in the chamber that still bears the name of King Malcolm's room. This murder of King Malcolm is the first authentic event mentioned by the chroniclers in connection with Glamis.

In the time of King Malcolm, Glamis was a royal residence, and remained so till 1372, when Sir John Lyon, "a young man of very good parts and qualities, and of a very graceful and comely person, and a great favourite with the king" (Robert II.), was made Lord High Chamberlain of

Scotland. At that time the king's daughter, the Princess Jean, fell in love with this young knight, and was given him in marriage together with the lands of the thanedom of Glamis, "*pro laudabili et fideli servitio et continuis laboribus*," as the charter bears witness, March 18, 1372. Ten years later Sir John fell in a duel with Sir James Lindsay of Crawford, and was buried at Scone among the kings of Scotland. He left one son, from whom the present family of Lyon have descended without a break from *father to son* to the present day. Fifty years later, Sir Patrick Lyon (Sir John's grandson), who was one of the hostages to the English for the ransom of James I. from 1424 to 1427, was created Baron Glamis, and appointed Master of the Household to the King of Scotland. For the next hundred years nothing of interest occurred till John, sixth Lord Glamis, married the beautiful Janet Douglas, granddaughter of the great Earl of Angus (Bell-the-Cat), and died in 1528. Lady Glamis married, secondly, Archibald Campbell, of Kepneith, whose relative, another Campbell, fell in love with her. Finding, however, that his addresses were but ill received by this lady, who was as good as she was lovely, his love turned to hate, and he revenged himself by informing the authorities that Lady Glamis, her son, Lord Glamis, and John Lyon, his relative, were conspiring against the life of the king, James V., by poison or witchcraft. They were tried for high treason, and wrongfully convicted! Lady Glamis and her young son were both sentenced to be *burned*, and the estate of Glamis was forfeited and annexed to the Crown by Act of Parliament, December 3d, 1540.

However, these brutal judges, on account of the extreme youth of Lord Glamis, feared to bring him to execution, so the boy was kept in prison, with the death sentence hanging over him, while the beautiful Lady Glamis was dragged forth and burned at the stake on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, July 17th, 1537. Those were days when acts of violence and cruelty were regarded with an indifference that we cannot now realize, although when she stood up in her beauty to undergo this fearful sentence, it is recorded that all heads were bowed in sorrowful sympathy. When this infamous execution was accomplished, remorse seems to have come over Campbell, who was visited by visions of his victim looking at him with sad, reproachful eyes. When, some years later, his death was drawing nigh, he confessed that his evidence at the trial was altogether false. Lord Glamis was therefore released from prison, and his estates and honours restored.

To return to the Castle. The exterior is much ornamented with ancient armorial bearings in carved stone, while a round niche over the front door contains a bust of Earl Patrick. The principal entrance is a striking feature. The doorway is small and low, and a stout iron-clenched oaken door, thickly studded with nails, is guarded on the inside by a heavily grated iron gate, which opens right on to the staircase. A flight of steps to the right of the entrance leads down to the dungeons, vaults, and the old well (now filled up) which supplied the inmates with water in times of siege; while another stair to the left leads up to the Retainers' Hall (or Crypt as it is now called), low, and fifty

feet in length, with walls and arched roof entirely composed of stone. Of the seven windows, which are small, four or five are cut out of the thickness of the walls, and make recesses just large enough to form small rooms, which might have been used as sleeping chambers in old days. Lay figures, clad in complete armour, stand in the recesses, which, especially in the dusk, give an eerie effect to this part of the Castle. It is said that a ghostly man in armour walks this floor at night—possibly the original of one of those armoured figures standing silently in the crypt year after year, who may, perchance, have ended his life in the dungeon that lies exactly underneath.

CHÂTEAU DE CHINON

J. J. BOURRASSÉE

TO the traveller who arrives at Chinon from the south or west, the aspect of the old castle is imposing.

What an effect it must have produced at the period of its full splendour ! Originally it was a fortress situated on an eminence commanding the course of the Vienne and the fertile plain of Veron. It might be regarded as the key of lower Touraine. Therefore we see the Romans, the Visigoths, the Franks, and, later, the Counts of Anjou and Touraine, the Kings of England and France sparing no efforts to secure its possession. In 462, Frederic, brother of Theodoric King of the Visigoths, having advanced as far as the banks of the Loire, seized the Castle of Chinon : up to that time the Romans had occupied it, and by its favourable position it had become the last citadel of their power in this part of Gaul. Ægidius Afranius, the Roman governor of Gaul, hastened into Touraine to recover Chinon ; but he could not do it by force of arms. Despairing of carrying the place of assault, the Romans blockaded it. The defenders were at the last extremity from lack of water when a violent storm poured abundant rain within the ramparts. The Romans raised the siege and the Visigoths remained masters of the castle until the defeat of Alaric in the plains of Vouille. The conquering Clovis

understood the importance of this military post and made it one of the ramparts of his kingdom.

The Frankish princes installed themselves there so well that no foe ever thought of disputing its possession with them. The Carlovingians were still its masters when feudalism transformed to the profit of the great barons the precarious title that they held by the confidence of the sovereign. Thibault the Trickster had Touraine as his share in this vast parcelling out of France. He had the Castle of Chinon repaired and often resided there, as in an impregnable fortress. Thibault's lot in the partition of the territory was not in the least an agreeable one, for he had to defend it against the envy of his neighbors. Touraine for about a century was a prey over which rival powers fought. In the end it remained with the strongest. The Count of Anjou became completely master of it after the battle of Nouy, fought on the heights of Montlouis in 1044. Even in the bosom of this powerful house there were quarrels over the possession of the Castle of Chinon. An unequal partition between Geoffroy le Barbu and Foulques le Rechin led to war between those two brothers. Abandoned and betrayed by his followers, Geoffroy was made prisoner and cast into the cells of the Castle of Chinon, where he remained closely immured for the space of eighteen years with such rigour that he almost lost his reason. Nothing less than the intervention of Pope Urban II. in 1096 was required to have him set at liberty.

Thanks to a marriage, the house of Anjou mounted the throne of England and Chinon became a royal possession.



CHATEAU DE CHINON, FRANCE.

Henry Plantagenet, great-grandson of Foulques le Rechin, brings this fine residence into new relief. Henry II. made it his favourite manor. He made it the seat of a royally privileged domain, comprising Cande, Champigny, La Haye, L'Île Bouchard, Saint Epain, Sainte Maure, Azay le Rideau and Bourgueil. Henry II. added to the Castle of Chinon a fortress distinct from the other buildings, with its own ramparts, moats, gates, drawbridges, buildings for the accommodation of the King, his court and his archers, and its church dedicated to St. George. From his donjon keep, the King of England ceaselessly laboured to increase his territory and his influence on the Continent. By means of his marriage with Eleanor of Guienne, repudiated by King Louis VII., he had become more powerful than his sovereign. It seems as if nothing could stay the course of such success, were it not for discord in his own family. At war with Philip Augustus, and with his own son the famous Richard Cœur de Lion, the King of England retired to Chinon. Necessity compelled him to sign with the King of France the humiliating peace of Azay sur Cher. "Shame!" he cried, "shame to the vanquished king! Cursed be the day I was born! Curses upon my two sons!" This fit of fury sent him to the tomb, July 6, 1189. He was carried without pomp to the Abbey of Fontévrault, near Chinon, where he had desired to be buried.

Ten years later, another train took the same road: it was that of Richard Cœur de Lion. Being mortally wounded at the siege of Chaluz, that prince caused himself to be taken to Chinon, where he quickly succumbed in cruel

agony. He was buried beside Henry II. in the Abbey of Fontévrault, that celebrated house that has had as abbess fourteen princesses of the royal blood, and that had deserved the name of *King's Cemetery*. In an obscure corner are still to be seen the admirable statues of the counts of Anjou, masterpieces of the statuary at the close of the Twelfth Century.

At that time, nothing presaged that the Castle of Chinon was to leave the hands of the Kings of England, when suddenly a protracted cry of horror and indignation resounded through the world. John Lackland had just got rid of his nephew, Arthur of Brittany, by a cowardly murder at Rouen. Philip Augustus summoned the murderer to appear before the court of the peers of the realm. After several adjournments regularly notified, the criminal, not having presented himself, was condemned to lose the fiefs held from the French crown. The sentence was easy to deliver, but not so easy to execute. The King of France hastened to Touraine at the head of an army and took possession of Tours, Loches and Chinon.

It must be admitted that the Castle of Chinon was valiantly defended ; it was carried by assault after an obstinate struggle in 1205. Philip Augustus gave it a good garrison. After that day, the English never set foot in it ; and when during our intestine discord they profited by treason and dominated many of our provinces, the Castle of Chinon was the last refuge of the monarchy. From there were struck all the blows that gave France back her independence.

Feudalism had greatly lessened the royal power. Noble efforts had been made to restore the authority that the king ought never to have lost. These attempts had produced memorable results; but the great feudatories were discontented. They wanted to profit by the minority of Louis IX. and the regency of a woman to recover the power that had escaped them. Events called St. Louis and Queen Blanche to Chinon. The young king held a parliament of twenty days at the castle gates. The rebel lords refused to attend, but their plans were rendered abortive, thanks to the activity of Blanche of Castile.

Philip Augustus had partly rebuilt the Castle of Chinon: the Thirteenth Century work is easily visible amid the later constructions. Under the reign of St. Louis, further works to render this fortress as a whole more formidable were executed.

In 1308, a great bustle was manifest in the Castle and town of Chinon: Jacques de Molay, Grand Master of the Order of the Templars, Hughes de Péraldo, Visitor of France, and the Commanders of Cyprus, Aquitaine and Normandy had just been brought in. Other Knights of the same Order had already been confined there. They were all to be taken to Poitiers where were Pope Clement V. and Philippe le Bel, King of France; but several of them had fallen ill on the road, so the sovereign pontiff deputed three cardinals to proceed with the investigation at Chinon. Every one knows the result of these grave proceedings: the Order of the Templars was suppressed, and those who were prisoners at Chinon only left their cells to

go to the stake at Paris. They had confessed their crimes in the question to which they had been put ; but most of them retracted amidst the flames. This frightful execution took place in 1313.

Towards the end of the Fourteenth Century, Charles VI. ceded the duchy of Touraine and the county of Chinon to his brother Louis, Duke of Orleans, who was afterwards assassinated by order of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy. This period recalls the most mournful memories of our history. Our land was ravaged by bands of English, skilful to profit by our dissensions. At last the hour of deliverance has arrived. France will now see more prosperous days ; and Charles VII., the Victorious, will stretch his sceptre over the territory formerly subject to his ancestor.

Charles VII. established his court at Chinon. Joan of Arc came to see him there and to inaugurate her extraordinary mission beneath the castle arches. Everybody knows the details of the heroine's arrival at Chinon : how she recognized the disguised king in the midst of his courtiers, revealed a secret known only to himself and God, showed herself full of confidence in the cause that she was to make triumphant and finally succeeded in inspiring the hearts of others with the enthusiasm that overflowed her own.

Thus the first public deeds of the providential mission of Joan of Arc are connected with Chinon. At this moment, Charles VII. had by his side another woman of generous heart and strong spirit : this was the queen, Marie of Anjou. Her influence was greater than historians have

recognized; it was much more salutary and efficacious than that of Agnes Sorel. When the latter appeared at Chinon for the first time before the eyes of Charles VII., it was already six months since Joan of Arc had gone to the stake at Rouen. Is not that enough for us to say that France had already been saved and that the advice and remonstrances of Agnes Sorel came too late?

However that may be, the presence of Agnes Sorel at the court of Chinon was insupportable to the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI. He even made it a pretext for a conspiracy against his father. These designs of an unnatural son did not succeed, but they poisoned the King's last years.

In 1461, Charles VII. died at Mehun sur Yèvre, and Louis XI. succeeded to the throne. Louis XI. took up his abode by preference at the Castle of Plessis-lez-Tours: he often came to Chinon. It was in the environs of that town, at the Castle of Forges, that he felt the first attack of the malady that carried him off. Philippe de Commynes, Seigneur d'Argenton, governor of the Castle of Chinon, informs us how this accident, which was nothing less than an attack of apoplexy, came upon him.

In the very year of the death of Louis XI. a famous personage in buffoon literature was born at Chinon. François Rabelais is the most cynical of writers, and if, as some people assert, he tried to hide his philosophy beneath the masque of folly, it must be acknowledged that he succeeded.

After the reign of Louis XI., the Castle of Chinon was

very little frequented by the court. Catherine de' Medici was there in 1560, and the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henri III. appeared there at the head of his army, marching against the Reformers, who were to be so rudely chastised in the plains of Montoncour.

In 1629, the Princess de Conti, who possessed Chinon by virtue of an exchange of property with Henry of Lorraine, Duke of Chevreuse, sold the castle with all its dependencies to Cardinal Richelieu. The sale gave the signal, so to speak, for the demolition of the royal castle of the Plantagenets and French monarchs. When the Revolution, that piled up so many ruins arrived, it found nothing more to do here.

The remains of the old manor are still gigantic. Those high walls, dismantled curtains, crenellated masonry, and discrowned turrets harbour glorious memories; but it is not always easy to distinguish what belongs to each century, or clearly to discern the work of the Romans or the Visigoths, of Thibault the Trickster, Henry II., Philip Augustus, Charles VII., or Louis XI. The greater part of these ruins, however, is characteristic of the Fifteenth Century. Scarcely anything remains intact except the belfry tower, now called the *Tour de l'Horloge*, twenty to twenty-five meters in height. These picturesque ruins belong to the town of Chinon, having been left to it by the house of Richelieu.

THE SUMMER PALACE

MAURICE PALÉOLOGUE

THE last time that I saw the Imperial Palace of Pekin was on a morning in the last of April. The air was fresh and limpid, and the vault of heaven seemed to have lifted itself to a prodigious height. It was not that somewhat misty atmosphere of spring in France, which seems impregnated with damp and vegetable odours, and which bathes the unstable outlines of objects; neither was it that tenuous light of those mornings in the East that overspreads the distances, envelops objects, and defines their planes. It was a very dry air, for five months had passed since a drop of rain had fallen, with an almost brutal clearness which seemed to bring the horizon nearer and which harshly exhibited the forms of the buildings and the lines of the landscape.

I went out very early, and the windings of my course took me to the Imperial City, one of the three cities that compose the capital of the Middle Kingdom. The streets differed in appearance from those of the quarters I had just traversed, the shops became rarer, the roadways wider, and the temples and palaces closer together. But at this early hour there was still greater animation here, and a crowd of horsemen, pedestrians, and carriages made passage difficult.

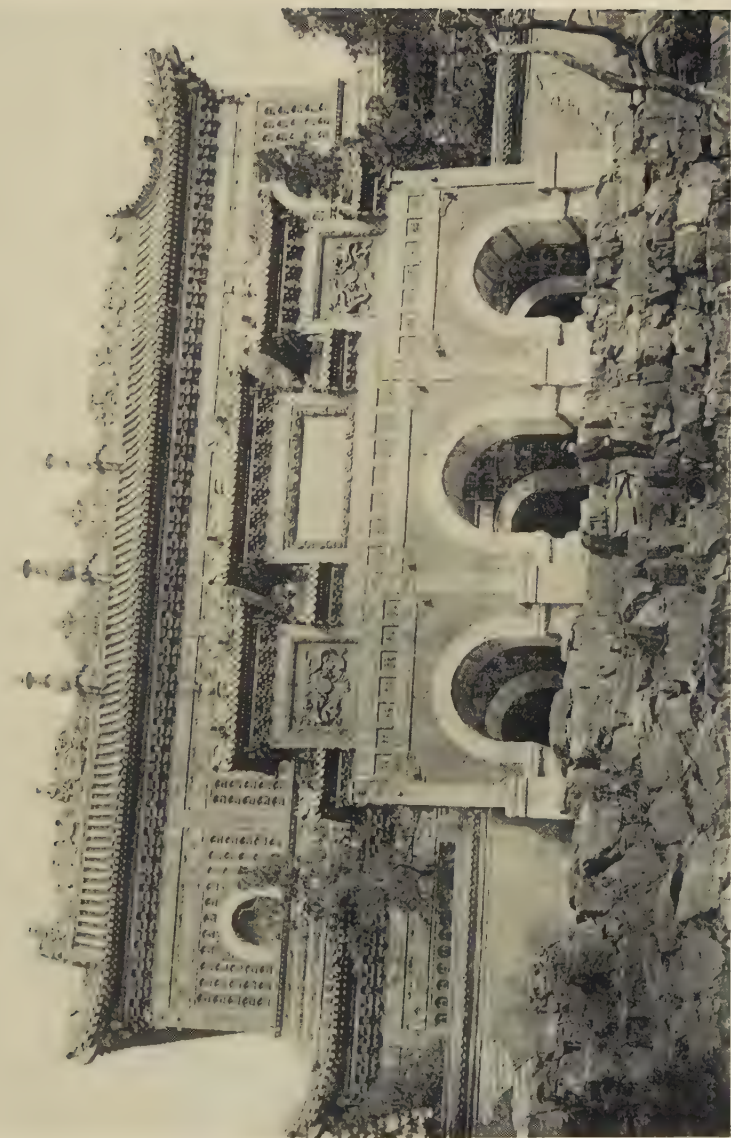
I was about to turn in order to return to the French

Legation, when a cart, peculiarly constructed upon two wheels placed almost at the back, and escorted by two horsemen, made my horse stand aside; it was a Tartar carriage from the court stables: a black mule harnessed with yellow leather and led by a groom, also in yellow livery, drew it along with great strides.

In front, visible between the open curtains, a young woman was seated with her legs crossed beneath her. She was clothed in a large mantle of salmon-pink silk bordered with blue and gold lace and ornamented down the front and on the sleeves with clusters of flowers embroidered with very delicate brilliancy and delicious harmony of colour. This vestment almost entirely covered her gown of a pale and dead green that fell in folds about her.

Her hair, gathered up on the top of her head, was divided in two thick folds, crossed here and there by long pins of gold, surmounted by butterflies of silver filagree, and artificial flowers of the strangest forms and hues. Also, as is customary among ladies of quality, her face was entirely painted with ceruse; but the cheeks and the dimple of the chin and the lips were coated with a thick layer of carmine, while a line of antimony immoderately lengthened her eyes out towards the temples, and two black *mouches* stuck near the cheek-bone, gave a peculiar appearance, a sort of air of morbid coquetry, to this depressing face in which life seemed to have been extinguished.

She held herself in a paralyzed immobility, with a hebetated fixity of gaze and a doubtful glimmer of intelligence, oscillating like a waxen puppet or an idol in a procession,



THE SUMMER PALACE, CHINA.

at each jolt of the carriage. She was, doubtless, judging from the livery of the driver and the escorting horsemen, a young Tartar lady of the court, one of the Empress's maids of honour, or one of the imperial princesses shut up in the Palace.

I set out to follow her at a distance. Her chariot ascended the inclined plane of a bridge, the flooring of which was of marble; the balustrade, also of marble, supported some sculptured dragons.

Beneath the arches, the waters of a lake glittered. The light of the sun, still near the horizon, barely touched the liquid surface but spread its brilliancy everywhere else. In certain spots, lotus flowers blossomed and made the lake look like a meadow floating upon the clear and sleeping waters. It was the "Golden Lake," a dependency of the Imperial Palace, whose high walls and golden roofs could be seen in the background.

Light buildings, such as kiosks and temples, reached to the shore. The vast number of these roofs assumed rosy hues and the slightest details of their complicated architecture stood out clearly, looking in the liquid air that enveloped them, elegant, graceful and fresh amid the apricot trees and blossoming mimosas that covered the banks.

North China was, in fact, just emerging from her long winter's mourning, and the impression given by that spring-tide picture of earth's new awakening was exquisite.

The Tartar chariot continued to advance with the rapid steps of its mule: it was now passing at the foot of an artificial hill, planted with green trees, at the summit of

which rose a Buddhist obelisk that stood out almost harshly against the blue of the sky.

But along the shore of the lake, the tints had already become deeper, and the lines less sharp. The kiosks, the pavilions, and the temples that rose upon the banks exhibited the original type of Chinese buildings, a canvas tent with turned up corners. The extreme profusion of ornamental details did not succeed in hiding the poverty of the original conception: dragons, chimeras, phœnixes, and tortoises, an entire fabulous and fantastic zoology of sculptured wood or terra cotta, surcharged the ridge-poles; figurines and painted flowers of clay weighed down the cornices, the larmiers, and the pediments; gaudy colors made a motley mixture upon the capitals of the columns and the architraves; but beneath this bristling and unrestrained decoration, you always found the absolute and invariable type that China has uniformly adopted at every epoch of her history and throughout her entire empire.

However, I had by this time arrived at the fortified enclosure of the palace. High above me a rampart reared itself, thirty feet high and surrounded by a wide moat. At regular intervals, towers with turned-up roofs jutted out over this line of stone which extended so far that it seemed to shut in an entire city. A few trees had crossed the sloping wall, and the shadows of their branches spread over the dark and stagnant waters of the moat.

A large gateway, surmounted by an enormous square tower, gave access to the interior of the palace, and three gigantic black letters engraved upon a golden panel at the

summit of the tower seemed a mysterious inscription placed at the threshold of an unknown world.

And at the moment when the Tartar carriage became engulfed under the arch and was lost in the Imperial enclosure, I experienced still more powerfully the impression that I had received three years before in Morocco in front of the palace of the Sultan Moulay-Hassan. There also, in the old city of Islam shining in the sunlight, I had felt myself transported into the midst of a new world, but I saw the barriers broken down, I was able to pass through the great pointed doorways of Dar-el-Mechouar, and the Court of the Scherifs was opened before me, as a scene of fairy-land or dreamland unfolds in a dazzling brilliancy of light and colour.

Here, on the contrary, everything remained closed and impenetrable.

However, the topography of the palace was not entirely unknown to me; I had already studied the plan made by the Jesuit missionaries who visited it in the Eighteenth Century, and, indeed, from the heights of the ramparts of the Tartar village, I had been able to recognize the general arrangement and distinguish the regular succession of its rectangular court-yards and gardens containing forty-eight enormous palaces and about the same number of pavilions, kiosks, arches and gateways.

Only the tops of the principal buildings rose above the surrounding wall and into the clumps of verdure. Very far away, in the south, near the "Gate of Eternal Purity," I perceived the temple of the ancestors of the dynasty of

Ta-Tsing now reigning, where the Emperor comes at stated dates to accomplish the sacred rites of the official cult.

Then nearer, three buildings, taller than the rest, stood in a row, and the sculptured dragons on the ridge-poles and the glazed tiles on the roofs were resplendent in the sunlight: these were the three palaces of the "Sovereign Concord, Medium Concord, and Protective Concord," where the Sovereign attends to the affairs of state and traces with his vermilion-steeped pencil the characters that express his decisions and that are laws venerated as the figured and material form of the Imperial will. There, every morning at two o'clock, the Emperor presides at the Grand Council of the Middle Kingdom; five ministers only have access to it. There, no matter what their age or fatigue, they must remain standing the whole time, or bow their foreheads to the ground when, from his throne, a stage of gilded wood raised six feet above the floor, the Son of Heaven addresses them. During the minority of the sovereigns, as is the case with the present Emperor, the Empress Regent is present also in the council, but she is not considered as there, and a screen of yellow silk hides her from all eyes.

Then I saw a confused mass of houses of imperial princes, Manchus, chamberlains, daughters of Emperors married to Mongol princes and immured in the palace until their death, wives of the second degree and concubines of the deceased sovereigns, ladies of honour, mistresses of ceremonies, and eunuchs, an entire population, a wisely

arranged hierarchy amounting to more than eight thousand persons. Towards the east, in the dazzling sunlight, appeared also the barracks of the three banners of the guard, the treasury, the shops of porcelain, silver, and silk, ornaments, garments, tea, religious objects destined for the Son of Heaven, and manufactories where things are prepared for his exclusive use; the armoury, the stables, the Imperial library where the oldest annals of the world are kept, the "Pavilion of the Literary Flowers," whither the Emperor repairs in the second moon of the year to interpret the sacred books; and the temple of the Tchouan-sin-tien where the sacrifices to the memory of Confucius and the great philosophers are performed.

Finally, very near me, behind the gardens that ran along the length of the wall of the enclosure, I caught a glimpse of the "Palace of the Superior Terrestrial Element," which recalled the memory of that unfortunate Empress Aluteh, who died in 1875 at the age of eighteen. She was the daughter of a Manchu prince. When very young, barely fifteen years, a decree proclaiming her for the Emperor tossed her brusquely into the Court of Peking from her province in Tartary, and shut her up in the palace which she was to leave only with her life. On November 16, 1872, at midnight, she entered in bridal toilette through the "Gate of Celestial Purity": she wore a robe of red silk embroidered with dragon and phoenix, a large scarlet veil enveloped her from head to foot. Three years later she went out dead through the "Flowered Gate of the East": she had killed herself on learning of the death of her hus-

band, the Emperor Tong-Tche : an unusual luxury was lavished upon her funeral procession, and embroideries of pale blue silk upon white satin embossed with gold covered her coffin.

However, the hour was advancing ; the meeting of the Council was over ; the couriers of state were departing for the provinces ; the great mandarins came out of the palace, and after making interminable bows, got into their chariots, and I returned to the French Legation.

BERKELEY CASTLE

ARTHUR SHADWELL MARTIN

FOR sylvan beauty and pastoral loveliness there is no fairer countryside in all England than the broad domains of which the old feudal stronghold of the Berkeleys is the centre. A mile to the westward, the Severn's broad flood sweeps slowly to the Bristol Channel, only twenty miles away. Five miles or so to the eastward, the last spurs of the Cotswold Hills sink to the level of the plain. There is Stinchcomb Hill with its flat bare top dotted with the white tents of its summer camp. Beautiful Dursley lies in a neighbouring hollow. Nibley Knoll, where begin the beeches of Westridge Woods, amid which are the earthworks of a Roman or Saxon fort, can be easily distinguished by the column by Teulon that rises about one hundred feet to commemorate the part William Tyndale took in the Reformation. The little valleys running into these hills (locally called *bottoms*) hear the call of spring long before the uplands, and along the margins of their streams the snowdrops wake to nod graciously at their reflected beauty; and then, before the Westridge Woods are clothed in green, among the shielding trunks the primrose spreads a cloth of gold above the last year's leaves.

This whole district is thronged with historic memories; many a Norman cross and church lies within a circuit of

twelve miles' radius. Tortworth Court is close at hand. A few miles down across the river, stands mighty Chepstow with the Wye washing her ruined walls ; but Berkeley is still intact and inhabited after seven centuries' assault by Time and civil strife. This is what renders Berkeley so remarkable among English castles: it retains its ancient shell, and it has always been owned and inhabited by a lineal descendant of the original owner and builder.

The "Faire Vale of Berkeley" was always famous for its beauty and fertility. William of Malmesbury describes it as "rich in corn, productive in fruits . . . enticing even the lazy to industry by the prospect of a hundredfold return. . . . Neither has any county in England more numerous or richer vineyards . . . the wine is but little inferior to that of France in sweetness." The vineyards have long disappeared, and the only vines now seen are those that beautify the walls and frame the latticed casements of the cottages.

In Domesday Book, Berkeley appears as a royal demesne and borough: one of the trees mentioned as a boundary of the hundred is still pointed out in the Deer Park, and known as King William's Oak. The Conqueror gave the manor to Roger de Berkeley who erected the Keep about 1093. At first this was only a military hold to keep the neighbourhood in check, but buildings were gradually added till the castle assumed its present form and the lord took up his residence here under Cœur de Lion, a century later.

Situated on a little rise, its strong battlements and towers look across the tops of the beautiful trees that now shade



BERKELEY CASTLE, ENGLAND.

its useless moat, and the visitor enjoys a lovely view in every direction. Situated midway between Gloucester and Bristol, the baron, predatory doubtless as was the custom of the age, was in a fine position to levy toll on merchant caravans that must pass through the vale. The form of the castle is that of an irregular circle. The drawbridge leads to a portcullised gateway in massive walls between two hexagonal towers. The donjon is a square tower with turrets at the angles, built on higher ground than the other constructions to dominate the rest of the castle. It was erected in 1342. It is called 'Thorpe's tower' after the family who held lands in tenure from the lord in return for acting as its warders. The strong keep also still stands and shows the warder's walk fifty-eight feet in length, in perfect preservation. The dimensions of the great hall are forty-eight by thirty-three feet. Its great chimney is adorned with mediæval armour and antlers. The ancient kitchen and other offices still exist, and so does the chapel with its Decorated style of architecture. The sacarium is of special interest since it is divided into two floors, each with a separate entrance and fire-place, the lower for the use of the retainers and the upper, or Oriel, for the family and guests. The living-rooms contain many pictures by famous masters, and some historic furniture. Among the latter, are some ebony chairs and a table that Drake brought home from the Spanish Main.

Rich as the castle is in antiquarian remains, however, the interest of these walls is multiplied a hundredfold by their historical associations. When we take our stand on the

summit of the Donjon and look around and below us, what memories are evoked! When we recall the history of the family, we cannot but marvel that the ancient line is still in possession; for a turbulent race were the Berkeleys, and often arrayed against the Crown. Roger de Berkeley joined Stephen against the granddaughter of his father's benefactor, and therefore Henry Fitz-Empress confiscated his fief, and conferred it upon Robert Fitz-Harding, Governor of Bristol, of royal Danish descent, at the same time making him a baron. The latter's son, however, married Roger's heiress, and thus the Berkeleys were restored in their son Maurice. Robert, the son of the latter, joined the barons against John, who seized the castle, and was there in the last year of his reign. However, Robert's brother Thomas managed to get it restored, in 1233, by Henry III. Maurice, the son of Thomas, was in rebellion with Simon de Montfort twenty-five years later, and, as a result, Berkeley was again confiscated. His son Thomas served Edward I., the "Hammer of the Scots," so well in the North that he got back his ancestral honours and domains and was summoned to Parliament as Baron Berkeley in 1295. This lord and his son and grandson were rich and powerful, and all the beautiful "Edwardian" stonework is of this period. Much of the older work was cleared away for the new buildings of the loveliest style of English Gothic. But what a deed of violence was perpetrated in the narrow chamber in the adjoining building below us! We have reached the dark memory that above all else enshrouds Berkeley. The effeminate king who lost Ban-

nockburn and handed over the reins of government to the unworthy Gaveston and De Spencers, decimating the English baronage at their behests, and revelling in Oriental vice and ferocity, finally succumbed to his wife and her paramour at Kenilworth early in 1327. The Lord of Berkeley now was Thomas, the grandson of the favourite of Edward I. To him and to two knights named John Maltravers and Thomas de Gournay was entrusted the custody of the dethroned Edward II. The two latter removed their captive secretly and treated him with every indignity : they crowned him with a crown of hay and shaved him with ditch-water along the way. A circumstantial account tells how he said therefore he would supply his own hot water with tears ! On Palm Sunday, Baron Thomas received him kindly and treated him with consideration, whereupon he received a reprimand from Queen Isabel, bidding him "use no familiarity with Edward, the late king ;" and so, fearing for himself, he "departed with heavy cheere, perceiving what violence was intended." Lovely as was the view from his window, the long summer from April to September brought no joy to the prisoner. The *Berkeley MS.* says that "this poor, foolish king did nothing but lament for his wife, singing love-songs in a low voice and grieving that she would neither see him nor permit his son or any of his relatives to come near him. The Queen was afraid that the Church would compel her to live with him again, and therefore urged his death." At first, his keepers tried to ruin his health by piling putrid carcasses in the pit below his chamber ; then they kept him half-starved and half-clad.

Yet the Queen reproved them for excessive clemency !
Marlowe quotes the historian in noble verse when Edward complains :

“ In mire and puddle I have stood
This ten days’ space ; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king,
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind’s distempered and my body’s numbed. . . .
O, would my blood dropped out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont ! ”

The night of September 22nd heard the shrieks of the tortured king : that they reached the ears of people in the town, who crossed themselves and prayed for the passing soul, is doubtless a statement due to the historian’s sympathy, for the walls are thick. In the morning, the citizens of Bristol were called to gaze upon the distorted features of their dead king, who otherwise bore no sign of violence. All were afraid to bury Isabel’s victim, till the Abbot of Gloucester bravely undertook the task. The next year Isabel and Mortimer actually visited Berkeley, and were entertained by its wealthy lord. The latter kept twelve knights to wait upon him, each of whom was served by two servants and a page. He also had twenty-four esquires, each of whom had a horse and an attendant. There were about three hundred in his household who fed at his board.

The Lord of Berkeley was a mighty baron in those days. The blame had to be shifted, however, and so he was brought to an irregular trial before twelve knights, instead of his peers: he was finally acquitted of complicity in the crime in 1330. In that year, his son and successor, Maurice, was born. He fought in Granada and Gascony, and was so desperately wounded at Poitiers in 1366 that he died at Berkeley two years later. His son Thomas was also a warrior who unfurled his banner in Spain, France and Scotland. He entertained Richard II. at Berkeley in 1386, but this did not prevent his voting for Richard's deposition in favour of Bolingbroke in 1399.

The direct male line fails soon after this and the Berkeley heiress marries a Talbot. A collateral branch comes in and the descendants have rival claims and start what is usually called the longest lawsuit on record: it is not finally settled till 1609. In the course of this suit, occurs the last battle that was fought between independent noblemen in England. Lord Lisle of Wotton, the grandson of the great Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, claims Berkeley which is held by William, a fiery youth of nineteen. (Wotton-under-Edge lies under the edge of the hills three miles beyond Nibley Knoll.) On March 22nd, 1470, the Viscount sends a challenge to Berkeley to settle all differences by combat: it is eagerly accepted. There was bustle in the castle that night. The meeting was at Nibley Green. Long Lane still preserves memories of how the men of Berkeley chased the men of Wotton into the churchyard till the grass was heavy with crimson dew.

Berkeley far outnumbered Lisle; moreover the latter were taken as they were marching unawares, and an arrow entered their leader's open visor and a dagger afterwards finished him. The victors proceed to Wotton and sacked Lisle's house. His widow gave premature birth to a dead son amid the carnage, and the Lisle claims were ended. The Wars of the Roses were still raging and a little affair of that kind passed unnoticed.

Margaret of Anjon rested once at Berkeley in her campaigning. Richard III. created Viscount Berkeley an Earl, but, true to his race, he went over. When Henry of Richmond landed at Milford Haven, Berkeley joined him and, to spite his heir, made over to him his castle and domains. After Bosworth, Henry created him a Marquess, but his avarice induced him to keep the property. In default of heirs male, however, on the death of Edward II., it lapsed to the Berkeley heirs again. The new lord of Berkeley was a mighty hunter and delighted in his beautiful deer park. On one of her progresses, Good Queen Bess paid him a visit. He happened to be absent, but his venison proved useful in victualling the courtly following. Everybody knows what it cost to entertain that locust-swarm! When Lord Henry returned, he was greatly enraged at the havoc, and ordered his park to be disparked rather than let it be a future temptation. Elizabeth heard of this and sent him a quiet hint to "beware of his words and actions, for the Earl of Leicester greatly desired the castle for himself!" One of the rooms in this "Naboth's vineyard" is still called Queen Elizabeth's room. Other

royal guests who have visited the castle are George IV. and William IV.

The Earls of Berkeley no longer own their ancestral home, in fact they maintain that the title is not rightfully theirs. This celebrated romance of the peerage started with the fifth Earl. Some of his children were born before the only marriage he could prove to the satisfaction of the House of Lords, though he maintained that he and the lady had previously gone through a secret marriage ceremony. The Earl left the castle and estates to his eldest son, and the Crown created him Baron Fitzhardinge. The late Earl of Berkeley never took his seat in the House of Lords nor assumed his title in any way since the decision that set the baton sinister in the escutcheon of the elder sons of the fifth Earl.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

FURTHER onward we saw a white, ancient-looking group of towers, beneath a mountain, which was so high, and rushed so precipitately down upon this pile of building as quite to dwarf it; besides which, its dingy whiteness had not a very picturesque effect. Nevertheless, this was the Castle of Chillon. It appears to sit right upon the water, and does not rise very loftily above it. I was disappointed in its aspect, having imagined this famous castle as situated upon a rock, a hundred, or for aught I know, a thousand feet above the surface of the lake; but it is quite as impressive a fact—supposing it to be true—that the water is eight hundred feet deep at its base. By this time, the mountains had taken the beautiful lake into their deepest heart; they girdled it quite round with their grandeur and beauty, and, being able to do no more for it, they here withheld it from extending any farther; and here our voyage came to an end. I have never beheld any scene so exquisite; nor do I ask of Heaven to show me any lovelier or nobler one, but only to give me such depth and breadth of sympathy with nature, that I may worthily enjoy this. It is beauty more than enough for poor, perishable mortals. If this be earth, what must Heaven be!

It was nearly eight o'clock when we arrived; and then



THE CASTLE OF CHILLON, SWITZERLAND.

we had a walk of at least a mile to the Hotel Byron. I had forgot to mention that in the latter part of our voyage there was a shower in some part of the sky, and though none of it fell upon us, we had the benefit of those gentle tears in a rainbow, which arched itself across the lake from mountain to mountain, so that our track lay directly under this triumphal arch. We took it as a good omen, nor were we discouraged, though, after the rainbow had vanished, a few sprinkles of the shower came down.

We found the Hotel Byron very grand indeed, and a good one, too. There was a beautiful moonlight on the lake and hills, but we contented ourselves with looking out of our lofty window, whence, likewise, we had a sidelong glimpse at the white battlements of Chillon, not more than a mile off, on the water's edge. The castle is wofully in need of a pedestal. If its site were elevated to a height equal to its own it would make a far better appearance. As it now is, it looks, so to speak profanely of what poetry has consecrated, when seen from the water, or along the shore of the lake, very like an old whitewashed factory or mill.

This morning I walked to the Castle of Chillon with J——, who sketches everything he sees, from a wild flower to a castle or a range of mountains. The morning had sunshine thinly scattered through it; but, nevertheless, there was a continual sprinkle, sometimes scarcely perceptible, and then again amounting to a decided drizzle. The road, which is built along on a little elevation above the lake shore, led us past the Castle of Chillon; and we took a side-path, which passes still nearer the castle-gate. The

castle stands on an isthmus of gravel, permanently connecting it with the mainland. A wooden bridge covered with a roof, passes from the shore to the arched entrance; and beneath this shelter, which has wooden walls as well as roof and floor, we saw a soldier or *gendarme*, who seemed to act as warder. As it sprinkled rather more freely than at first, I thought of appealing to his hospitality for shelter from the rain, but concluded to pass on.

The castle makes a far better appearance on a nearer view, and from the land, than when seen at a distance and from the water. It is built of stone, and seems to have been anciently covered with plaster, which imparts the whiteness to which Byron does much more than justice, when he speaks of "Chillon's snow-white battlements." There is a lofty eternal wall, with a cluster of round towers about it, each crowned with its pyramidal roof of tiles, and from the central portion of the castle rises a square tower, also crowned with its own pyramid to a considerably greater height than the circumjacent ones. The whole are in a close cluster, and make a fine picture of ancient strength when seen at a proper proximity; for I do not think that distance adds anything to the effect. There are hardly any windows, or few, and very small ones, except the loopholes for arrows and for the garrison of the castle to peep from on the sides towards the water; indeed, there are larger windows at least in the upper apartments; but in that direction, no doubt, the castle was considered impregnable. Trees here and there on the land side grow up against the castle wall, on one part of which, moreover, there was a

green curtain of ivy spreading from base to battlement. The walls retain their machicolations, and I should judge that nothing had been altered, nor any more work been done upon the old fortress than to keep it in singularly good repair. It was formerly a castle of the Duke of Savoy, and since his sway over the country ceased (three hundred years at least), it has been in the hands of the Swiss government, who still keep some arms and ammunition there.

We passed on, and found the view of it better, as we thought, from a farther point along the road. The rain-drops began to spatter down faster, and we took shelter under an impending precipice, where the ledge of rock had been blasted and hewn away to form the road. Our refuge was not a very convenient and comfortable one, so we took advantage of the partial cessation of the shower to turn homeward, but we had not gone far when we met mamma and all her train. As we were close by the castle entrance, we thought it advisable to seek admission, though rather doubtful whether the Swiss *gendarmes* might not deem it a sin to let us into the castle on Sunday. But he very readily admitted us under his covered drawbridge, and called an old man from within the fortress to show us whatever was to be seen. This latter personage was a staid, rather grim, and Calvinistic-looking old worthy; but he received us without scruple, and forthwith proceeded to usher us into a range of the most dismal dungeons, extending along the basement of the castle, on a level with the surface of the lake. First, if I remember aright, we came to what he said had been a chapel, and which, at all events, looked like an

aisle of one, or rather such a crypt as I have seen beneath a cathedral, being a succession of massive pillars supporting groined arches,—a very admirable piece of Gothic architecture. Next, we came to a very dark compartment of the same dungeon range, where he pointed to a sort of bed, or what might serve for a bed, hewn in the solid rock, and this, our guide said, had been the last sleeping-place of condemned prisoners on the night before their execution. The next compartment was still duskier and dismallier than the last, and he bade us cast our eyes up into the obscurity and see a beam, where the condemned ones used to be hanged. I looked and looked, and closed my eyes so as to see the clearer in this horrible duskiness on opening them again. Finally, I thought I discerned the accursed beam, and the rest of the party were certain that they saw it. Next, beyond this, I think, was a stone staircase, steep, rudely cut and narrow, down which the condemned were brought to death; and beyond this, still on the same basement range of the castle, a low and narrow [corridor] through which we passed, and saw a row of seven massive pillars, supporting two parallel series of groined arches, like those in the chapel which we first entered. This was Bonnivard's prison, and the scene of Byron's poem.

The arches are dimly lighted by narrow loopholes, pierced through the immensely thick wall, but at such a height above the floor that we could catch no glimpse of land or water, or scarcely of the sky. The prisoner of Chillon could not possibly have seen the island to which Byron alludes, and which is a little way from the shore, ex-

actly opposite the town of Villeneuve. There was light enough in this long, grey, vaulted room, to show us that all the pillars were inscribed with the names of visitors, among which I saw no interesting one, except that of Byron himself, which is cut, in letters an inch long or more, into one of the pillars next to that to which Bonnivard was chained. The letters are deep enough to remain in the pillar as long as the castle stands. Byron seems to have had a fancy for recording his name in this and similar ways; as witness the record which I saw on a tree of Newstead Abbey. In Bonnivard's pillar there still remains an iron ring, at the height of perhaps three feet from the ground. His chain was fastened to this ring, and his only freedom was to walk round this pillar, about which he is said to have worn a path in the stone pavement of the dungeon; but as the floor is now covered with earth or gravel, I could not satisfy myself whether this be true. Certainly six years with nothing else to do in them save to walk round the pillar, might well suffice to wear away the rock, even with naked feet. This column and all the columns, were cut and hewn in a good style of architecture, and the dungeon arches are not without a certain gloomy beauty. On Bonnivard's pillar, as well as on all the rest, were many names inscribed; but I thought better of Byron's delicacy and sensitiveness for not cutting his name into that very pillar. Perhaps, knowing nothing of Bonnivard's story, he did not know to which column he was chained.

Emerging from the dungeon-vaults, our guide led us through other parts of the castle, showing us the Duke of

Savoy's kitchen, with a fireplace at least twelve feet long; also the judgment-hall, or some such place, hung round with the coats-of-arms of some officers or other, and having at one end a wooden post, reaching from floor to ceiling, and having upon it the marks of fire. By means of this post contumacious prisoners were put to a dreadful torture, being drawn up by cords and pulleys, while their limbs were scorched by a fire underneath. We also saw a chapel or two, one of which is still in good and sanctified condition, and was to be used this very day, our guide told us, for religious purposes. We saw, moreover, the Duke's private chamber, with a part of the bedstead on which he used to sleep, and be haunted with horrible dreams, no doubt, and the ghosts of wretches whom he had tortured and hanged; likewise the bedchamber of his duchess, that had in its window two stone seats, where, directly over the head of Bonnivard, the ducal pair might look out on the beautiful scene of lake and mountains, and feel the warmth of the blessed sun. Under this window, the guide said, the water of the lake is eight hundred feet in depth; an immense profundity, indeed, for an inland lake, but it is not very difficult to believe that the mountain at the foot of which Chillon stands may descend so far beneath the water. In other parts of the lake and not distant, more than nine hundred feet have been sounded. I looked out of the duchess's window, and could certainly see no appearance of a bottom in the light blue water.

The last thing that the guide showed us was a trap-door, or opening, beneath a crazy old floor. Looking down

into this aperture we saw three stone steps, which we should have taken to be the beginning of a flight of stairs that descended into a dungeon, or series of dungeons, such as we had already seen. But inspecting them more closely, we saw that the third step terminated the flight, and beyond was a dark vacancy. Three steps a person would grope down, planting his uncertain foot on a dimly seen stone ; the fourth step would be in the empty air.

ROCCA MALATESTIANA

CHARLES YRIARTE

THE name of Malatesta illuminates every step in Rimini. The fortification that serves to enclose the town, strengthened by towers of defence and by windows that resemble our modern casements, is certainly due to them. The celebrated fortress known under the name of Rocca Malatestiana still commands the city, although it is now dismantled and converted into a prison, and upon the square, San Francesco, there rises the Temple of the Malastas (Tempio Malatestiano), the purest building, perhaps, of the most beautiful period of Italian art, upon the pediment of which you read the pompous inscription: "To Immortal God Sigismond Malatesta, son of Pandolphe."

In 1294, Malatesta da Verucchio built the castle upon the same site, and he made of it at once a sumptuous residence and a solid fortress to which was given the name of Gattolo dei Malatesta. It is from there that Verucchio dates his will. The great Ghiberti, the sculptor of the "Gates of Paradise," tells us, in his *Commentaries* that in 1400 he made some enamels for the apartments and that he painted some frescoes. Alas! nothing of these remains for us. In 1446, comes Sigismond, son of Pandolphe, the great warrior and conqueror, he who has been nicknamed



ROCCA MALATESTIANA, ITALY

Poliorcète, skilful in making fortifications, pupil and soon the rival of Roberto Valturco, the celebrated author of the volume of *Re Militari*; he battered down the Gattolo, or, at least, he changed it from roof to basement at the moment when the discovery of artillery had changed all the conditions of the attack and defence of old castles. It was during this transformation that the frescoes and all the ornamentation, of which Ghiberti speaks, disappeared. Two superb inscriptions, one Gothic, the other of the first half of the Fifteenth Century, surmounted by the escutcheon of the Malatestas with the helmet crowned by elephants' heads and the chess-board, are sure guarantees of these serious modifications. In order that they should be proved with more certainty, Matteo de' Pasti, a pensioner of the lord of Rimini, struck, by order of his master, the superb commemorative medal representing the Rocca Malatestiana. Piero della Francesca, the great artist to whom we owe the greater number of the beautiful portraits of the Bentivoglios, the Montefeltros, and the Malatestas, brings us, in his turn, an unexceptionable proof,—the day when, in the temple of San Francesco of Rimini, the pantheon of the Malatesta family, he represents the lord of Rimini kneeling before Saint Sigismond, and gives the view of the Rocca as a background for his precious fresco.

So imposing a mass should certainly have triumphed over time, but it has been disfigured at the pleasure of succeeding generations. Upon the ground where we walk while regarding the present façade, is dug the first en-

closure, a large moat a hundred feet wide and thirty-five feet deep, to-day filled up and forming a platform. We find no longer the six towers, eighty feet high, destroyed by Urbain VIII. (1625), who has also given his name to the building for more than a century,—Castello Urbano. Finally, in 1826, the first circuit was razed, and, the moat having already disappeared, they did away with the draw-bridge. It is nothing more than a prison, through the gratings of which we see the red caps of the prisoners who come to gaze upon a bit of blue sky.

Another tradition insists that the Malatestas, sons of Verucchio, lived, during the lifetime of their father, in a dwelling near the old gate of San Andrea; but the house designated, dating at most from the last centuries, belonged to the Graziani, and to-day it serves as the residence for the family of the Ugolini Micheli. One sees how difficult it is to establish anything even after long inquiry; however, the conclusion of the historian, Tonini, must also be our own: the cruel scene must have taken place in Rimini, and probably in the Gattolo de Santa Colomba, that is to say in the fortress known to-day under the name of Rocca Malatestiana, a residence greatly disfigured and modified, where it would be impossible to identify the exact spot of the murder, but which, according to a number of chronicles, was at the moment this murder was accomplished, a princely residence, "containing noble apartments," with the exterior appearance of a castle.

Since Francesca was born in Ravenna, why has posterity unanimously designated her under the name of Francesca

da Rimini? Logically she should be Francesca da Ravenna; but she lived in Rimini as the wife of Giovanni Malatesta, and it was there that she expiated her crime, or her weakness, by death; it was there that her tomb was made, and posterity will therefore forever call her by the name of Francesca da Rimini. Moreover, if we sum up the opinions of the chroniclers and historians, it is understood by the most of them that the deed was accomplished in this town, and they doubt it so little that the idea never occurs to them to support a contrary opinion. Marco Battaglia, Benvenuto da Imola, Fra Giovanni da Serravalle, and Baldo di Branchi furnish proofs that might be considered as negative; but if they do not cite the name of Rimini, it never occurs to them to mention any other town. As for Jacopo Della Lana, Gradinego and Boccaccio, all three name the city of the Malatestas, and later, when Silvio Pellico and many other dramatic poets of other nations will write their dramas, their poems, or their stories, they will not hesitate to place the scene in the same city. Count Odoardo Fabri will not do otherwise, and if Lord Byron had realized the plan he conceived and which he made known to Murray, his publisher, in the letters which are now in everybody's hands, Rimini would still be the scene. Is it necessary to speak of our compatriot, M. Auguste Thomas, the composer of *Mignon*, who having written the score of *Francesca da Rimini*, dedicated it to M. Tonini, the librarian of the Gambalunghiana.

Francesca then is not Francesca da Ravenna, she is and she will ever remain "Francesca da Rimini."

She belongs to the history of this town, or if you prefer, to its legend. It is in vain to turn over the leaves of the archives, you cannot deprive the city of the Malatestas of its touching picture.

Before formulating our conclusions we will note, merely for the curiosity of the fact, a singular document taken from a volume printed in Rimini in 1581, by Simbeni, entitled *Il Vermicello della seta*, signed under the name Giovanni Andrea Corsucci da Sascorbaro, and cited by Luigi Tonini :

“A few days ago in the church of Saint Augustin, in Rimini, they found in a marble sepulchre Paolo Malatesta and Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, lord of Ravenna, who were put to death by Lancilotto, son of Malatesta, lord of Rimini, brother of the said Paola found under the accomplishment of a dishonest deed, and both miserably killed with the blows of a poignard, as Petrarch describes in his *Triumph of Love*. Their clothes were of silk, and, although, they had been shut up in this sepulchre for so many years, they were found in a perfect state of preservation.”

Upon what document Sascorbaro relies for this statement no one can say ; there was no inscription, no medal and no sign whatever that could certify to the identity of the skeletons ; but the legend was evidently established, since Boccaccio and the greater number of chroniclers had said that the two bodies were united in the same tomb. The assertion of Sascorbaro, deprived of all proofs as it is, has come to confirm the opinion of the Florentine story-teller.

Rimini persists in its legend, if legend it is ; and I also discovered a few days ago, at Gambalunghiana, the bit of silk tissue with gold, and placed in a frame upon which the erudite son of Tonini, successor to the historian of Rimini, does not willingly call to the attention of learned historians, because history desires authentic proofs ; but the common people view with great pleasure a contemporary relic of Francesca and Paolo.

THE WARTBURG

L. PUTTICH

THE WARTBURG lies on the north-western slope of the Thuringer Forest at the top of a spur that commands an extensive view over the fruitful fields and woody Thuringian ridges. If the traveller has enjoyed the prospect during the ascent, he is engrossed by other feelings as soon as he has passed through the gateway into the old stronghold and mentally rehabilitates the entire castle as it was in days of yore. For the Wartburg is not only memorable as having been the abode for a century of the powerful landgraves of Thuringia who had their court here from the time this hold was built by Ludwig II. at the end of the Eleventh Century (1080 A. D. is usually considered the year of its completion) to the extinction of his line with Heinrich Raspe in the middle of the Thirteenth Century, but it has also acquired a classic repute in German history by three important occurrences: the famous Singer-war, the life of Saint Elizabeth, and Luther's sojourn here.

The Singer-war, also called the war of the Wartburg, was brought about, as is well known, by the Minnesong-enthusiast landgrave, Hermann I. and his art-loving wife, Sophia. In 1206, they assembled six of the most celebrated Minnesingers,—Walter von der Vogelweide, Heinrich von Ofterdingen, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Heinrich (the vir-



THE WARTBURG, GERMANY.

tuous writer), Johann Bitterolff, and Reimer von Zwethin, partly native and partly foreign,—and arranged a singing-contest among them. Heinrich von Ofterdingen sang of the knightly qualities of the Archduke Leopold II. of Austria; Eschenbach celebrated the fame of the King of France; and Walter von der Vogelweide, the preëminence of the landgrave Hermann; whilst the other singers extolled other princes. But this gave rise to a serious strife, and the irritated contestants agreed (so it is said) that the defeated singer should die by the executioner's hand. The landgrave strongly forbade such a bargain over his undertaking, but nevertheless when Ofterdingen was declared the loser, the protection of the landgravine, to whom he fled, was necessary to save him from his adversaries. The landgrave adjusted the quarrel by arranging a new contest, to which Ofterdingen had to fetch from Hungary the world-famous meistersinger, Klingsor, to act as umpire. About a year afterwards, therefore, the latter appeared with Ofterdingen and the contest began again. Klingsor, however, would not decide in favour of any one singer, but rather sought to reconcile the parties. In this he was successful, and so the "War of the Wartburg" ended in feasting and revels which the landgrave provided.

Although its original features have been destroyed, the Minnesinger Hall in which the contest took place still stands, and might easily be restored; but fragments of the poems of the Wartburg war are preserved in the *Manesseichen*, *Docenschen*, and other collections. It has been held, however, and not without good grounds, that the poems still

extant of that contest were first collected a century after it was held. It seems certain, nevertheless, that the kernel of the matter is largely contained in these collections.

Saint Elizabeth, the daughter of King Andrew II. of Hungary, became the wife of the landgrave Ludwig VI., the Pious, in 1221; and resided at the Wartburg with him. She was a model of simplicity, piety and gentleness; and during a famine and accompanying pestilence that ravaged Thuringia, she displayed these great virtues to the highest degree, proving herself a true mother of her country by her self-sacrifice in nursing the sick and dying.

Luther had left the Diet at Worms; he had been outlawed, and the safe-conduct granted to him by the Emperor Charles V. was soon about to lapse, for it was limited to twenty-one days. His friends and protectors therefore feared for his life, and, in order to hide him, Luther was snatched up by masked servants while passing through the Thuringer Forest, and brought to the Wartburg. It is scarcely to be doubted that this happened by the contrivance of the Kurfurst Friedrich, although at first he may have avoided all knowledge of Luther's retreat, in order to be able to meet all official inquiries. Luther arrived at the Wartburg in May, 1521, under the name of a knight Görg. Here, for nearly a year, he lived in a little chamber, in a wing to the right of the chief tower, very simply adorned and furnished only with the barest necessities. It still exists in its original condition, and it is with awe that the visitor enters the little abode wherein the great man partly accomplished his undying work,—the translation of the Bible.

The castle chapel in the landgrave's quarters still contains the pulpit from which Luther often preached to the inmates.

When we approach the castle from the east, where the carriage road leading from the town of Eisenach first winds through a wooded valley up to the tree-clad ridge, the Wartburg sits enthroned high above on the top of the mountain. From this point we see the landgrave-abode, and to its immediate right the residence built in 1791, and fortified walls stretching to the gate-house, or knight-house (*Ritterhaus*).

The ridge on which the castle extends from north to south is long and narrow and of very irregular form. It was formerly entirely covered with buildings that surrounded the inner courtyard. The single main entrance originally consisted of three or four gateways constructed one behind another with intermediate spaces, on the north-east. The outermost of these, supplied with a high tower, stood close to the narrow and steep approach which is cut in the rock and leads to the top of the mount. This outermost tower, it is conjectured, overhung this steep path, so that in case of attack the foe might be more easily repelled. The innermost gateway, which led into the stronghold itself, is the only one now standing. Formerly it was furnished with a drawbridge which recently has been changed to a strong bridge of stone. Above the gateway, rises the so-called *Ritterhaus* (knight-house) which retains evidences of having been much higher formerly than it now is. It probably formed the tower-gate which, in 1558, was partly

demolished and brought into closer relations with the other buildings. The *Ritterhaus* served as the dwelling of the knights whom the landgrave assembled about him for the defence of the castle : it is now the dwelling of the Castellan. The style of those buildings still standing shows that they belong to the Fifteenth Century, and only the lower part of the walls is of the date at which the castle was founded, at the end of the Eleventh or some time during the Twelfth Century. The relief carved on the wall over the gateway also belongs to the same date. Its meaning cannot be solved. Popularly, it is called the Jonah ; but it represents a knight about to be devoured by a dragon. The coat-of-arms hanging at the knight's neck appears to bear the imperial eagle. Another perhaps equally ancient relief, which is found on the west wall not far from the square tower, is also to be noted. It represents a man sitting on a lion and tearing its jaws apart : it refers to the fact that the landgrave Ludwig the Good once single-handed bound a lion that his father-in-law had sent to him, and that had escaped from its cage in the courtyard.

Through the door under the *Ritterhaus*, we enter the courtyard of the Wartburg, and see to the west one of the continuations of the *Ritterhaus*. Adjoining this to the south, are other buildings ; among others, that containing Luther's chamber. On the left, to the east, runs a long high wall from the *Ritterhaus* to the chief building standing on that side. This wall is covered with a defence-way of very simple form resembling those still occasionally found

in old city walls. The first chief building already mentioned on that side was formerly called the *Musshaus* (house of ease and leisure). Between it and the above-mentioned wall at the end of the courtyard, was originally a high wall with a wide doorway, so that the whole rear part of the castle, the residence of the ruling family, was separated from the front part where the knights and attendants dwelt. According to ancient report, the *Musshaus* was only a tall, plain block, though the interior was not devoid of luxury, and here the landgrave's family dwelt.

Adjoining the south side of the *Musshaus* was the *Landgravenhaus* (landgrave-house), also called the great or high house, which was devoted to ceremonials in the days of the landgraves. It is a stately structure that originated perhaps in the time of Ludwig III. in the middle of the Twelfth Century. In Germany it stands alone as a princely private building of such dimensions that still preserves its original form in the Byzantine or Roman style of architecture. In these respects, there is no ancestral secular building that can compare with it abroad also. On the west, it is connected with the Minnesinger Hall which formerly formed the chief entrance to the above hall through broad windows, divided up into round arches by little columns, for the other three sides had no entrance. The columns rest upon a low sill, so that people can look between them into the hall; so that it is to be presumed that the passage thus formed was intended for spectators. The little columns are ornamented with delicate capitals and volutes. They have Attic bases. In the time of Friedrich I. this hall was

adorned with mural paintings of battles and other memorable occurrences of the life of the period. Traces of these paintings were still visible at the beginning of the present century.

CHÂTEAU D'AMBOISE

JULES LOISELEUR

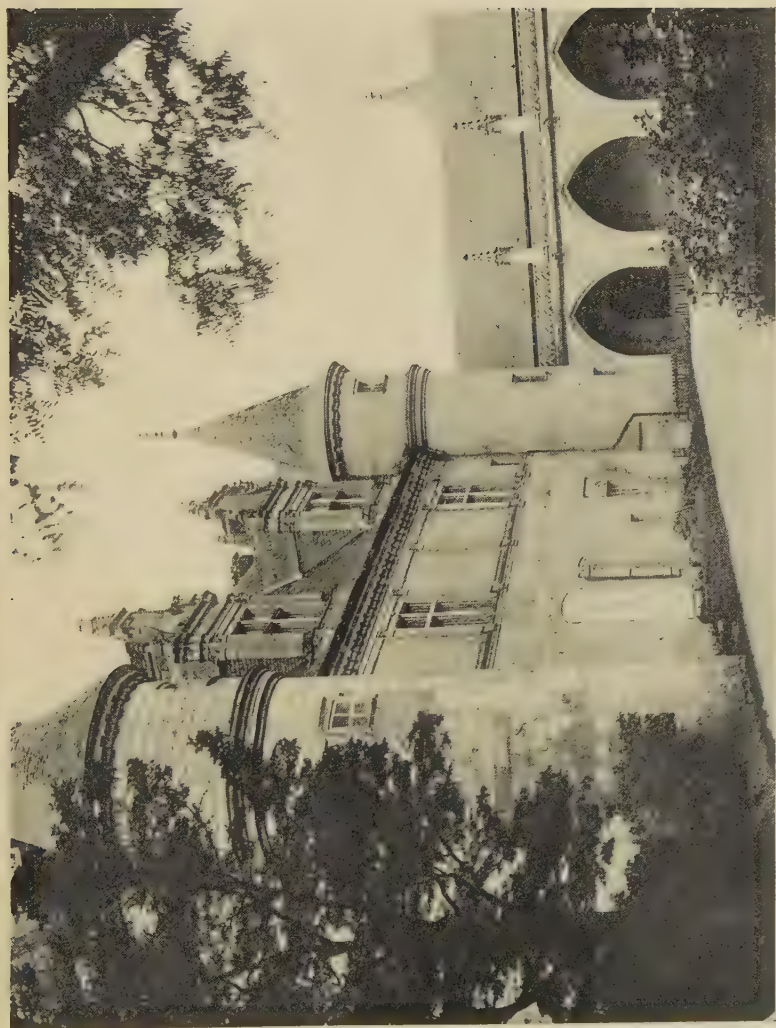
THE Castle of Amboise is placed at the entrance of Touraine like the jealous sentinel guarding the entrance to the Garden of the Hesperides. It is not a palace like the castle of Blois, nor a villa of a royal mistress like Chenonceaux, nor a sort of immense convent full of mysterious cells like Chambord : it is a military place, a veritable fortress of the Middle Ages upon which is grafted a castle of the Fifteenth Century.

This formidable military position has been at all times the key of this beautiful province. When Cæsar marched against the Armoricans, there lodged here a Roman garrison. From the height of these impregnable rocks, the counts of Anjou, and later the Plantagenets, their descendants, these worthy sons of the Black Falcon restrained within their talons the slightest movements of Touraine, while they kept a jealous watch over the counts of Blois and Champagne, who possessed but a few leagues away the sombre fortress of Chaumont. Amboise and Chaumont were the two advanced sentinels of these two impregnable neighbours. These solid walls served under Charles VII. as the rampart for the monarchy menaced by the English invasion ; they protected the Catholic royalty of Francis II.

against the stroke of Renaudie; they have enclosed turn by turn the illustrious victims of royal ingratitude like the Marshall de Gié, powerful rebels like the princes of Vendôme, accomplices of Chalais, state prisoners like Fouquet and Lauzun, and the vanquished like Abd-el-Kader. When you interrogate these enormous towers, these menacing battlements, and these inaccessible walls, you draw from them no memories of joy, peace, or love; nothing but bloody deeds spring from them; nothing but memories of mourning are evoked.

Buildings have, even more than mankind, their own physiognomy upon which their history is reflected. History and physiognomy are here in perfect union. No romancer, even were he possessed with Melusine's enchanted ring, would dare to place an intrigue of love behind these walls impressed with deep wounds of gun-shots, or, if he did so, it would doubtless be on account of that law of contrasts, so loved of Nature, that places the nests of the warbler in the mouths of deserted cannon.

Stop upon this old bridge constructed by Hugues d'Amboise, one of the heroes of Tasso. From here you will take in the entire imposing and truly Roman view of the powerful citadel, from the Gate of the Lions, which opens upon the moat dug by Cæsar, as far as the two towers, now decapitated, of the ancient donjon above the trunks of which rises the slender spire of the Chapel of St. Hubert. Remove by imagination the narrow and common dwellings that encroach upon the old castle. Throw into the Loire the modern levee and quay that obstruct it here, and picture



CHATEAU D'AMBOISE, FRANCE.

the noble river freely beating the base of the fortress. The great tower erected by Charles VIII. casts its shadow upon the Loire, on which opens a door that forms on this side the only entrance to the castle. Further back, and as if lost in the shadow of the immense tower, is the principal building of this habitation, the base of which dates from the counts of Amboise and whose five windows pierced at a considerable height on the side overlooking the Loire, although they are on the ground floor on the side of the court, seem like vigilant eyes upon the country. Then by mental effort throw down the terrace in front of these windows, the work of Louis-Philippe, who caused this façade to lose some of its crabbed countenance; close up the five rounded bay windows, also the work of the same King, which light the kitchens; in a word, leave nothing that juts out upon that straight and perpendicular façade except the balcony that overhangs the five casements of which we shall speak, and upon which open the large windows of the royal apartment. You will then have an approximate idea of what Amboise was in the time of Henri III., when Du Cerceau conceived the plan in 157

This balcony from which you look upon the Loire, is the work of Louis XII.: it is an historical monument. Nothing could be less complicated, nothing could be more formidable in its simplicity. It was upon this balcony that the chief ringleaders of the conspiracy against Amboise were hanged. The bodies, attached to these solid bars, hung in the open air; the stroke of a poignard cut the rope and they fell into the Loire: a means of burial as rapid as had

been the judgment and the execution. Such is the Castle of Amboise seen from the Loire.

The tunnel, the stairway, and even the vault are modern works, which in moulding this old castle to our ideas of comfort deprive it of its feudal character. It is by the southern tower that we must ascend if we wish to be deeply impressed by this character. In the time of Charles VIII., this tower was the only entrance for knights and litterers, for the one on the north corresponding to it bathes its foot in the Loire, as we have said. It was through the southern tower that Charles V. entered when he crossed France in 1539. This solid and immovable work is certainly the largest construction of the kind in France. The thick masonry that forms the nucleus of it is in itself a respectable size. The stairway turns four times from the base to the summit around this hollowed-out centre, and reaches a height of more than 600 feet.

This stairway, or rather these steps in helix, rest upon an ogival vault. Carvings sustain the points from which the large arches spring and terminate the nerves of the little arches. These carvings present all kinds of little figures, some of which are fantastic, others grotesque, and others again indecent, for the artists of the late Gothic period were willing enough to execute the latter to please their patrons who enjoyed these grotesques and the laughter they caused far more than fine arabesques. Monks abound in these sculptures. This one holds his stomach in both hands, like a gastronome punished by his exploits; this one, suffering from a terrible toothache, makes a grimace like

one possessed. Most of these figures have been mutilated with blows of the bayonet by the prisoners who for about fifteen years were shut up in this tower in 1815. Louis-Philippe began its restoration.

About one-third of the way up, a little stone step, pierced in the outer wall, leads to a kind of hollowed-out rostrum, where, if we may believe tradition, Louis XII. harangued the multitude, when an attack on the municipal franchise aroused the inhabitants of the town of Amboise, or Petit-Fort. Happy time! when revolutionary uprisings could be calmed by orations!

At the top of this tower you see the gigantic horns of a stag that formerly ornamented the base of the Chapel of Saint Hubert. This is more than ten feet high, and was made at the order of Charles VIII. with such art and truthfulness of imitation that allows the guide to show it to unsophisticated tourists for the natural horns of a full-grown and gigantic stag killed in some forest in the Brobdinagian country.

The donjon, the first dwelling of the lords of Amboise, occupied the west, the space comprised between the two little headless towers which still exist.

On the side of the Loire, opposite the building of the Sept-Vertues, there rise other buildings belonging to Amboise, but they were restored by Charles VIII. and completely changed by Louis XII. and Francis I. There are to be found the apartment of the King and Queen, due to the last prince, and, close beside it, that curious chamber which was supported by four massive pillars of masonry,

and to which no entrance was possible except by a single opening pierced through the floor. This was the work of Catharine de'Medici, after one of her astrologers had forewarned her of the fall of a great edifice. She thought that, by means of these material precautions, she could escape the menace of Fortune which allowed her to see the fall of quite a different edifice to Amboise: that of the Valois dynasty, so laboriously restored by her efforts.

The chapel is the perfect antithesis of the castle.

Just as the one is sombre, severe, dominating and sinistrously beautiful, on account of its mass and size, the other is bright, efflorescent, and smiling, delicately embroidered and pierced like lace.

This charming chapel, proudly encamped upon a rocky peak, is one of the best products of the third ogival style of that period of Flamboyant Gothic that immediately preceded the Renaissance. But it is not, as has been believed until now, the work of Italian artists brought from Naples by Charles VIII. That is an error in which even M. Jules Quicherat shared, but which was obliterated at the recent discovery of an itemized account of all the expenses of furnishing and decorating the Chapel of Amboise and for the contiguous apartments in the towers. This precious document states that the expenses commenced in 1490 and continued until 1494. Now the year 1494, in which Charles VIII. finished ornamenting and furnishing the Chapel of Amboise, is precisely the one in which he started on his expedition to Italy. The honour of this charming conception then reverts wholly to native artists.

The façade is entirely occupied by a large ogival entrance, the top of which presents one of those great, circular rose-windows,—the characteristic sign of the Flamboyant Gothic. An authority no less exact for the construction of this façade is shown in the form of the two doors cut in the entrance, these showing that surbased arch so common in the English buildings of the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and which derives from them the name of the Tudor arch. These two doors, separated by a pilaster and niche, support a stone bas-relief, the principal motive of which is the conversion of Saint Hubert.

A gigantic stag stands in the centre of the composition. Between his horns there rises a flamboyant cross. The ardent huntsman stops in terror at this sight, he bends one knee, and with one hand restrains his horse, while with the other he salutes the miraculous sign destined to convert him to Christianity: instead of the Aquitaine Nimrod, the persecutor of the forests of Ardennes, he is only an apostle, the successor of Saint Lambert. A host of wild animals form the accessories of this picture, as if the entire population of the forests is taking part in the conversion of the patron of huntsmen. Saint Anthony, in a corner to the left, contemplates Saint Christopher bearing his divine burden.

This bas-relief, somewhat clumsy in workmanship, does not give the slightest idea of the charming delicacy of the interior. The banal and rather strained comparison of lace woven by the fays, is more than a truthful one here. Imagine two rows of *point d'Alençon*, half a metre high, festooned the entire length of the walls to form a series of

canopies and niches in corbelling, diversified by graceful little columns with prismatic arches. Carvings and figures, inexhaustible in variety, terminate the pendentives of these niches. Not one of these motives is repeated a second time : vine leaves, acanthus leaves, holly leaves, oak leaves, cabbage leaves, and thistle leaves,—the entire architectural flora of the Fifteenth Century is here under our eyes mingled with a host of real and fantastic animals. There are also some human figures : a little monk in a corner by the side of the altar blows the trumpet in a whimsical manner, exactly like the one that serves for a reading-desk in the *Temptation* by Callot.

Upon this profusion of lace, of foliage, of crockets, and stags' horns, upon this mass of curled leaves, pinked leaves, and leaves turned and twisted in a hundred fashions, there falls a glowing light, sifted through the windows, where vermillion, orpiment and ultra-marine are the dominating colours. These windows, upon which saints are represented in life-size, were made in Sèvres, some of them after the designs of the Princess Marie d'Orléans. Perhaps there is a slight false note in the selection of these strong colours. Light tones and yellowish and whitish tints were generally preferred at the end of the Fifteenth Century. It was this gradual abandoning of colour that fifty years later engendered the *grisailles*.

Before it was restored by Louis-Philippe, this church had been used for twenty years as the hall for the castle's police. One may judge by that alone of the seriousness of the mutilations.

BLARNEY CASTLE

MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL

FEW places in Ireland are more familiar to English ears than Blarney ; the notoriety is attributable, first, to the marvellous qualities of its famous "stone," and next, to the extensive popularity of the song,—

"The groves of Blarney, they are so charming."

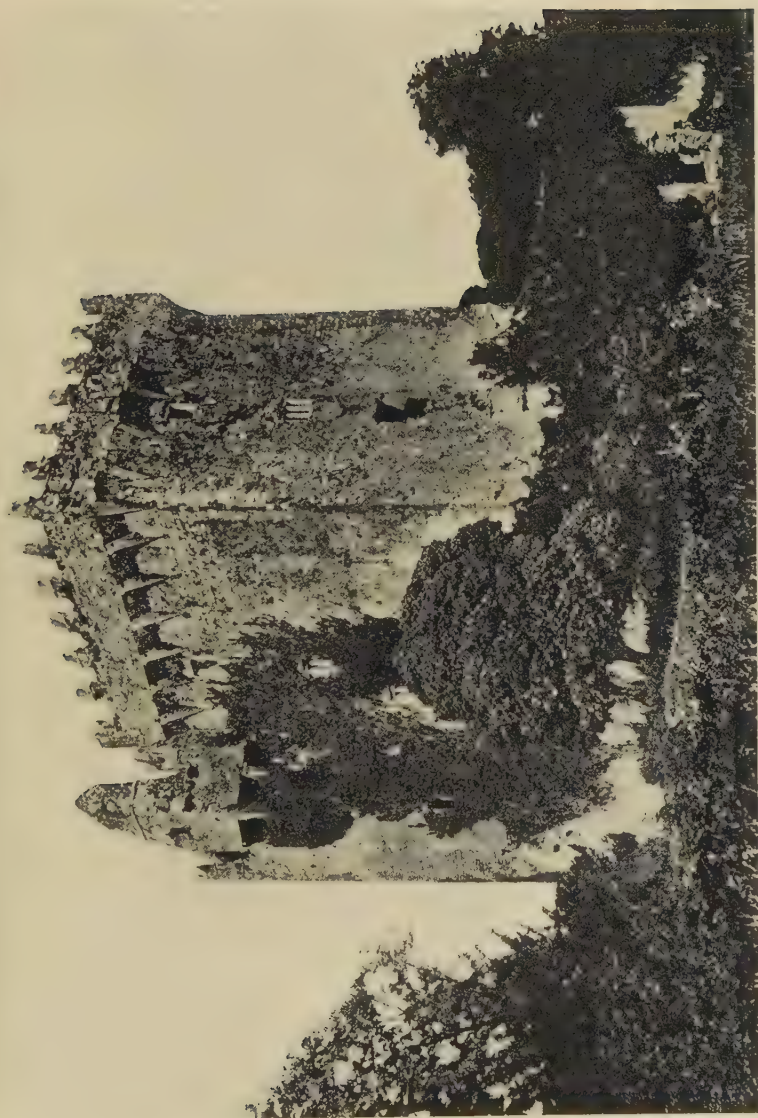
When or how the stone obtained its singular reputation, it is difficult to determine ; the exact position among the ruins of the castle is also a matter of doubt ; the peasant-guides humour the visitor according to his capacity for climbing, and direct, either to the summit or the base, the attention of him who desires to "greet it with a holy kiss." He who has been dipped in the Shannon is presumed to have obtained, in abundance, the gift of that "civil courage" which makes an Irishman at ease and unconstrained in all places and under all circumstances ; and he who has kissed the Blarney stone is assumed to be endowed with a fluent and persuasive tongue, although it may be associated with insincerity ; the term "Blarney" being generally used to characterize words that are meant neither to be "honest nor true." It is conjectured that the comparatively modern application of the term "Blarney" first had existence when the possessor, Lord Clancarty, was a prisoner to Sir George Carew, by whom he was subjected to several examinations touching his loyalty, which he was required to

prove by surrendering his strong castle to the soldiers of the Queen; this bet he always endeavoured to evade by some plausible excuse, but as invariably professing his willingness to do so. The particulars are fully detailed in the "Pacata Hibernia."

It is certain that to no particular stone of the ancient structure is the marvellous quality exclusively attributed; but in order to make it as difficult as possible to attain the enviable gift, it had long been the custom to point out a stone, a few feet below the battlements, which the very daring only would run the hazard of touching with their lips. The attempt to do so was, indeed, so dangerous, that a few years ago Mr. Jeffreys had it removed from the wall and placed on the highest point of the building, where the visitor may now greet it with little risk. It is about two feet square, and contains the date 1703, with a portion of the arms of the Jeffreys family, but the date, at once, negatives its claim to be considered the true marvel of Blarney.¹ A few days before our visit a madman made his way to the top of the castle, and after dancing around it for some hours, his escape from death being almost miraculous, he flung this stone from the tower; it was broken in the fall, and now as the guide stated to us, the "three halves" must receive three distinct kisses to be in any degree effective.

¹ The Rev. Matthew Horgan, the parish priest of Blarney, informs us that "the curious traveller will seek in vain for the *real* stone, unless he allows himself to be lowered from the northern angle of the lofty castle, when he will discover it about twenty feet from the top with this inscription:—

Cormac MacCarthy Fortis,
Me Fieri Fecit. A. D., 1446."



BLARNEY CASTLE, IRELAND.

The age of the song has been satisfactorily ascertained; it was written in the year 1798 or 1799, by Richard Alfred Millikin, an attorney of Cork. The author little anticipated the celebrity his lines were destined to acquire; they were composed to ridicule the nonsense verses of the village poets, who, with a limited knowledge of the English language, and a smattering of classical names, were in the habit of indulging their still more ignorant auditors, by stringing together sounds that had no sense, but conveyed a notion of the prodigious learning of the singer.

Millikin's song has been injurious to Ireland; it has raised many a laugh at Ireland's expense, and contributed largely to aid the artist and the actor, of gone-by times, in exhibiting the Irishman as little better than a buffoon—very amusing, no doubt, but exciting any feeling rather than that of respect.

It is impossible to contemplate the romantic ruins of Blarney Castle without a feeling more akin to melancholy than to pleasure; they bear, so perfectly, the aspect of strength utterly subdued, and remind one so forcibly that the "glory" of Ireland belongs to days departed. The castle stands —

"as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind."

The stronghold of Blarney was erected about the middle of the Fifteenth Century by Cormac MacCarthy, surnamed "Laidir," or the Strong; whose ancestors had been chieftains in Munster from a period long antecedent to the Eng-

lish invasion, and whose descendants, as Lords of Muskerry and Clancarty, retained no inconsiderable portion of their power and estates until the year 1689, when their immense possessions were confiscated, and the last earl became an exile, like the monarch whose cause he had supported. The castle, village, mills, fairs, and customs of Blarney, with the land and park thereunto belonging, containing 1400 acres, were "set up by cant" in the year 1702, purchased by Sir Richard Pyne, Lord Chief Justice, for £3,000, and by him disposed of, the following year, to General Sir James Jeffreys, in whose family the property continues. Although the walls of this castle are still strong, many of the outworks have long since been levelled with the earth; the plough has passed over their foundations, and "the stones of which they were built have been used in repairing the turnpike-roads."

The small village of Blarney is about four miles northwest of Cork; a few years ago it was remarkably clean, neat, and thriving; its prosperity having resulted from the establishment of several linen and cotton factories, the whole of which have been swept away, and the hamlet is now, like the castle, an assemblage of ruins. In the vicinity, however, there is yet a woollen-manufactory and a paper-mill, both in full work. The scenery in the neighbourhood is agreeable, but the grounds that immediately surround the castle are of exceeding beauty. Nature has done much more for them than art; although there is evidence that the hand of taste had busied itself in the duty of improvement. "The sweet Rock-close" is a small dell, in

which evergreens grow luxuriantly, completely shaded with magnificent trees. At its termination, are the "Witches' Stairs"; a series of rugged stone steps which lead down through a passage in the rock to a delicious spot of green-sward forming the bank of a clear rivulet—and where some singular masses appear to have been "the work of Druid hands of old."

CHÂTEAU DE LOCHES

J. J. BOURRASSÉE

THE traveller who visits Loches for the first time is greatly struck by the picturesque position of the town on an elevation—gently sloping down to the meadows watered by the Indre. Above the houses rise the turrets of the castle, which in turn are dominated by the pyramids of the old collegiate church of Our Lady, above which again appears the ancient mediæval fortress in its somewhat austere majesty. The combination forms an enchanting view seen under the first beams of the rising sun from the edge of the forest on the Montrésor road.

About the beginning of the Sixth Century, St. Ours came to Touraine to settle at Loches. There several monks placed themselves under his discipline. The monastery of St. Ours made a town of Loches. As has often been remarked, the people of the country like to group around these religious houses where they find at the same time a church with its spiritual aid, a refuge always open against the persecution of the mighty, a school, a hospital, and a model farm with its agricultural and industrial instruction. In a few years the collection became sufficiently important for the establishment of a *castrum*. This strong castle, which was already in existence at the time of Gregory of Tours, was placed in a position that was very



CHATEAU DE LOCHES, FRANCE.

easy to defend: it was protected on one side by that elbow of the mountain to which St. Ours had retired and by the escarpment towards the Indre, a flank that was rendered almost inaccessible by the river and the valley marshes; on another, by the natural depression of the vale of Mazerolles; and, on the third, by a deep and wide cutting in the chalky tufa. The castle which crowned the hill and commanded the surrounding country was so strong for that age that all conquerors contended for its possession.

After the Romans, we find the Visigoths here, and then the Mérovingian princes, the feudal lords, the counts of Anjou and Touraine who became kings of England and the kings of France after Philip Augustus. At the foot of the ancient castle of Loches, a hundred fights of chivalry were settled. Under the feudal rule, the surrounding fields were thronged with bands of men marching under various banners.

The counts of Anjou, whose ambition was the scourge of our province, had become masters of Loches, thanks to skilfully calculated matrimonial alliances. The citadel of Loches became the boulevard of their warlike enterprises in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries.

The Eleventh Century fortress, whose square donjon commands the surrounding country, is not so well preserved as the collegiate church. Nevertheless, the learned who study our national antiquities consider it one of the most precious remains of the military architecture of that remote age. Picture to yourself an imposing mass, formed of two bodies of buildings shoulder to shoulder rising to a height

of forty *mètres*. The principal building is 25 m. 33 cm. long while the other attains only half this length. The interior disposition of the small tower is visible at the first glance on account of the disappearance of the floors that formerly divided it into four stories. In the lower portion is a low hall from which rose a stairway of from thirty-five to forty steps, with two landings, by which to reach the principal rooms. At the top of this stairway is the door that gave access to every part of the donjon. On the first story, it opens into a hall of the great tower, the dimensions of which are so vast that it could contain five hundred men; then, at the same level, into the corresponding hall of the little tower; and lastly by a secret passage, twenty-four *mètres* in length, hidden in the thickness of the wall, one could descend to the vaulted hall that occupied the base of the donjon, and that served as an arsenal, a treasury and a prison. Three flights of steps, at present interrupted and set in the interior of the walls, led to the upper stories. The donjon probably terminated in an exterior wooden gallery resting on a movable scaffolding intended for repulsing assaults; the numerous holes to be seen at the top of the wall authorize this supposition.

Thus established, the Roman donjon of Loches is one of the most remarkable monuments of its kind. The beauty of its size, the masterly skill of its construction, the imposing amplitude of its mass, half disguised by round buttresses that rise to the summit, the artifice of its military dispositions, the ingenious multiplicity of its defences, the boldness of its outline, and the proud aspect of the whole,

all recommend it to the attention of the antiquary and the artist. To-day it is of no military importance; but for the town of Loches it will ever constitute a picturesque element of the first order.

In 1194, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, being delivered from the prison in which he was unjustly kept by the Emperor of Germany, made haste to Touraine, his possession of which was being disputed by Philip Augustus. Nothing could moderate his boiling heat. After having captured and ransomed Châteauneuf de Tours, the King of England hastened to Loches. The castle was defended by twenty knights and eighty archers under the command of Guy de Laval. The governor at first defended himself resolutely enough; but Richard attacked the place with such fury, and himself directed the assault with such energy, that it was necessary to yield. Guy de Laval was made prisoner with some of his most intrepid knights. But the struggle was far from being ended: it only slumbered for a few years. Richard, wounded at the siege of Chaluz, in Limousin, died at Chinon at the age of forty-two, April 6, 1199. He was buried at Fontevrault, leaving behind a troubled and more especially a greatly disputed heritage. Queen Berengaria, his wife, received Loches and Montbazou with their domains and dependencies as her dowry.

In 1204, we see Philip Augustus reappear in Touraine. In consequence of the confiscation pronounced against John Lackland, the King of France himself came to take possession of the principal places and towns in the province. Tours opened her gates at the first summons.

Loches did not show herself so obliging. The castle was defended by Girard d'Athée and other lords devoted to the interests of England.

It was necessary to lay a regular siege. After a year of struggle and toil, the place was forced to capitulate on account of the failure of provisions and ammunition. Philip Augustus gave it in recompense to Dreux de Mello, constable of France, a brave knight, celebrated for his exploits in France and Palestine, whither he had accompanied the King. Afterwards this gift was bought back by St. Louis, by an act dated December, 1249, on the banks of the Nile in Egypt.

On returning to France, St. Louis spent several days at Loches. In 1301 and 1307, Philippe le Bel rested eight days at the castle of Loches on his way to talk to Pope Clement V. about the affair of the Templars. Half a century later, John II. arrived at Loches at the head of the flower of French chivalry on his way to Poitiers to give battle to the Black Prince. Fortune appeared to be smiling upon him and victory seemed to be assured; but instead of accepting the advantageous propositions made by his adversary, he wanted to crush the army of the foe. He then fell victim to one of those disasters that leave a long and sad echo in history. The evils that overwhelmed France were horrible. Anarchy was complete, and reigned in every rank of the hierarchy. The English re-took Loches, and for more than half-a-century the foreigner trampled on and desolated our provinces.

At length came Charles VII. When he first visited

Loches, he was still only the King of Bourges. A poor suite followed him; but he was accompanied by Marie d'Anjou, a princess of rare prudence and a courage proof against everything. This virtuous queen was France's good genius. In spite of the miseries of the time, she never despaired of her country. Her confidence was not deceived: Joan of Arc soon accomplished her glorious mission: France was saved.

In 1436, Charles VII. reappeared at Loches; but this time the queen was not alone. In her company was a young girl whose timidity seemed to recommend her, but whose position was no mystery to anybody: she was Agnes Sorel, born in the village of Fromenteau in Touraine. Charles VII. gave her the castle of Beauté in Champagne, it is said, so that she might be *Dame de Beauté* by title as well as in reality. Agnes possessed a small house at Beaulieu where she sometimes stayed to hide herself from the eyes of the courtiers. So the King had the tower built at the Castle of Loches that still bears the name of Agnes Sorel. This tower stands in a delightful spot: it commands the smiling vale of the Indre, and from it the view embraces a charming panorama. The eye is arrested by a curtain of verdure formed by the ancient oaks of the forest and then wanders with pleasure over the freshest meadows imaginable. Agnes Sorel is in the choir of the church at Loches. Her white marble tomb, with her statue also of white marble, the feet resting on two little lambs and hands clasped, is now to be seen in the castle tower that bears her name.

The strong position of the castle of Loches gained for it at an early date the sad honour of becoming a state prison. Behind its beautiful and solid walls, great lords came to expiate their ambitious intrigues, or the simple misfortune of having displeased those more powerful than themselves. Geoffroy de Saint-Aignan was shut up here and strangled in the Eleventh Century ; Thibault, Count of Tours, suffered the severest treatment here after his defeat at Nouy ; and John, Duke of Alençon, was cast into a deep cell here by order of Charles VII. for having aided an ungrateful son in his attempts at rebellion, a son who was always ready to foment trouble in the realm. But it was Louis XI. who made the most frequent use of the Loches cells.

Charles VIII. often inhabited the castle during his early youth. Charlotte of Savoy, his mother, was treated in it almost like a prisoner by the suspicious Louis XI., who never exhibited a very lively friendship for his wife. On his accession, Charles did not forget Loches ; he began the great tower that was completed by his successor, and he took his graceful wife, Anne of Brittany, thither. Louis XII. constructed the building that connects the round with the square tower. In this is found the low room in which Louis le More was confined in 1505. The Duke of Milan spent several years in his prison at Loches, in a truly sinister cell.

The soldier became an artist, and on the sombre walls of his cell he laid a strange and original composition, full of grandeur and character. Over the chimney-piece he placed his portrait, more than life size, with casque on head as on

the day of battle, and vizor raised. The energetic features of this profile, the aquiline nose, prominent chin and upper lip curled in a disdainful smile, depict for us the entire man. Between the lines *pens* are ranged, punning allusions to the pains he suffered. The whole cell is decorated in three colours, yellow ochre, red brown and almost blue black, combined with the white of the walls. It was with this work that Sforza occupied the interminable hours of his solitude. Travellers view these paintings with curiosity as if to probe the secret thoughts that filled the bitter heart of the dethroned prince. One cannot help shuddering at the thought that the unfortunate Duke of Milan lived here for long years, shut up in this *in pace* by the good Louis XII. However, Ludovic did not remain forever in this cell. Towards the last, the King permitted him to occupy the upper apartments of the palace under surveillance of some Scottish soldiers.

Another noted prisoner deserves mention. John, lord of Saint Vallier, father of Diana of Poitiers, allowed himself to be drawn into the conspiracy of the Duke of Bourbon. The plot was revealed by Louis de Brézé, who had no idea that he was implicating his father-in-law. Saint Vallier was arrested and imprisoned in the Castle of Loches. From his prison, September 19, 1523, he wrote touching letters to his children begging them to appeal to the King in his favour. But Francis I. showed himself hard and impenetrable. The guilty man was condemned and led to the Place de Grève, more dead than alive, to be decapitated. At the moment when the sentence was about to be carried

out, an archer came from the King, bringing, not a pardon, but a commutation. The unfortunate man, whose hair had turned white in a night, was so affected by the preparation for his death that he almost lost his reason. Ever afterwards he was afflicted with a nervous trembling, accompanied by fever, which became known as the *fever of St. Vallier*.

By a singular irony of fate, splendid *fêtes* were held in this same castle, whither so many wretches came to groan. Thirty years had not elapsed since the Duke of Milan had breathed his last sigh, when the conqueror of Pavia was received at Loches by him who there had lost "all but honour." Francis I., like a generous prince, on this occasion displayed extreme magnificence: he came to meet his rival, December 12, 1539, accompanied by his queen, Eleanor, and followed by his whole court. The entertainments were numerous and splendid, and only ended when the Emperor had arrived on the frontier of the Low Countries.

The splendour of *fêtes* shone anew at Loches in 1559, when Henri II. and Catherine de'Medici passed through ten years afterwards; Henri III., while still the Dauphin, stayed there for several days, at the moment when he was going to take his place at the head of the army concentrated in the environs, on the eve of the victory of Montcontour. Here also were seen Charles IX., Henri IV. and Marie de'Medici. The latter was a fugitive, taking refuge here for a few moments after leaving the Castle of Blois, whence she had succeeded in escaping. From that

epoch, silence has invaded the vast halls and towers, the terraces and gardens. Nothing has interrupted it except the savage cries of the Revolution. To-day the palace of the Kings, discrowned and almost deserted, keeps only the memory of magnificence gone forever.

THE PALACE OF BLENHEIM

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THE park gate of Blenheim stands close to the end of the village street of Woodstock. Immediately on passing through its portals, we saw the stately palace in the distance, but made a wide circuit of the park before approaching it. This noble park contains three thousand acres of land, and is fourteen miles in circumference. Having been, in part, a royal domain before it was granted to the Marlborough family, it contains many trees of unsurpassed antiquity, and has doubtless been the haunt of game and deer for centuries. We saw pheasants in abundance, feeding in the open lawns and glades; and the stags tossed their antlers and bounded away, not affrighted, but only shy and gamesome, as we drove by. It is a magnificent pleasure-ground, not too tamely kept, nor rigidly subjected within rule, but vast enough to have lapsed back into nature again, after all the pains that the landscape-gardeners of Queen Anne's time bestowed on it, when the domain of Blenheim was scientifically laid out. The great, knotted slanting trunks of the old oaks do not now look as if man had much intermeddled with their growth and postures. The trees of later date, that were set out in the Great Duke's time, are arranged on the plan of the order of battle in which the illustrious commander ranked his troops at



THE PALACE OF BLENHEIM, ENGLAND.

Blenheim; but the ground covered is so extensive, and the trees now so luxuriant, that the spectator is not disagreeably conscious of their standing in military array, as if Orpheus had summoned them together by beat of drum. The effect must have been very formal a hundred and fifty years ago, but has ceased to be so,—although the trees, I presume, have kept their ranks with even more fidelity than Marlborough's veteran's did.

After driving a good way, we came to a battlemented tower and adjoining house, which used to be the residence of the Ranger of Woodstock Park, who held charge of the property for the King before the Duke of Marlborough possessed it. The keeper opened the door for us, and in the entrance hall we found various things that had to do with the chase and woodland sports. We mounted the staircase, through several stories, up to the top of the tower, whence there was a view of the spires of Oxford, and of points much farther off,—very indistinctly seen, however, as is usually the case with the misty distances of England. Returning to the ground-floor, we were ushered into the room in which died Wilmot, the wicked Earl of Rochester, who was Ranger of the Park in Charles's time. It is a low and bare little room, with a window in front, and a smaller one behind; and in the contiguous entrance-room there are the remains of an old bedstead, beneath the canopy of which, perhaps, Rochester may have made the penitent end that Bishop Burnet attributes to him. I hardly know what it is, in this poor fellow's character, which affects us with greater tenderness on his behalf than

for all the other profligates of his day, who seem to have been neither better nor worse than himself. I rather suspect that he had a human heart which never quite died out of him, and the warmth of which is still faintly perceptible amid the dissolute trash which he left behind.

Methinks, if such good fortune ever befell a bookish man, I should choose this lodge for my own residence, with the topmost room of the tower for a study, and all the seclusion of cultivated wilderness beneath to ramble in. There being no such possibility, we drove on, catching glimpses of the palace in new points of view, and by and by came to Rosamond's Well. The particular tradition that connects Fair Rosamond with it is not now in my memory; but if Rosamond ever lived and loved, and ever had her abode in the maze of Woodstock, it may well be believed that she and Henry sometimes sat beside this spring. It gushes out from a bank, through some old stone-work, and dashes its little cascade (about as abundant as one might turn out of a large pitcher) into a pool whence it steals away towards the lake, which is not far removed.

Passing through a gateway on the opposite side of the quadrangle, we had before us the noble classic front of the palace, with its two projecting wings. We ascended the lofty steps of the portal, and were admitted into the entrance-hall, the height of which, from floor to ceiling, is not much less than seventy feet, being the entire elevation of the edifice. The hall is lighted by windows in the upper story, and it being a clear bright day, was very radiant with lofty sunshine, amid which a swallow was flitting to

and fro. The ceiling was painted by Sir James Thornhill in some allegorical design (doubtless commemorative of Marlborough's victories) the purport of which I did not take the trouble to make out,—contenting myself with the general effect, which was most splendidly and effectively ornamental.

We were guided through the show-rooms by a very civil person, who allowed us to take pretty much our own time in looking at the pictures. The collection is exceedingly valuable,—many of these works of Art having been presented to the Grand Duke by the crowned heads of England or the Continent. One room was all aglow with pictures by Rubens; and there were works of Raphael, and many other famous painters, any one of which would be sufficient to illustrate the meanest house that might contain it. I remember none of them, however (not being in a picture-seeing mood), so well as Vandyck's large and familiar picture of Charles I. on horseback, with a figure and face of melancholy dignity such as never by any other hand was put on canvas.

After passing through the first suite of rooms, we were conducted through a corresponding suite on the opposite side of the entrance-hall. These latter apartments are most richly adorned with tapestries, wrought and presented to the first Duke by a sisterhood of Flemish nuns; they look like great, glowing pictures, and completely cover the walls of the rooms. The designs purport to represent the Duke's battles and sieges; and everywhere we see the hero himself, as large as life, and as gorgeous in scarlet and gold

as the holy sisters could make him, with a three-cornered hat and flowing wig, reining in his horse, and extending his leading-staff in the attitude of command. Next to Marlborough, Prince Eugene is the most prominent figure. In the way of upholstery, there can never have been anything more magnificent than these tapestries ; and, considered as works of Art, they have quite as much merit as nine pictures out of ten.

One whole wing of the palace is occupied by the library, a most noble room, with a vast perspective length from end to end.

The next business was to see the private gardens. An old Scotch under-gardener admitted us and led the way, and seemed to have a fair prospect of earning the fee all by himself ; but by and by another respectable Scotchman made his appearance and took us in charge, proving to be the head-gardener in person. He was extremely intelligent and agreeable, talking both scientifically and lovingly about trees and plants, of which there is every variety capable of English cultivation. Positively, the Garden of Eden cannot have been more beautiful than this private garden of Blenheim. It contains three hundred acres, and by the artificial circumlocution of the paths, and the undulations, and the skilfully interposed clumps of trees, is made to appear limitless. The sylvan delights of a whole country are compressed into this space, as whole fields of Persian roses go to the concoction of an ounce of precious attar. The world within that garden-fence is not the same weary and dusty world with which we outside mortals are con-

versant ; it is a finer, lovelier, more harmonious Nature ; and the Great Mother lends herself kindly to the gardener's will, knowing that he will make evident the half-obliterated traits of her pristine and ideal beauty, and allow her to take all the credit and praise to herself. I doubt whether there is ever any winter within that precinct,—any clouds except the fleecy ones of summer. The sunshine that I saw there rests upon my recollection of it as if it were eternal. The lawns and glades are like the memory of places where one has wandered when first in love.

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